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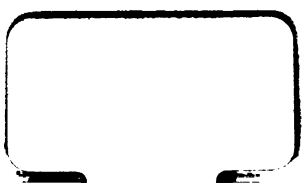

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THE WORKS OF GRAY

EDITED BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD

VOLUME V

CORRESPONDENCE

ETC.

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THE

WORKS OF THOMAS GRAY

VOLUME V

LONDON

BELL AND DALDY FLEET STREET

1858

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TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

A VOTIVE tablet has been oft engraved,
Interpreter of wishes that had else
Silently vanish'd ere they were express'd;
And oft surviving Piety has shaped
Ideal images of love, that lack'd
But longer time to have united those
Who in no brief communion would have lived
Of kindred genius, mind attach'd to mind,
Honouring each other—so would GRAY to thee
Have felt, who ever in thy life hast been
Faithful to every Muse. Nor wilt thou scorn
From mine, a humbler hand, this pensive wreath
Of flowers unnoticed, blooming by his grave.
For I have shared thy friendly board, have heard
Grateful thy converse, where the hawthorn flings
Its blossoms round thy casement, and the Spring,
Studious to deck thy loved suburban shade,
Comes with his earliest garlands pleased to thee.

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Nor have I not with eye entranced beheld
Such forms as started from the living wall
When Titian breath'd upon it—landscapes bathed
In soft Italian splendour,—nor less thine
What of auxiliar art in elder time
Rose from the Phidian chisel, bust, or urn,
Transcendent forms, and such as Petrarch saw
When first he trod within Colonna's Hall.
Take then, not unpropitious to the page
Traced by his hand, who on the Theban lyre
Pour'd flame divine, nor less the fount unlock'd
Sacred to sorrow;—take these scatter'd lines
Relenting Time has spared: beneath thy smile
Approving they shall live, and thou shalt be,
For I have chosen one, whom long I've known,
The friend and guardian of the Poet's fame.

JOHN MITFORD.

BENHALL,
July, 1843.

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PREFACE.

IN the Preface to the last edition of the Works of Gray, it was mentioned that, an unpublished Correspondence between him and his friend Mr. Nicholls of Blundeston was in the possession of Mr. Dawson Turner of Yarmouth. This, at the kind suggestion of Mr. Rogers, has been liberally entrusted to the present Editor; it will be found to be a valuable addition to what has been previously printed; not only possessing the same merits of composition, the same ease, humour, and gracefulness of expression, but supplying something to the history of Gray's life; proving his unreserved intimacy with Mr. Nicholls, which was only imperfectly known before; and his warm regard for the young foreigner Bonstetten,* the mention of

* Three Letters of Gray to Bonstetten were first printed in Miss Plumtree's Translation of Matthison's Letters, p. 533, and were inserted in the Aldine Edition of Gray, vol. iv. p. 178, &c. The obscurity which belonged to them is removed by the publication of the present Correspondence. Bonstetten died at Geneva, Feb. 1832, aged 87.

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whose name had been entirely suppressed in the volume published by Mason.

It will be seen that this Correspondence was sent to Mason at his request, when he was composing his Memoirs of Gray; that he selected but six letters from the whole, and that he used the same liberty with them, as he did with the Wharton Correspondence,* of altering, abridging, and transposing the materials, according to his own judgment: so that there is scarcely one genuine letter by Gray in the whole of Mason's volume. To these Letters the Editor has prefixed Mr. Nicholls's recollections of Gray from a manuscript which had been lent to Mr. Mathias, and which is now in the possession of the Publisher. For the Letters from Mr. Nicholls to Mr. Barrett of Lea Priory, near Canterbury, the Editor is indebted to his friend Lady Smith of Norwich: the Notes on Walpole's Painters, and the extract from the Poem on the Letters of the Alphabet, have been transcribed from Gray's own manuscripts; and the Essay on English Metres, which

* When Mason returned the Wharton Correspondence, it was found that he not only had taken the greatest liberties with the text, but had cut out the names of several persons mentioned; in that mutilated state the manuscript was lent to the present Editor. The name of *Mr. Tuthill* was in almost all cases erased.

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concludes the volume, has been reprinted from Mr. Mathias's edition of Gray's Works: it derives its interest not only from the curiosity and value of the researches, but as it was intended by Gray to form the introductory part of his projected History of English Poetry. The Editor has only further to observe that in the manuscript of the Correspondence with Mr. Nicholls, the names of the persons alluded to were marked only by the initial letters; and as more than seventy years have passed since that time, it was with considerable difficulty that such information was obtained, as would supply the imperfect words. No one is now resident at Cambridge, whose memory goes so far back in matters of personal and College history, as to the time of Gray. Doctor Turner, the late Master of Pembroke College, was the last person who was acquainted with him; but with the kind assistance of Professor Smyth,* and by his introductions, after some troublesome researches and inquiries, the Editor has been enabled to ascertain the names of all the parties mentioned, and he believes, with perfect correctness.

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* Among those who assisted him, the Editor has particularly to thank Mr. Stevenson of Cambridge, for his obliging attention, and successful inquiries.

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A COPY OF A LETTER

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS, LL.B. RECTOR OF LOUND AND BRADWELL IN THE COUNTY OF SUFFOLK. WRITTEN PRIVATELY TO A FRIEND.

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COPY OF A LETTER,

ETC.

MY DEAR SIR, London, Dec. 10, 1809.

IT is my melancholy office to inform you of the death of our friend, the Rev. Norton Nicholls, LL. B. rector of Lound and Bradwell in the county of Suffolk, who died at his house at Blundeston, near Lowestoft, in that county, on Wednesday, the 22nd of November, 1809, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. As you well knew the genius, the accomplishments, the learning, and the virtues of this rare and gifted man, your generous nature must think that some little memorial of him should be recorded, however frail and perishable in my delineation.

To be born and to die did not make up all the history of our friend. Many of the chief ends of our being, which he fulfilled during the placid and even tenor of a long and exemplary life, proved that he had been; and they fully evinced that he had deserved well of all who had enjoyed the intercourse of his society. Many were enlivened by

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the cheerfulness of his disposition, and all partook of his benevolence. His chosen companions were delighted and improved by his readiness to communicate the rich treasures of his cultivated mind, in all the bright diversities of erudition and of taste. Indeed, those studies which can alone be the aliment of youth and the consolation of our declining days, engaged his attention from his earliest years. "Amplissimam illam omnium artium bene vivendi disciplinam non vita magis quam litteris feliciter persecutus."

Even when a school-boy, he was never desultory in his application; and he was distinguished for those exercises which mark strength of understanding and solidity of judgment. He wandered not in vain among those fields and hills so justly styled "happy" by our greatest lyric poet; and he left Eton for the University of Cambridge with a mind prepared for greater attainments, and capable of that excellence which is the reward of ability when fostered by application. In addition to the attentions which he experienced from the celebrated Dr. Barnard, then master of the school, I have heard him frequently express his grateful sense of the assistance he received at Eton from the voluntary private instruction of Dr. Sumner, whose classical erudition was deep and extensive. By such men he was formed for the intercourse of those highly cultivated minds, educated in the groves of our Academe, which were destined to be

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the future ornaments and the supports of literature, of the church, and of the state.

At the time when Mr. Nicholls became a student in Trinity Hall, the University of Cambridge was the chosen residence of Mr. Gray:

> A sì gran nome sorga
> Tutto il coro à inchinarsi del Parnaso!

It was natural to feel a gratification in being a member of the same learned society with him; and it was natural also to aspire (if possible) even to a distant intercourse with such a man.

To see Mr. Gray was desirable, to speak to him was honourable, but to be admitted to his acquaintance or to his familiarity, was the height of youthful, or indeed of *any* ambition. By the intervention of a common friend, Mr. Nicholls, when between eighteen and nineteen years of age, was introduced to Mr. Gray. I remember he told me what an awe he felt at the time, at the lightning of his eye, at that "*folgorante sguardo*," as the Tuscans term it; but Mr. Gray's courtesy and encouraging affability soon dispersed every uneasy sensation, and gave him confidence.

Shortly after this, Mr. Nicholls was in a select company, of which Mr. Gray was one; and as it became his youth, he did not enter into the conversation, but listened with attention. The subject, however, being general and classical, and as Mr. Nicholls, even at that early period, was ac-

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quainted not only with the Greek and Latin, but with many of the best Italian poets, he ventured with great diffidence to offer a short remark, and happened to illustrate what he said by an apposite citation from Dante. At the name of Dante, Mr. Gray (and I wish every young man of genius might hear and consider the value of a word spoken in due season with modesty and propriety, in the highest, I mean in the most learned and virtuous company) Mr. Gray suddenly turned round to him and said, "Right; but have you read Dante, sir?" "I have endeavoured to understand him," replied Mr. Nicholls. Mr. Gray being much pleased with the illustration and with the taste which it evinced, addressed the chief of his discourse to him for the remainder of the evening, and invited him to his rooms in Pembroke Hall.

Mr. Gray found in his young acquaintance a ready and a docile disposition; and he became attached to him. He then gave him instruction for the course of his studies, which he directed *entirely*, even to the recommendation of *every* author, and to the very order in which they should be read, which happily continued till the time of Mr. Gray's death. Mr. Nicholls might well say to the Poet, in the words of his favourite Florentine, "*Tu sei lo mio maestro.**" To this incident, so rare and so honourable to Mr. Nicholls, and to the im-

* Dante, Inf. C. 1.

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provement which was the consequence of it, I attribute not only the extent and the value of his knowledge, but the peculiar accuracy and correct taste which distinguished him throughout his life, and which I have seldom observed in any man in a more eminent degree.

The letters of Mr. Gray to Mr. Nicholls, preserved by Mr. Mason in his Memoirs of the Poet, sufficiently prove the intimacy between them: and it is my opinion that, with the single exception of his earliest and most accomplished friend the Hon. Richard West, Mr. Gray was more affectionately attached to him than to any other person.

By the advice of Mr. Gray, Mr. Nicholls visited France, Swisserland, and Italy. He there found scenes and persons congenial to his taste and to his faculties. In Swisserland he looked abroad through nature, from every "ice-built mountain" and rugged cliff; and by the lakes and valleys of that once envied country, he felt the truth of Rousseau's inimitable remark, "*qu'il y a des moments où il suffit du sentiment de son existence.*" In Italy he found all which could captivate and enchain his attention among the most finished works of art; and under the soft but animating influence of climate, of scenery, and of classic imagery, he improved his talents; and, by his conversation and knowledge of the language, he was peculiarly acceptable in the most select assemblies. When Italy is the theme, it is difficult to restrain our

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sensations; but in this place I would only add, that Mr. Nicholls, in an elegant and interesting narrative of his travels (which he never intended to make public), has privately recorded whatever fixed his mind, exalted his imagination, and refined his judgment. The celebrated and learned Count Firmian, the Austrian minister at Milan, to whom he was introduced, noticed him, and became his intimate friend. From Count Firmian's powerful recommendation, Mr. Nicholls had access to every circle of distinction in every foreign country which he visited; and no man ever profited more from the advantages which were so singularly and so happily offered to him.

On his return from the continent, he found that he had sustained a loss which was irreparable. Mr. Gray was no more. His friend, his companion and enlightened guide, was no longer to contribute to his happiness, and to animate his studies: and to this irreversible doom he submitted, quiet though sad.

Upon the best motives he retired, and resided constantly with his mother in the cheerless depth and *then* uncultivated solitude of his Suffolk livings, where he passed his time in continued study and in the exercise of his professional duties. But I must observe that, since his residence there, the country and the neighbourhood have assumed another aspect. As there was no rectorial house upon either of his livings, he fixed upon a place,

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which I could wish that future travellers might visit and speak of as we do of the Leasowes, I mean his villa at Blundeston, which, (if barbarous taste should not *improve* it, or some more barbarous land-surveyor level with the soil its beauties and its glories,) will remain as one of the most finished scenes of cultivated sylvan delight which this island can offer to our view. It was his own and his appropriate work; for scarcely a trace of its uncouth original features can be found or pointed out to the visitant. But to the eye of a mind like Mr. Nicholls's, the possible excellencies of a place, yet unadorned, were visible; and even as it then was, there were to be found in it walks and recesses, in which Mr. Gray observed, in his sublime conciseness, "that a man, who *could think*, might think." By perseverance and skill he at last surmounted every difficulty which was opposed to him through a long series of years, and he formed and left the scene *as it now is*.* Throughout the whole, and in every part of it, the marks of a judgment which cannot be questioned, and of an unerring taste, which was regulated by discreet expense, are so eminently conspicuous, as to proclaim Mr. Nicholls to have been what a kindred poet so happily terms

"Un artiste, qui pense,
Prodigue de génie et non pas de dépense." †

---

* December, 1809.

† Delille, Les Jardins, L. 1.

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To be a visitor and an inmate guest of Mr. Nicholls at Blundeston, in the gay season, when his lake was illuminated by summer suns and rippled by the breeze; when every tree and shrub, in its chosen position, seemed to wave in homage to its possessor and cultivator; when a happy and youthful company of either sex, distinguished by their talents and accomplishments, was enlivened by the good humour and spirit which presided over the whole; with the charm of music, and with every well-tempered recreation which the season could present, and with all the elegance of the domestic internal arrangements; it was difficult indeed, I say, to be a visitor and a guest at Blundeston in that gay season, and not to be reminded of Spenser's imagination:

"For all that pleasing is to eye or ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree."

Whoever have been witnesses of the scene will know that I speak of it as they have seen it, and that I have set down nothing in fiction. I had fondly hoped that I should have revisited this favourite spot, and its beloved and accomplished master, for many a year with increasing pleasure. But what are the prospects of man! The mind which presided over it is fled; and the scene is solitary:

"Secca è la vena dell' usato ingegno:
Vedove l'erbe, e torbide son l'acque!"

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If Mr. Nicholls indeed had devoted his time and talents exclusively to the ornamental laying out of grounds, and had originally made it his profession, it might be said with truth, in the diction of poetry, that Pactolus might have rolled through his own domains. But to embellish the form of rural nature was only his amusement. In his own neighbourhood there could be no emulation nor vanity; for where could he discover a competitor? His villa at Blundeston was an Oásis. Even the severe but dignified moralist,* to whom nature had denied an ear for harmony and an eye for painting or for rural scenery, even he has declared, that "some praise must be allowed to him who does *best*, what such multitudes are contending to do well." To say this, is something, yet it is to be a niggard of our speech to say no more, when such liberal delight is the object of communication.

In every department of elegant literature Mr. Nicholls displayed the same correct taste. His knowledge of history was copious but chosen; in ancient and in modern writers he was accurately versed, and in all subjects he had recourse to the original springs of knowledge. In the French and Italian languages, as well as in the particular modes of the life and manners of those countries, he was eminently instructed, and the merits of

* Dr. S. Johnson.

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every author and poet of distinction were familiar to him. In the most polished society of unrevolutionized France, and in the Tuscan conversations, he was received as a native. He seemed, indeed, to have transfused into his habits and manners such a portion of their spirit, that many persons were inclined to think that either the Seine or the Arno might have claimed him for their own. In Italy, during his short sojourn among the unrivalled remains of genius and of art, he accurately studied and comprehended the works of the greatest masters of the pencil. He did this, not with the idle spirit of a loitering traveller, but with the unremitting application of a man who knew the value of his time and of his talents. He felt and prosecuted the desire of improving them by an honourable familiarity with the designs of great painters and sculptors, and of fixing in his own mind those forms of excellence by which his judgment might be guided, and his recollection gratified, in the future course of his life, among its choicest and most liberal amusements.

Mr. Nicolls was by nature communicative, "and his spirit was not finely touched but to fine issues." His younger friends will be gratefully alive to my words, when I allude to his willingness, and even his eagerness, to impart information, and to diffuse rational pleasure. Such indeed were his good manners, his benevolence, and his hospitality, that his spirits might be said to shine

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through him; and in the reception of friends, of acquaintances, and of strangers under his roof, were shewn that readiness and urbanity which announced the gentleman of birth and the man of breeding. I am indeed convinced that there is not a scholar, nor a man of fashion with the attainments of a scholar, who knew Mr. Nicholls intimately, who would not willingly have adopted the words of the poet of Syracusa, and hailed him as the

Τὸν Μῶσαις φίλον ἄνδρα, τὸν οὐ Χαρίτεσσιν ἀπεχθή.*

He was passionately, perhaps rather too much, devoted to music. He had studied it accurately, as a science, under some of the greatest masters; and in the pursuit and cultivation of it he was untired and indeed indefatigable. But he generously communicated his knowledge and his taste to congenial, and particularly to young minds, in which he saw and marked the promise of genius and the ardour of application.

His manners, habits, and inclinations naturally led him to frequent the most polished society; but study and letters rendered the intervals of solitude useful and agreeable. In his sphere of life and action, by his instruction, by his influence and by his example, he diffused over an extensive district an elegance and a refinement unknown before he

* "Friend of each Muse, and favourite of each Grace."

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resided in it. As a county magistrate, one of the most important offices which a private gentleman can undertake, he was diligent and regular in his attendance, and in the discharge of his duty in that function, which is indeed the unbought defence of civilized society, and unknown to other countries, he was useful, discerning, temperate, and impartial.

To those friends who visited Mr. Nicholls, and partook of his refined hospitality and of his entertainments at Blundeston, it may possibly have appeared that his mode of life required a large command of fortune, and that an ample patrimony could alone supply the display of such generosity. Yet his inheritance, which was inconsiderable, and his professional income, which was not large, defrayed the whole. He had indeed the most discerning economy which I ever observed in any man; an economy which neither precluded liberality to his equals, nor, what is far more important, charity to his inferiors. The fidelity, the attachment, and the conscientious services of his valuable domestics, some of whom had grown old under his roof, made them rather humble friends than servants; and by the faithful discharge of their several duties, they relieved him from attentions which otherwise must have been required. But his eye, his mind, and his heart pervaded all his concerns. In no private duty was he deficient, nor was anything considered as too minute for his own inspec-

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tion if he thought it necessary; and he was aware of the wisdom which dictated this important aphorism, that "he who despiseth little things shall fall by little and little." In the direction of his house, in the embellishment of the rural scenery, in his library, in his studies, and in all things which produced that integrity, order, and harmony which proved that all was well within, and that every end which he wished was accomplished; in all these, I would repeat it with earnestness, he relied invariably on that "*magnum vectigal*," that possession in reserve, that subsidiary strength, the parent of peace, the guardian of private life, and the support of all public government, discreet economy.

In that sacred and bounden duty which is owing from a son to a parent, he was eminently exemplary. Having lost his father so very early in life as scarcely to have seen him, his attention and reverential attachment to his mother, to her extremest age, was singularly affectionate, unremitting, and unvaried, and with the pious choice of his illustrious friend, Mr. Gray, "in death he was not divided." He always expressed his intention, and he directed it by his will, that one grave should enclose their remains, and it does enclose them. I myself, in company with another friend, solemnly attended them through the church-way path, with Christian resignation and with quiet obsequies, to the house appointed for all living. Yes, it is finished.

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"Nihil, oh, tibi, amice, relictum:
Omnia solvuntur jam Matri, et funeris umbris!"

If such a desire be indeed a weakness, it is at least honourable to our common nature, and I envy not the heart of him who is disposed to censure it.

Of his higher and important professional duties Mr. Nicholls was neither unmindful nor neglectful. He was regular in the discharge of his sacred offices as a clergyman in his parishes, in which he generally resided between nine and ten months every year; and during his residence he read prayers and preached twice every Sunday. There was a peculiar propriety and decorum in his manner of reading; and, though his mode of preaching was not peculiarly eloquent, it was impressive, and often affecting. The matter of his sermons tended more to the discussion and enforcement of the moral duties of the Gospel, than to the consideration of the subtle points of theology. His compositions for the pulpit were, as I think, formed chiefly on the model of Masillon and Flechier, in whose writings he was conversant. He conscientiously adhered to the Church of England from principle, and had an aversion to all dispute and controversy. He maintained and recommended, publicly and privately, every doctrine which upholds legitimate government, and prevents confusion political and theological. He loved his country; he loved her laws, her ordinances, her institutions, her religion, and her government; for he knew that they have

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made, and still make, England to be WHAT IT IS. He abhorred every troubler of the state, the specious reformer, the obstreperous tyrannical demagogue, and the disorganizing sophist. He dreaded also the influence and the principles of the Romish church; and, however they may be softened or explained away by modern statesmen, he deprecated their encouragement or their revival among us; but he loved that toleration and freedom which the church and constitution of England, steering between opposite extremes, grant, with evangelical discretion, to every sect of Christianity, however distinguished. Indeed it may be said to his honour as a clergyman, a scholar, and a man of uncommon attainments, that he was moderate, enlightened, indulgent, and liberal. "Nullius obscuravit gloriam; nullius obstitit commodis; nullius obstrepuit studiis; dignitates non ambivit; quæstum non venatus est."

When he was a child, his constitution was delicate; but, as years advanced, by care, by exercise, and afterwards by foreign travel and change of scene and of climate, by a scrupulous attention to his person, and to a neatness never exceeded, and by an even placid temper, his frame acquired a strength, an alacrity, and a springy activity which I think accompanied him to the last, and gave a zest to his pursuits and vigour to his faculties. But on all the labours, the troubles, and the enjoyments of our nature, the night, in which no man

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can work, advances fast; and, however unwilling, we must all hear

> "the due beat
> Of Time's slow-sweeping pendulum, that marks
> The momentary march of death on man."

The hour was now approaching rapidly when his sun was also to set: for an unperceived decay was undermining his constitution, and many a flaw hinted mortality. Yet it must be confessed that, with all his cheerfulness of temper, with every internal assurance of a well-spent life, and with every assistance from philosophy and from religion, Mr. Nicholls, like many other good and blameless men, could never sustain in thought the shock of final separation from the world, without a visible reluctant emotion when he spoke of death. But ere we make any remark, surely we may ask, who is sufficient for these thoughts? Can we answer, one of a thousand? However, if there were any weaknesses about him (and who is exempt?) I think one of them was that of flattering himself with an extended prospect of long continued health and strength beyond what is permitted to man:

> . . . Quæ facili sperabat mente futura
> Arripuit voto levis, et præsentia finxit.

His appearance, indeed, never bespoke his age; and in the best sense of the word, I think, he was always young.

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In the spring and summer of the year 1809, Mr. Nicholls was attacked by a species of cough, the nature or the cause of which he could not ascertain. His countenance, during that period, sometimes bore marks of great indisposition, and of a tendency to what is called a breaking up of the constitution. But still he continued his accustomed occupations: he enjoyed, as usual, the company of his friends, and he promoted their happiness. But his infirmity evidently increased; yet without any alarm or apprehension of its fatal tendency. I think, indeed, that he had by no means a distinct view or expectation of his dissolution, either in the beginning or in the progress of his malady.

A very few days before that termination, which was so soon to take place, he returned home, much indisposed, to Blundeston, where he received every assistance from his faithful and afflicted domestics, and experienced every affectionate attention and relief from a physician* for whom, I know, he uniformly and constantly expressed his esteem, and in whose care and skill he placed a confidence unlimited and unvaried. But his complaint, which was bilious, increased beyond the reach of art; a dissolution of strength, without a pang which tortured, or a pain which exhausted him, succeeded; and, from the sudden bursting of a blood-vessel, he

* Dr. Girdlestone, of Yarmouth in Norfolk.

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breathed out his virtuous spirit by an instant and quiet expiration.

I now, my dear sir, close my letter. Much I have omitted, and many an incident have I suppressed which your recollection will supply; as I am unwilling to lessen general interest by minute amplification, nor would I by too eager a zeal frustrate the labour of love. I have never, in the whole course of my life, offered praise to any man when living, or flung incense on his tomb, from the unqualified consideration of his rank, of his connections, or of his wealth; but to genius, to learning, and to virtue, in what station soever united, I have always paid, and (however unworthily I may be to do so) I hope I always shall pay, my most deliberate homage. I feel that this tribute is due to my deceased friend; and I know that my pen has been guided by a pious and disinterested affection. I hope also that you, or any of our friends into whose hands it may fall, will either approve or excuse this little memorial of a most valuable and accomplished man, whom I loved and esteemed when living, and whose departure I most sincerely and most deeply regret. I am, my dear sir, your faithful friend and servant,

T. J. MATHIAS.

P. S. In compliance with your suggestion and your wish, I annex, as a supplement to this letter, the Italian Ode, or Tuscan Canzone, which I pre-

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fixed to a publication in three volumes, entitled "Aggiunta ai Componimenti Lirici de' più illustri Poeti d'Italia," and addressed to Mr. Nicholls, *when he was living*, as a mark of my regard and of my friendship for him, and of the very high sense which I entertained of his virtues, his genius, his learning, and his accomplishments. Perhaps it may not be displeasing to such of his friends as are versed in the Italian language. It was composed at his villa at Blundeston; and as you may probably revisit that beautiful scene sooner than I shall, I will subjoin the pathetic words of Tasso, a little varied, as they are not wholly inapplicable on this occasion:

"*Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso:*
Salutala in mio nome, e dalle avviso,
Ch' or del Caristo estinto al marmo i'piango!"

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ALL' ERUDITO E NELL' AMENA LETTERATURA
VERSATISSIMO

NORTON NICHOLLS

PRESENTANDOGLI L'AGGIUNTA AI COMPONIMENTI
LIRICI SCELTI DE' PIÙ ILLUSTRI
POETI D'ITALIA.

CANZONE.

QUAL per le vie dell' etra
Sul Tamigi armonía, sovrana e nuova,
Par che raccenda e muova
All' Arno, fida sì, straniera cetra!
Qual par ristauro porga
Molle spirando invano aura di Sorga!
Sento fremendo i sanguinosi campi
Tra fólgori, tra lampi;
E vedrai tu nel bel soggiorno, eletto
Delle Grazie ricetto,
Di fausta luce aspersi, e in mezzo all' armi,
Avventurosi entrar dovuti carmi?

Te chiamo in suon più grato,
Te nato ai vezzi delle colte Muse,

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Cui già raccolse e infuse
Suoi dolci spirti Italia in grembo amato;
Or che Febo ti dona
D' ogni almo fior natío gentil corona,
E ride al vago e singolar lavoro*
De' numi agresti il coro,
Tra quei d'alto riposo alberghi queti,
Ove bramosi e lieti
(Già spenti, oimè!) pasceva un tempo i sguardi
Quel Grande che cantò le tombe e i Bardi.†

Dive sante, v'ascolto!
Care, solinghe, dilettose guide,
Lusinghiere, ma fide,
Eccomi all opra vostra accinto e vólto!
Ecco, dal fonte ameno,
Divoto pur, vengo a versarvi in seno
La pellegrina ambrosia, che in su' labbri
Del bel parlare ai fabbri
Larga spargeste! or che al mio patrio tempio,
Con memorando esempio,
Con raro affetto al sordo volgo ignoto,
Tosche cetre io sospendo, e sciolgo il voto.

---

* La Villa del Sig. Nicholls, detta Blundeston, alla spiaggia orientale della Contéa di Suffolk, due miglia lontan dal mare, disposta ed ornata da lui con singolare fantasía e con giudizio squisito. Il Sig. Gray de' Lirici Britanni sovrano, la vide già con ammirazione, e molto ancora attendea dal genio del disegnatore.

† Gray.

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Ma del Signor di Delo
Vedo al facondo fiume i noti cigni,*
Con augúrj benigni
Piume spiegando eterne al puro cielo;
Odo i lor santi gridi:
E impresse miro ne' Britanni lidi
L' orme novelle, in non comun sentieri,
De' maggior Toschi alteri;
E quei, che abbandonar' la Chiusa Valle
Pel l' alto Argivo† calle,
Veggio leggiadri almo beanti spirti
Festosi errar tra lauri estrani e mirti.

Della sognata corte
L' armonico Cantore‡ aurea immortale
Toccò l' arpa reale,
Dolce, sublime, varíata, e forte;
Di Ferrara sull' acque
All' estro in preda il Cigno§ udilla, e tacque:
Poi l' un ver l' altro in suoni or non dispersi,
Ma per amor conversi,

---

* Spenser, Milton, e Gray:

Ecco la bella scuola
De' maggior Toschi, al *nostro* Camo in riva!—
Chi la sente, la segua.

† La scuola Greca de' Lirici Italiani sotto il Chiabrera, le cui tracce seguirono il Menzini, il Filicaja, il Testi, il Guidi, ed altri valenti poeti.

‡ Spenser, Autore del poema intitolato "The Fairy Queen."

§ Ariosto.

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Temprar' lor note in dilettevol modi;
E con più vaghi nodi
Unir' tra loro, in ben diviso impero,
Del finto i vezzi e lo splendor del vero.

Ve' chi dall' alto regno*
Scese, abbassando il suo parlar profondo
Giù per lo bujo mondo,
E s' inchinò, di riverenza in segno,
Al grand' esul di Flora;†
Ma, risentendo poi la divina ôra,
Le rose colse all' immortal confine
Senza terrestri spine;
E, aprendo strane e non usate vene,
Alle Muse Tirrene
Sciolse labbro facondo in maggior vanto,
E rise l' Arno, e riconobbe il canto.

Ma quai suonan parole!
Qual su le nubi appar forma‡ celeste,
Nella purpurea veste
Accesa ai raggi del Tebano Sole,
E di splendor sì cinta
Che lascia dietro a sè l' aria dipinta!
Alza l' Eolia cetra, e scopre un quadro,
U' si vede il leggiadro

---

* Milton.

† Dante, esiliato dalla sua patria. *Flora* è l' antico nome di Firenze.

‡ Gray.

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Colle di Delfo, e la frondosa chiostra,
E in amichevol mostra
L' Arno e l' Ilisso, ne' color più vivi,
Col Tamigi mischiar non strani rivi.

" Non è ancor (l' Ombra grida)
Spenta ancora non è la bella luce:
Nuovo destin l' adduce,
E man Febea (la vedo) a noi la guida.
Chi con tanta fidanza
Sveglia d' antico amor la gran possanza,
E spegne ai fonti ancor la nobil sete?
E oltre ai gorghi di Lete,
Le vele alzando dell' ardita nave
Di dotta merce grave,
Altero passa; e al Pindo intorno desta
D' alto-spiranti carmi aurea tempesta?

" Felice lui! se spieghi
Il santo ulivo, e al Lidio plettro chiami
I turbati reami,
E con soave forza inclini e pieghi,
E alle Pierie leggi
Fermi d' impero i vacillanti seggi,
Possente d' acquetar con cetre e canti
Le procelle sonanti!
Ma il sento: s' apre d' armonía la strada;
E alla Tosca contrada
Voce più d' una par che dolce s' oda,
Che ogni aspro cuore intenerisce e snoda."

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Qui tacque: ma dappoi
Fissando in me quel folgorante sguardo,
Che ancor ne tremo ed ardo,
Riprese: " E chi sei tu? dimmi, se puoi,
Qual fido e dolce raggio.
Balenando in tuo volto, al bel viaggio
Guidotti a trar d'inni tesor nascosti
Da luoghi alti e riposti?"
" Vero è, rispos'io: non tanto puote
La natural mia dote:
Di Pindo il sacro Dio per sè mi volse;
Dal frale ingegno mio vergogna ei tolse."

Indi, con occhio molle
Di lagrima segreta, e il cuore afflitto,
Agitato, trafitto,
Dissi: " Con voglie ardenti, e non satolle,
Nè mai con santo orgoglio
Orma impressi bramata al Campidoglio,
Nè alle ampie moli, avanzi gloriosi
Su quei colli famosi;
Nè mai sull' Arno, al ventilar del lauro,
Sentii dolce ristauro;
Amor mi mosse, e forse il tuo volume,
A spander largamente il Tosco lume.

" Ed or dovuti serti
Porto al Carisio* tuo . . ." Con voci tai

* Carisio—Sig. Nicholls; era egli l'amico intimo del Sig. Gray. Vedi le Memorie e Lettere del Gray pubblicate dal Mason.

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I sovrumani rai
Levò l' Ombra, gridando: E *a me* suoi merti,
" E l' ingegno non stanco
Tra cetre e carmi e studj, e il cuor sì franco,
Costumi ornati, e il viver dolce e cheto,
Anche fur noti; e lieto
D' un' amistà sì rara i frutti ei colse,
Nè morte la disciolse;
Tutto in esso mi piacque, e ancor mi piace;
Salutalo in *mio* nome: io parto in pace."

Canzon, va sovra l' onde,
Di Tebro no, ma del lucente Lago*
Che bagna, ameno e vago,
Le sue fiorite e verdeggianti sponde;
Là dove in ogni parte
Sta pensosa Natura, e tace l' Arte.

---

* Alla graziosa villa di Blundeston del Sig. Nicholls. (Vedi sopra, p. 23. not.*) Quivi si scuoprono da per tutto i mobili cristalli d'un limpidissimo Lago, coll' Isoletta sua, che vagheggia intorno una ridente prateria, amenissime collinette e boschetti folti d' alberi, ora bizzarri ora maestosi, i quali offrono allo spettatore le più belle e variate vedute, anzi quadri, degni del più dotto pennello.

T. M.

Agosto 1807.

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REMINISCENCES OF GRAY

BY HIS INTIMATE FRIEND THE

REV. NORTON NICHOLLS

NOV. 18 1805

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REMINISCENCES OF GRAY.

DURING the latter part of the life of Mr. Gray I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of living more in his society than any other person whom I recollect, and on a footing of the greatest intimacy; during that precious time, never, alas! to be recalled, it scarcely occurred to me that I might lose him, and I neglected to commit to writing opinions and conversations, of which, though I remember some after an interval of thirty-four years, yet many have faded away from my memory and are gone. It is a small atonement for this neglect, but the only one in my power, to write now the little which I still can recal with certainty, and I promise not to hazard a syllable of which I am not certain. I shall begin with what I knew of his moral character. Ability, talents, genius, the highest acquisitions of science and knowledge, were, in his opinion, of little account compared with *virtue*, which, he often used to quote to me from Plato, is nothing but "the exercise of right reason." I remember, in the early part of my acquaintance with him, saying, that some person was "a clever man;" he cut me short, and said, "Tell me if he

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is good for anything." In the choice of his acquaintances he certainly often preferred persons of excellent moral character to those of superior ability; and had an aversion for those who were vicious, profligate, and unprincipled, which no admiration of their genius could subdue, or even soften. The great object of his detestation was *Voltaire*, whom he seemed to know even beyond what had appeared of him, and to see with the eye of a prophet in his future mischiefs; he said to me, "No one knows the mischief that man will do." When I took my leave of him, and saw him for the last time, at his lodging in Jermyn Street, before I went abroad, in the beginning of June, 1771, he said, "I have one thing to beg of you, which you must not refuse." I replied, "You know you have only to command; what is it?" "Do not go to see Voltaire;" and then he added what I have written above. I said, "Certainly I will not; but what could a visit from me signify?" "Every tribute to such a man signifies." This was when I was setting out for Switzerland, to pay a visit to Mons. de Bonstetten, in which he would have accompanied me if his health had permitted. I kept my word, for I passed a month at the chateau d'Aubonne, near Lausanne, with Mons. de Tcharner, bailiff of the district, and did not go to Ferney. This aversion to the moral character of Voltaire did not prevent Mr. Gray from paying the full tribute of admiration due to his genius. He was

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delighted with his pleasantry; approved his historical compositions, particularly his "Essai sur l'Histoire Universelle;" and placed his tragedies next in rank to those of Shakespeare. He said that the fame of Voltaire would have been higher if he had published nothing but his tragedies; in which, I remember, when I mentioned this to Mr. Gibbon, he agreed. He had an aversion to Hume for similar reasons; he thought him irreligious, that is, *an enemy to religion;* which he never pardoned in any one, because he said it was taking away the best consolation of man, without substituting anything of equal value in its place. He thought him likewise an unprincipled sceptic, refuted and vanquished (which the philosopher will not allow) by Beattie; and beside this, in politics, a friend to tyranny. In the contest for the high stewardship at Cambridge, between Lord Hardwick and Lord Sandwich, Mr. Gray took a warm and eager part, for no other reason, I believe, than because he thought the licentious character of the latter candidate rendered him improper for a post of such dignity in the University. His zeal in this cause inspired the verses, full of pleasantry, and which have been published since his death. He disliked Dr. Johnson, and declined his acquaintance; he disapproved his style, and thought it turgid and vicious; but he respected his understanding, and still more his goodness of heart. I have heard him say that Johnson would go out in

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London with his pockets full of silver, and give it all away in the streets before he returned home.

After this, without endeavouring to arrange what I remember under heads, or in any order, I shall set down what occurs to me as it occurs.

I asked Mr. Gray if he recollected when he first perceived in himself any symptoms of poetry; he answered that he believed it was when at Eton he began to take pleasure in reading Virgil for his own amusement, and not in school-hours, or as a task. I asked Mr. Bryant, who was next boy to him at Eton, what sort of a scholar Gray was; he said a very good one; and added that he thought he could remember part of an exercise of his on the subject of the freezing and thawing of words, taken from the Spectator, the fragment is as follows:

> . . . . "pluviæque loquaces
> Descendêre jugis, et garrulus ingruit imber."

I will set down after this another little fragment, two verses made by Mr. Gray as we were walking in the spring in the neighbourhood of Cambridge,

> "There pipes the woodlark, and the song-thrush there
> Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air."

I asked him how he felt when he composed the Bard. "Why, I felt myself the bard."

Spenser was among his favourite poets; and he told me he never sat down to compose poetry with-

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out reading Spenser for a considerable time previously. He admired Dryden, and could not patiently hear him criticised. Absalom and Achitophel, and Theodore and Honoria, stood in the first rank of poems in his estimation; and Dryden's plays, not as dramatic compositions, but as poetry.

He placed Shakespeare high above all poets of all countries and all ages; and said that the justest idea of the historical characters he treated might be taken from his plays. He shewed me a manuscript which he had copied from the Museum, containing the Report of the Commissioners appointed and sent by king Henry VIII. to endeavour to prevail with Queen Catherine to lay aside the title of Queen, and to assume that of Princess Dowager of Wales, which agrees not only with the sentiments, but sometimes with the words used by the same persons in Shakespeare's play of Henry VIII. He thought the comedies of Cibber excellent; and commended his *Apology*, giving it as an instance of an author writing well on a subject he perfectly understood. I asked him why he had not continued that beautiful fragment beginning

"As sickly plants betray a niggard earth;"

he said, *because he could not*: when I expressed surprise at this, he explained himself as follows, that he had been used to write only lyric poetry, in which, the poems being short, he had accustomed himself, and was able to polish every part;

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that this having become habit, he could not write otherwise; and that the labour of this method in a long poem would be intolerable: besides which, the poem would lose its effect for want of chiaro-oscuro; for that to produce effect it was absolutely necessary to have weak parts. He instanced in Homer, and particularly in Milton, who, he said, in parts of his poem, rolls on in sounding words that have but little meaning. He thought Goldsmith a genuine poet. I was with him at Malvern when he received the Deserted Village, which he desired me to read to him; he listened with fixed attention, and soon exclaimed, "This man is a poet." He allowed merit to Churchill. He disliked Akenside, and in general all poetry in blank verse, except Milton. He thought Thomson had one talent beyond all other poets, that of describing the various appearances of nature; but that he failed when he ventured to step out of this path, and particularly when he attempted to be moral, in which attempt he always became verbose. He was much pleased with Gawen Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, the old Scotch translator of the Æneid, particularly with his poetical prefaces to each book, in which he has given liberty to his muse, but has fettered himself in the translation, by the obligation he has imposed on himself of translating the whole poem in the same number of verses contained in the original. The Spleen, a poem in Dodsley's Collection, by Mr. Green, of the Custom-house, was a great fa-

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vourite with him for its wit and originality. Shenstone's Schoolmistress likewise. The fault of Young in his Night Thoughts, he said, was redundancy of thought. Pope's translation of the Iliad stood very high in his estimation; and when he heard it criticised as wanting the simplicity of the original, or being rather a paraphrase than a translation, and not giving a just idea of the poet's style and manner, he always said, "There would never be another translation of the same poem equal to it." He liked the poetry of Pope in general, and approved an observation of Shenstone, that "Pope had the art of condensing a thought." He said of his letters, that they were not good letters, but better things. He thought that Pope had a good heart, in spite of his peevish temper.

Talking of Dr. Middleton's style, the elegance of which he admired, he mentioned it as an object of consideration, whether style in one language can be acquired by being conversant with authors of a polished style in another; whether, for example, Dr. Middleton could have acquired his flowing diction from great attention to and study of the writings of Cicero.

He placed Lord Clarendon at the head of our historians, and indeed of almost all modern historians; though I have heard him say that Macchiavelli's History of Florence is written with the simplicity of a Greek historian. He disliked Hume, as I have said before, and his political principles;

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but besides this, he looked on his History of England as meagre in facts, as well as full of misrepresentations; in short, not a proper source of information. Rapin's he looked on as the only general history of England; and he said that by consulting the copious and excellent marginal references, and referring to the original and contemporary authors, to the memoirs, state papers, and various authentic and curious documents, they indicate a still better history might be formed with the advantage of a more agreeable and brilliant style. That of Algernon Sydney he admired, particularly in the delightful letters he wrote from Italy.

I think Warburton was not a great favourite; he said his learning was a late acquisition, and did not sit easily on him; that he had a ὑστερομάθια.

He thought Mr. Harris a very dull man; and on my saying that I had just read his Hermes, Mr. Gray replied, "Yes, that is what I call the shallow profound." He dissuaded me from reading Butler's Analogy, and said he had given the same advice to Mason. I believe he liked Wollaston's Religion of Nature. He was surprised that Bishop Sherlock, who has given some specimens of pulpit eloquence which are unparalleled in their kind, should have given no more; and he was more surprised that Dryden should attribute the style of his prose writings to the study of that of Tillotson. He thought the prose of Dryden almost equal to

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his poetry. Speaking of and criticising the architecture of Sir John Vanbrugh, he said his plays were much better than his architecture.

He thought there was good writing and good sense in the Sermons of Sterne, whose principal merit, in his opinion, consisted in his pathetic power, in which he never failed; this he often did in his attempts at humour. *Wit*, he said, had gone entirely out of fashion since the reign of Charles II. Of the poetry of Mason, Caractacus was his great favourite, in comparison with which he said Elfrida was the work of a child. On my saying that much of Mason's poetry appeared to me to be without force, and languid, he said, No wonder, for Mason never gave himself time to think, but imagined that he should do best by writing hastily, in the first fervour of his imagination, and therefore never waited for epithets if they did not occur readily, but left spaces for them, and put them in afterwards. This Mr. Gray said enervated his poetry, "for nothing is done so well as at the first concoction." He said, "We think in words." He thought Mason a bad prose writer, and disliked the letters published with Elfrida. He mentioned the poem of the Garden to me with disapprobation, and said it should not be published if he could prevent it. He said Mason had read too little and written too much. The last four lines of Mason's epitaph on his wife were written by Gray; *I saw them in his handwriting, interlined in the MS. which he*

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shewed me, and the words of Mrs. Mason, when she had given up all hope of life:

> "Tell them, tho' tis an awful thing to die,
> 'Twas e'en to thee; yet the dread path once trod,
> Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
> And bids the pure in heart behold their God."

I do not now remember the lines of Mason which were effaced and replaced by these, which have the genuine sound of the lyre of Gray. I remember that they were weak, with a languid repetition of some preceding expressions. Mr. Gray said, "That will never do for an ending, I have altered them thus."

There is no doubt, however, of Mason being the author of the *Heroic Epistle to Sir W. Chambers.* Palgrave, who probably derived his information from the source, *affirmed it.* Dr. Burgh, Mason's great friend, told me "he knew the author;" and Mason himself, many years ago, when he was supposed to have taken particular offence at the K— reflecting on him with severity on some occasion, I said, "That is a trifle for you to say, who are the author of the Heroic Epistle." Mason replied instantly, in a surly, nasal tone, which was not unusual to him, "I am told the K— thinks so, and he is welcome." In spite of this admirable work, and Caractacus, his mind certainly had not been strengthened and armed for poetry in the temple of Apollo. He had not, like Gray, turned

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over and ruminated upon the "exemplaria Græca," nor made his own

> "What the lofty grave tragedians taught
> In chorus or Iambic, teachers best
> Of moral prudence."

It is not pedantry but truth to say that the minds of those are best cultivated who have cultivated them by Greek literature; more vigorous writers have written in that language than in any other and the language itself is the best vehicle that has yet existed for the highest and noblest ideas of which the mind of man is capable. Mr. Gray thought so; and had read and studied every Greek author, I believe, of note or importance:—Plato perhaps more than any other person. He lost all patience when he talked of the neglect of his favourite author at the University.—He was astonished that its members should in general read and admire Cicero, and yet not think it worth while to pay any attention to him whom Cicero called "Divinus ille Plato." What he admired in Plato was not his mystic doctrines, which he did not pretend to understand, nor his sophistry, but his excellent sense, sublime morality, elegant style, and the perfect dramatic propriety of his dialogues. —I was reading Plato to him one evening, and stopped at a passage which I did not understand, he said, "Go on, for if you stop as often as you do not understand Plato, you will stop very often."

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He then added, that, finding what he did understand so admirable, he was inclined to think that there might be a meaning in the rest which at this distance of time, and for want of proper *data*, we might not be able to reach. He was a great lover and studier of geography, as the ample collections in his MS. common-place books prove. He placed Strabo with reason at the head of all geographers; and when, with a kindness and condescension to which I owe all that is not bad in every part of my character, he undertook to be my *guide* and *friend*, long before I had arrived "al mezzo del cammin di nostra vita" he plunged me into Greek, which I had not before entirely neglected; and said, "When you have got through the volumes of Strabo, then I'll talk to you further." He advised me to miss the two first books and begin with the description of Spain; Strabo led the way,—Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, &c. followed. When I expressed my astonishment at the extent of his reading, he said, "Why should you be surprised, for I do nothing else." He said he knew from experience how much might be done by a person who did not fling away his time on middling or inferior authors, and read with method. He congratulated himself on not having a good verbal memory; for without it he said he had imitated too much; and if he had possessed such a memory, all that he wrote would have been imitation, from his having read so much. He had a

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memory, however, which served him accurately as to facts, and guided him infallibly to the source from which the information he wanted was to be drawn. From the deficiency of verbal memory he seldom quoted; but the spirit of classic authors was always present to him, and breathed in every thought and word of his compositions. He was a great admirer of Tacitus, the result of whose deep thought strikes the minds of *such readers as understand* in pointed expressions which *must* be felt. Besides this, he possesses in equal perfection a power of a very different kind, that of painting a scene, by judicious detail, as if it were on canvas. Mr. Gray thought the narrative of Thucydides the model of history. He valued Herodotus as its father; as an author of great veracity, as far as he had the means of information himself, and never fabulous except when he gave the relations of others, which he carefully distinguishes from that he relates on his own authority.

For Socrates he had an almost religious veneration; and esteemed the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon as one of the most valuable books of morality. La Bruyers likewise stood high in his estimation, and the *Essays of Bacon*. And I remember part of a line among some juvenile MS. verses in his common-place book of advice to West, in which he recommends to him to rise early and

"—read Plato, read Bruyere."

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My first acquaintance with Mr. Gray was one afternoon drinking tea at the rooms of Mr. Lobb, a fellow of Peter House. The conversation turned on the use of bold metaphors in poetry, and that of Milton was quoted, "The sun to me is dark, and silent as the moon," &c. when I ventured to ask if it might not possibly be imitated from Dante, "Mi ripingeva la dove il sol tace," Mr. Gray turned quickly round to me and said, "Sir, do you read Dante?" and entered into conversation with me.

He had a perfect knowledge of the Italian language and of the poets of Italy of the first class, to whom he certainly looked up as his great progenitors, and to Dante as the father of all: to whose genius, if I remember right, he thought it an advantage to have been produced in a rude age of strong and uncontrolled passions, when the muse was not checked by refinement and the fear of criticism. He preferred the *Gierusalemme Liberata* of Tasso, *as a poem*, to Ariosto.

Petrarca, he said, appeared in his poetry to be *two distinct persons of contrary characters;* the one simple, natural, and tender; the other full of conceits and false thoughts; after this, though it can scarcely be necessary, it may not be improper, in order to obviate the possibility of any misconstruction or undue extension of the preceding criticism, to add that Mr. Gray was a decided and zealous admirer of Petrarca. He permitted me to copy from his edition the marks which he had used

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to distinguish the different degrees of merit which he assigned to the poems and even single verses of this poet.

When I found in the Purgatorio of Dante the verses from which the beginning of the Elegy is imitated,

> " s'odi squilla di lontano
> Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore ;"

he acknowledged the imitation, and said he had at first written " tolls the knell of *dying* day," but changed it to *parting*, to avoid the *concetto*. He thought that Milton had improved on Tasso's devil by giving him neither horns nor a tail. He admired Racine, particularly the Britannicus. He disliked French poetry in general; but was much pleased with Gresset, and extremely with his poem of the Vert-vert. The sly, delicate, and exquisitely elegant pleasantry of La Fontaine he thought inimitable, whose muse, however licentious, is never gross; not perhaps, on that account, the less dangerous. He thought that Prior, in the same kind, would not bear the comparison whith La Fontaine.

He liked the *Art de Peindre* of Watelet: Hudibras, I think, he did not like. He was much struck with the glowing eloquence, acute observations, and deep reflection of Rousseau; and thought the *Emile*, a work of great genius; though mixed with much absurdity, and that it might be produc-

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tive of good, if read with judgment; but considered it as ridiculous and impracticable as a *system of Education;* to adopt it as such he said "you must begin a new world."

His contempt for the NOUVELLE HELOISE is sufficiently known. He thought the story ill composed; its incidents improbable, the characters unnatural and vicious, and the tendency immoral and mischievous: and such faults as these could never in his judgment be redeemed, atoned for, or even palliated by any, the most eminent, and brilliant beauties of sentiment and diction, or interest of circumstances and situation. Very different indeed was his judgment of the *Clarissa* of Richardson. He said "he knew no instance of a story so well told," and spoke with the highest commendation of the strictly dramatic propriety, and consistency of the characters perfectly preserved, and supposed from the beginning to the end, in all situations and circumstances; in every word, action, and look. In the delineation of the character of Lovelace alone he thought the author had failed, not having lived among persons of that rank, it was impossible for him to give the portrait from the life of a profligate man of fashion. On the subject of Richardson, I remember Mr. Gray was pleased with an opinion of Dr. Johnson, related to me by Davies the player, to whom Johnson had given it, on being asked by him, what he thought of the different and comparative merits of Richardson and Fielding; Johnson

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answered, "Why, Sir, Fielding could tell you what o'clock it was, but as for Richardson, he could make a clock, or a watch." One could follow, and describe the motions of the human passions, but the other could trace their springs and origin. He allowed great, but inferior merit to *Sir Charles Grandison.*

When Boswell published his account of Corsica, I found Mr. Gray reading it, "With this (he said) I am much pleased, because I see that the author is too foolish to have invented it."

He expressed regret at his want of mathematical knowledge, and declared to me that he had still serious intentions of applying himself to the study of it. At the same time he lamented that in the University it was usually studied to serve the purpose of taking a degree honorably, and generally laid aside afterwards, instead of being applied to the attainment of those useful and sublime sciences to which it is the only guide and conductor.

I had few opportunities of seeing Mr. Gray in large mixed companies; but in the year 1770, when I travelled with him through a part of England and South Wales, we went to Malvern, with the situation of which place, and the extensive command of the two counties of Gloucestershire and Herefordshire, from the summit of the hill, (particularly the latter,) he was delighted; but certainly not so with the numerous society assembled at the long table, where we dined every day; though he stayed there

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a week, most obligingly on my account, as I found some acquaintances whom I was glad to meet. He had neither inclination to mix much in conversation on such occasions, nor I think much facility even if he had been willing. This arose, perhaps, partly from natural reserve, and what is called shyness, and partly from having lived retired in the University during so great a part of his life, where he had lost, as he told me himself, "the versatility of his mind." In fact, except during his travels he had *never lived much* (as the phrase is) *in the world*, and even at that time the total want of congeniality and similarity of disposition and pursuits between him and his companion, and the vanity, conceit, and airs of superiority in the latter, never forgetting that he was son of the first minister, could not inspire with much gaiety a mind not naturally prone to it, and probably contributed to depress his spirits. When I once endeavoured to learn from him the cause of his difference with and separation from Walpole, he said, "Walpole was son of the first minister, and you may easily conceive that, on this account, he might assume an air of superiority," (I will not answer for the *exact expression*, but it was to this effect,) "or do or say something which perhaps I did not bear as well as I ought." This was all I ever heard from him on the subject, but it is instead of a volume to those who know the independent and lofty spirit of Gray. Without considering the

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particular cause of difference mentioned above, I agree with Mr. Mason, who once said to me, that it was more surprising that two persons of characters so opposite to each other should ever have agreed, than that they should finally have separated. A letter to West, dated Florence, April 21, 1741, corroborates what I have said with respect to the effect which Mr. Gray's travels had produced on his spirits, "You must add, then, to your former ideas, two years of age, a reasonable quantity of dulness, a great deal of silence, and something that rather resembles than is thinking; a confused notion of many strange and fine things that have swam before my eyes for some time; *a want of love for general society, indeed an inability to it.*"

In London, when I knew him there, he certainly lived very little in society; he dined generally alone, and was served from an eating-house near his lodging in Jermyn Street.

In one of the visits he made me at Blundeston, he was extremely embarrassed because I had at that time with me an old relation and his wife, who were so entirely different from anything that could give him pleasure, that I thought it impossible he should reconcile himself to their conversation, or endure to stay with me. I think he perceived this, and determined to show me that I had mistaken him, for he made himself so agreeable to them that they both talked with pleasure of the time they passed with him as long as they lived.

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Whenever I mentioned Mr. West he looked serious, and seemed to feel the affliction of a recent loss. He said, the cause of the disorder, a consumption, which brought him to an early grave, was the fatal discovery which he made of the treachery of a supposed friend and the viciousness of a mother whom he tenderly loved; this man, under the mask of friendship to him and his family, intrigued with his mother, and robbed him of his peace of mind, his health, and his life.

After I had quitted the University, I always paid Mr. Gray an annual visit; during one of these visits it was he determined, as he said, to offer with a good grace what he could not have refused if it had been asked of him, viz. to write the Installation Ode for the Duke of Grafton. This, however, he considered as a sort of task, to which he submitted with great reluctance; and it was long after he first mentioned it to me before he could prevail with himself to begin the composition. One morning, when I went to him as usual after breakfast, I knocked at his door, which he threw open, and exclaimed with a loud voice,

"Hence, avaunt! 'tis holy ground."

I was so astonished, that I almost feared he was out of his senses; but this was the beginning of the Ode which he had just composed.

When one sees and considers the persons who are *in fashion* in the world, caressed, courted, in-

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vited to dinners and suppers, as wits, authors, and men of letters, and then reflects on the neglect in which Mr. Gray lived, "facit indignatio versum." Nature requires no effort, it is spontaneous, involuntary.

Mr. Bryant, talking to me of Mr. Gray, seemed to think that he had taken something ill of him, and founded this opinion on some circumstance which appeared to me frivolous, and which I have forgotten. I never heard Mr. Gray mention him but with respect, regretting only that he had turned his great learning into a wrong channel. What would Mr. Gray have said if he had lived to see him endeavour to destroy, with a stroke of his pen, the famous city which, besides a ten years' siege, has stood that of so many centuries elapsed since?

One day, when I entered his apartment, I found him absorbed in reading the newspaper. This was the first letter which appeared of Junius. He thought that the abundance of Dictionaries of different kinds was a bad symptom for the literature of the age; because real and profound learning is never derived from such sources, but drawn at the fountain-head; and they who are content to pick up the scanty and superficial information which can be acquired by such means, have neither the spirit nor the industry *to study a subject through* in the original authors; nor, indeed, have they any further demands on literature than for a sufficient supply to satisfy their vanity. He thought the

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French Encyclopedie best in its beginning, but carelessly executed afterwards. Though I have mentioned that Mr. Gray regretted his want of mathematical knowledge, yet he would never allow that it was *necessary*, in order to form the mind to a habit of reasoning or attention. Does not Locke require as much attention as Euclid? And what cause should prevent the mind unexercised in Euclid from severe attention to Locke? or from applying the powers it possesses to any other branch of knowledge? The study of mathematics certainly requires strict attention; but does it *exclusively* produce the habit of it? and is not that habit to be acquired by application of any other sort?

I asked Mr. Gray what sort of a man Dr. Hurd was; he answered, "The last person who left off stiff-topped gloves."

Mr. Gray's love of and knowledge in Gothic architecture are well known; he contended particularly for the superiority of its effect in churches; and, besides, admired the elegance and good taste of many of its ornaments. I remember his saying, though I have forgotten the building to which the observation was applied, "Call this what you please, but you must allow that it is beautiful." He did not make the distinction, which it seems now the fashion to make, between *Saxon* and *Norman;* I never heard the latter term from him. And, indeed, those who make this distinction have never, to my apprehension, explained the difference. He

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said, that he knew no instance of a *pointed* arch before the reign of King John; in which, I understand, Carter, the great Gothic critic, agrees with him. All round arches, since the age of Roman architecture, he called Saxon, with their zigzag and other well-known appropriate ornaments, and these he attributed to a period not more recent than the reign of King John. He was pleased at first with Strawberry Hill; but when Mr. Walpole added the gallery, with its gilding and glass, he said, "he had degenerated into finery." The house of the late Mr. Barrett, at Lee, near Canterbury, will, I hope, remain longer than the frailty of its materials promises, a monument of the superior and perfect taste of Mr. James Wyatt, in spite of malicious and envious criticism, in that beautiful species of architecture; which, though not bound to certain rules, like that of Greece, affords an ample space for taste and fancy to range in.

Mr. Gray disapproved the additions of Sir Christopher Wren (the two towers) to Westminster Abbey.

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CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS GRAY

WITH REV. NORTON NICHOLLS

1764—1771

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CORRESPONDENCE OF T. GRAY WITH REV. N. NICHOLLS.

LETTER I.

SIR, Monday, Nov. 19, 1764.

I RECEIVED your letter at Southampton, and, as I would wish to treat everybody according to their own rule and measure of good-breeding, have against my inclination waited till now before I answered it, purely out of fear and respect, and an ingenuous diffidence of my own abilities. If you will not take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well-turned period, which is always my principal concern.

So I proceed to tell you, that my health is much improved by the sea; not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the *common people* do. No! I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November. No snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past, the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window. The town, clean and well built, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers

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and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view till it joins the British channel. It is skirted on either side with gently-rising grounds, clothed with thick wood; and directly cross its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight, at a distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Netteley Abbey. There may be richer and greater houses of religion; but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!) and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile, that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks, that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and too luxuriant for a holy eye: only, on either hand, they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did not you observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself, to drive the tempter from him, that had thrown that distraction in his way. I should tell you, that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not, for all the world, pass a night at the Abbey (there were such things seen near it), though there was a power of money hid there.

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From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge; but of these things I say no more, they will be published at the University press.

I have been at London this month, that tiresome dull place! where all people under thirty find so much amusement. The Opera, with Manzuoli in it, opens on Saturday, and I go to Cambridge the Wednesday preceding. The Ministry are all together by the ears, so are the Opposition: the only doubt is which will be the weakest: I am afraid I know. The sentence of Alma Mater, of the North Briton, and of D'Eon are deferred; in the meantime, Du Vergy, the adventurer who enraged D'Eon almost to madness, and has been in jail (for debt) ever since December last, having regained his liberty by the help (he says) of his countrymen, declares upon oath that he was sent from France with a half promise of being declared secretary to the embassy, that he might *se servir de son epée*, if occasion were, against D'Eon, or at least urge him to do something that might for ever disgrace him. He gives a detail of all his private conversations with Guerchy and others on this head. Mons. de Guerchy is (I hear) much troubled; declares the whole á lie; but what is he to do? must he have another *plaidoyer* in our courts against this scoundrel? and indeed from his own narrative he appears to be no better, though it is interlarded with fine French sentiment about justice, and virtue, and honour, and such like.

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I had prepared a finer period than the other to finish with, but, d—mn it! I have somehow mislaid it among my papers—you shall certainly have it next summer. How can people subscribe such a devil of a name, (I warrant) you call it a *christian* name, to their letters as you do? I always thought at times I had a small matter of aversion for you mechanically arising in me, and doubtless this was the reason. Fie, fie, put on a white satin mantle, and be carried to church again. However, I forgive you, for your Rippon history's sake. Adieu! I shall almost be glad to see you again.

T. G.

Your friend Dr. Marriott came very kindly to see me, as soon as he had taken possession of his new mastership, and returned me his thanks for my civilities to you! so never say any more on that head: you see I am paid.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR, Aug. 26. 1766, Pemb. Hall.

IT is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me that she was recovered; otherwise I had then wrote to you, only to beg you would take care of her, and to in-

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form you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one never can have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but yesterday; and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart. Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use, (not for my own,) but I will leave you the merit of doing it yourself. Pray tell me how your own health is. I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself for a guide to Mr. Palgrave, into the Sierra-Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent, not disagreeably; the country is all a garden, gay, rich, and fruitful, and (from the rainy season) had preserved, till I left it, all that emerald verdure which commonly one only sees for the first fortnight of the spring. In the west part of it from every eminence the eye catches some long winding reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their navigation; in the east, the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This last sentence is so fine, I am quite ashamed; but, no matter! you must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve. I went to Mar-

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gate for a day; one would think it was Bartholomew fair that had *flown* down from Smithfield to Kent in the London machine, like my lady Stuff-damask: (to be sure you have read the New Bath Guide, the most fashionable of books) so then I did *not* go to Kingsgate, because it belonged to my Lord Holland; but to Ramsgate I did, and so to Sandwich, and Deal, and Dover, and Folkstone, and Hythe, all along the coast, very delightful. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by anything but men and women and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again very disconsolate and all alone, even Mr. Brown is gone; and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me; I do not mean children. You, I hope, are better off, riding and walking with Mr. Aislaby, singing duets with my cousin Fanny, improving with Mr. Weddell, conversing with Mr. Harry Duncomb. I must not wish for you here; besides, I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement. Do you remember how we are to go into Wales next year? well! Adieu, I am sincerely yours,

T. G.

P. S. Pray how does poor Temple find himself in his new situation? Is Lord Lisburne as good as his letters were? What is come of the father and brother? Have you seen Mason?

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LETTER III.

MY DEAR SIR, Pemb. Col. Sept. 2, 1766.

I WAS absent in Suffolk, and did not receive your melancholy letter till my return hither yesterday: so you must not attribute this delay to me, but to accident. To sympathize with you in such a loss is an easy task for me, but to comfort you not so easy. Can I wish to see you unaffected with the sad scene now before your eyes, or with the loss of a person, that through a great part of your life has proved himself so kind a friend to you? He who best knows our nature (for he made us what we are) by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment, from the insolence of youth and posterity, to serious reflection, to our duty and to himself: nor need we hasten to get rid of these impressions. Time (by appointment of the same power) will cure the smart, and in some hearts soon blot out all the traces of sorrow; but such as preserve them longest (for it is left partly in our own power) do perhaps best acquiesce in the will of the Chastiser.

For the consequences of this sudden loss I see them well, and (I think) in a like situation could fortify my mind so as to support them with cheerfulness and good hopes, thought not naturally in-

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clined to see things in their best aspect. Your cousins seem naturally kind and well disposed worthy young people: your mother and they will assist one another; you, too, (when you have time to turn you round,) must think seriously of your profession: you know I would have wished to see you wear the livery of it long ago; but I will not dwell on this subject at present. To be obliged to those we love and esteem is a pleasure, but to serve and to oblige them is a still greater, and this with independence (no vulgar blessings) are what a profession at your age may reasonably promise, without it they are hardly attainable. Remember, I speak from experience!

Poor Mr. Walpole is struck with a paralytic disorder. I know it only from the papers, but think it very likely; he may live in this state, incapable of assisting himself, in the hands of servants or relations that only gape after his spoils, perhaps for years to come. Think how many things may befall a man far worse than death! Adieu, I sincerely wish your happiness, and am faithfully yours,

T. G.

P. S. I must go soon to London, but if you direct to me here, I shall have your letters. Let me know soon how you go on.

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LETTER IV.

MY DEAR SIR, Oct. 14, 1766.

I HAVE received a second instance of your kindness and confidence in me; and surely you hazard nothing in trusting me with the whole of your situation; it appears not to me so new as it does to you. You well know the tenour of my conversation (urged perhaps at times a little farther than you liked) has been intended to prepare you for this event, to familiarize your mind with this spectre that you call by its worst name; but remember that *Honesta res est læta paupertas.* I see it with respect, and so will every one whose poverty is not seated in their mind; there is but one real evil in it, (take my word, who know it well,) and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others who have not the same resources to support them. It is this consideration that makes me remind you that Ansel is lately dead, a lay-fellow of your college; that if Dr. Marriott (whose follies let us pardon, because he has some feeling, and means us well) be of little use, and if Dr. Hallifax (another simple friend of ours, perhaps with less sensibility) cannot serve us in this, yet Dr. Ridlington is not immortal; you have always said to succeed him was not impracticable; I

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know it would be creditable, I know it would be profitable, I know it would, in lieu of a little drudgery, bring you freedom, that drudgery would with a little use grow easy. In the meantime, if any better prospect present itself, there you are ready to take advantage of the opportunity; in short, this was always my favourite project, and now more than ever, for reasons that will occur to yourself,—in waiting for the accomplishment of it you will take orders; and if your uncles are slow in their motions, you will accept a curacy, (for a title will be requisite,) not under everybody that offers, but under some gentlemanlike friendly man, and in a Christian country. A profession you must have; why not then accommodate yourself cheerfully to its beginnings? you have youth, you have many kind well-intentioned people belonging to you, many acquaintance of your own, or families that will wish to serve you; consider how many have had the same or greater cause for dejection, with none of these resources before their eyes.

I am in town for a month or more, and wish to hear from you soon. Mr. Walpole has indeed been dangerously ill with the gout in his stomach, but nothing paralytic, as was said; he is much recovered, and gone to Bath. Adieu, dear sir, I am faithfully yours,

T. G.

I will write again soon.

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LETTER V.

DEAR SIR, Pemb. Col. Jan. 19, 1767.

DO not think I forget you all this time; nothing less! I have daily thought on you, though to little purpose; perhaps the sense of my own inutility has been the reason of my silence; it is certain I have been well enough, and enough alone for the seven or eight weeks that I have passed here; the last three of them indeed (during this dreadful weather) I have been nursing Mr. Brown, who has been under the surgeon's hands, and now just begins to go across the room. The moral of this is, that when you break your skin, you should not put the black sticking-plaster to it, which has been the cause of our sufferings; and thus at other people's expense we become wise, and thank heaven that it is not at our own.

I have often wished to talk to Dr. Hallifax about you, but have been restrained by the fear that my interposition, like your friend Dr. Marriott's, might do more hurt than good. In the meantime, I do suspect a little that our acquaintance at Nice is by no means so near his end as all good Christians might wish. My reasons are twofold. First, because I do not remember ever to have read in any newspaper that Lady Betty Beelzebub, or Master

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Moloch, or even old Sir Satan himself, or any of the good family were dead, therefore I may be allowed to doubt a little of their mortality. Secondly, is it not very possible that he may think his substitute here will not so readily go on without rising in his terms, nor do his drudgery so patiently unless he thought him likely soon to return? and as he has no such intention, what else can he do but make himself worse than he is, and order his nurse to write melancholy accounts of him to her friends here?

Had it not been for this ill-contrived notion of mine, I should have been glad to hear your uncles were off their bargain. It is sure that the situation you mention is reckoned as good as any part of the county. I, who lately was in the county, know that this is not saying a vast deal; but, however, now I wish it had succeeded. This at least we seem to learn from it, that they are in earnest, which is the great point; and I hope you have not been wanting in acknowledgments, nor shewed the least sulkiness at seeing the negotiation drop because the purchase was dear. I desire you would give yourself no airs!

The letter to your father was the very thing I meant to write to you about. If he is really dead, or dead to shame and humanity, it is no matter, a few words are lost; if he lives, who knows what may be the consequence? Why are you not in orders yet, pray? How have you passed this frightful piece of a winter? better, I dare say, and

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more comfortably than I. I have many *désagrémens* that surround me; they have not dignity enough to be called *misfortunes*, but they feel heavy on my mind. Adieu! I wish you all happiness, and am sincerely yours,

T. G.

LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR, Jermyn Street, 5 Nov. 1767.

I AM come, and shall rejoice to congratulate you face to face on your good luck, which is wonderful in my eyes. I hope there are no rubs in the way to prevent my seeing you snug in the rectory, surrounded with fat pigs and stubble-geese, and Madam in her gogram gown doing the honours of Lovingland at the head of your table.

I have much to say, so much that I shall say no more; but come quickly, if the main chance will suffer you, or I will know the reason why. Adieu! I am sincerely yours,

T. G.

LETTER VII.

DEAR NICHOLLS, Dec. 31, 1767.

WRITE by all means forthwith to Lord Lisburne, give a little into his way of thinking, seem to fear you have gone a little too far in com-

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municating so much of Temple's letter, which was not intended for his eye; but say you thought you saw at bottom so much of respect and affection for him, that you had the less scruple to lay open the weaknesses and little suspicions of a friend, that (you know beyond a doubt) very gratefully and sincerely loves him; remind him *eloquently* (that is, from your heart, and in such expressions as that will furnish) how many idle suspicions a sensible mind, naturally disposed to melancholy, and depressed by misfortune, is capable of entertaining, especially if it meets with but a shadow of neglect or contempt from the very (perhaps the only) person in whose kindness it had taken refuge. Remind him of his former goodness frankly and generously shewn to Temple, and beg him not to destroy the natural effects of it by any appearance of pique or resentment, for that even the fancies and chimeras of a worthy heart deserve a little management and even respect. Assure him, as I believe you safely may, that a few kind words, the slightest testimony of his esteem, will brush away all Temple's suspicions and gloomy thoughts, and that there will need after this no constraint on his own behaviour, (no, not so much as to ring a bell,) for when one is secure of people's intentions, all the rest passes for nothing.

To this purpose (but in my own way) would I write, and mighty respectfully withal. It will come well from you, and you can say without

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consequence what in Temple himself it would be mean to say. Lord Lisburne is rather more piqued than needs methinks; the truth is, the cause of this quarrel on paper does appear puerile, as to the matter; but the manner is all, and that we do not see. I rather stick by my Lord still, and am set against Madam Minx, yet (as I told you before) the house lies hard at my stomach.

There are many letters and things that I never saw, as that strange one in Wales, and that to Lady Lisburne, now without these how can I judge? you have seen more of the matter, and perhaps may be right, but as yet I do not believe it. What can that *firm and spirited* letter be? I fear it will make matters worse; and yet it was sent away before he had seen Temple's letter to you, if he had, it would have made it worse still.

You ask, if you should copy Lord Lisburne's and send it to Temple, I think rather not: he has now had one from him himself: if you are obliged to do so, it should be only the sense of it, and that abated and mollified, especially, all that tastes of contempt.

Adieu! bless your stars, that you are snug in a fat-goose living, without a Minx, and without a Lord. I am faithfully yours,

T. G.

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LETTER VIII.

DEAR SIR, Pemb. Coll. 28 Jan. 1768.

I AND mine are safe and well, but the chambers opposite to me, (Mr. Lyon's,) which were getting ready for Mason, are destroyed. Mr. Brown was in more immediate danger than I, but he too is well, and has lost nothing. We owe it to Methodism, that any part (at least of that wing) was preserved; for two saints, who had been till very late at their nocturnal devotions, and were just in bed, gave the first alarm to the college and the town. We had very speedy and excellent assistance of engines and men, and are quit for the fright except the damage above-mentioned. I assure you it is not amusing to be waked between two and three in the morning, and to hear, "Don't be frighted, Sir, but the college is all of a fire!"

I have not yet returned the letters you sent me by the fly, not thinking it necessary to do so immediately; but very soon you shall have them. Mason came two days after the fire, and will stay some time. Adieu! I am sincerely yours,

T. G.

I do not see what you can do, everything depends on their first meeting at Mamhead; and that is now over. I am afraid everything will go wrong, it is sure your last letter could do no hurt.

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LETTER IX.

DEAR SIR, Wednesday, 3 Feb. 1768. Pemb. Coll.

I INTEND to return you the letters by to-morrow's fly, if nothing hinders. I am never the wiser, nor the more able to account for Temple's letter to Lady Lisburne, (which gave occasion to all the rest,) it still looks like the suggestion of his wife working upon his own natural irritability, and the sort of request made in it for the Berwick living, (at so improper a time,) is not any other way to be accounted for. The *sensible and manly* answer to it (I must own) I cannot easily digest, especially the end of it: it is plain, as he wrote on, he worked his temper into a ferment, till at last it absolutely turned sour. I cannot help his temper; but his heart may (for all that) be right. In the second letter, he is conscious he had gone too far in his expressions, and tries to give them a sense they will not bear; but I allow he is throughout too angry and too contemptuous. Your last letter to him (though I never saw it) I conclude has done no hurt, perhaps has softened him a little. Everything depends upon the manner of their meeting in Devonshire, which by this time you probably know. I do not yet see why all this passion, why all this trouble of justifying himself to a man, for whom

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he never had any kindness or regard, and who can be of little use to him in point of interest. Temple is too precipitate, too rough too in his expressions, too much the aggressor, if he thinks Lord Lisburne really his friend; and, if he does not, how in the midst of his resentment can he bring himself to shew a desire of accepting farther favours from him? I yet have some little hope that all may come right again, at least right enough for our purpose; for I am more convinced of Temple's contempt and want of esteem for Lisburne, than I am of Lisburne's aversion, or neglect of Temple.

Mason is here with us, and will stay (I should hope) some time; he is even going to hire a small house opposite to Peter House, which he cannot inhabit till next winter. Mr. Hutton being dead, he has now a landed estate, the income of which in a few years will be considerable. Old Smith of Trinity is dead, and Dr. Hinchliffe will probably succeed him, though Dr. Ross and Brockett are also competitors for it. Are your India-paper, your Axminster carpets, your sofas and *pechés mortels* in great forwardness? Have you read Mr. Anstey, and the Historical doubts? Adieu! I am sincerely yours,

T. G.

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LETTER X.

Southn. Row, 29 May, Sunday.

ADDIO! You will have the satisfaction of going to Fischer's concert, and hearing Gugnani without me, on Thursday; I don't believe there will be anybody one knows there. My respects to Mrs. Nicholls, and my cousin, Miss Floyer, not forgetting the red nightingale. I am gone to-morrow.

Here are a pair of your stray shoes, dancing attendance, till you send for them.

LETTER XI.

Aug. 3, 1768. Jermyn Street.

DEAR SIR, (Mr. Roberts.)

THAT Mr. Brockett has broke his neck, you will have seen in the newspapers, and also that I (your humble servant) have kissed the king's hand for his succession, they both are true, but the manner how you know not; only I can assure you that I had no hand at all in his fall, and *almost* as little in the second happy event. He died on the Sunday; on Wednesday following, his Grace of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to say that

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his majesty commanded him to *offer* me the vacant professorship, not only as a reward of, &c. but as a credit to, &c. with much more too high for me to transcribe. *You are to say* that I owe my nomination to the *whole cabinet council*, and my success to the king's *particular knowledge* of me; this last he told me himself, though the day was so hot and the ceremony so embarrassing to me, that I hardly know what he said.

I am commissioned to make you an offer which I have told him (not the king) you would not accept long ago. Mr. Barrett (whom you know) offers to you a hundred pounds a year, with meat, drink, washing, chaise and lodging, if you will please to accompany him through France into Italy; he has taken such a fancy to you that I cannot but do what he desires me, being pleased with him for it. I know it will never do, though before you grew a rich fat rector I have often wished (ay, and fished too) for such an opportunity. No matter! I desire you to write your answer to him yourself as civil as you think fit, and then let me know the result, that is all. He lives at Lee, near Canterbury.

Adieu! I am to perish here with heat this fortnight yet, and then to Cambridge. Dr. Marriott (Mr. Vicecan) came post hither to ask this vacant office on Wednesday last, and went post to carry the news back on Saturday. The rest were Delaval, Lort, Peck, and Jebb. As to Lort, he de-

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served it, and Delaval is an honest gentleman; the rest do me no great honour, no more than my predecessor did; to be sure, my *dignity* is a little the worse for wear, but mended and washed it will do for me. I am very sincerely yours,

T. G.

LETTER XII.

Blundeston, Aug. 6, 1768.

MY dear Mr. Professor of History and Modern Languages, accept my sincerest congratulations; your letter and the St. James's Chronicle brought me the welcome news by the same post yesterday. I read of Brockett's death before, and thought of you the instant, but feared because I wished it of all things, and have been very anxious for information. I am pleased that you have an honourable and profitable office, but more pleased a thousand times that you have it in so honourable a way. The king and his cabinet council are grown into great favour with me, and I believe if I was in parliament I should vote with them right or wrong all the next session. But come and let me tell you how glad I am better than I can write it; you said you would, but now you are grown rich, God knows how you may be altered. I should have written before to invite you, only that I knew not where to direct. Mr. Professor of Arabic has

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honoured me with his company already for two days in his way to a rich pupil, the son of a Norwich alderman; he says it is *vastly pretty* to have a garden of one's own, with gooseberries and currants, and a field, and a horse, and a cow; in short, he will not be at peace till he has bought a wife and an estate, and then I fear least of all; Lord Fitzwilliam says it will kill him.

And now for Mr. Barrett, to whom I am much obliged, and certainly do not like him the worse for thinking me agreeable; but how I might like him after I had been shut up in a chaise with him for a thousand miles, I know not, especially as I should only be one remove above the *valet de chambre* with double wages. Besides, I am just settled here at a great expense; and then to desert my cure of souls, when I have hardly given them their first dressing, would not be the part of a good physician. Add to this, that my uncles might not be pleased, and that my mother would be left alone in the land of strangers, and I think I have reason sufficient to write him a very civil refusal, which I mean to do if you have no objection. Nevertheless, I burn with desire to see Italy, and would give a limb to be in danger of breaking my neck among the Alps, or being buried alive in everlasting snow; but all this I hope to be able to do in my own way, and at my own time. I have just had a letter from Claxton (that man of rueful countenance, whom you, that are without preju-

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dices, cannot bear for that reason) from among the glaciers, which inflames me more than ever. Shall I then ever see a valley of ice which was formed at the creation, or only a day or two afterwards at farthest? mountains of ice that will never melt till the earth dissolves? and crevices through which one might descend to the nursery of earthquakes and volcanoes? not with Mr. Barrett, I believe. At present I live in a country where nature dare not exert herself in this bold way, and thinks she has done very handsomely for me in giving me a wood, a pretty lake bordered with it, a hanging meadow on which the house stands, and a dry soil; indeed, two miles from me there is the sea, which does not break into the hollows of rocks, but looks vast, and blue, and beautiful, and roars as it does in other places; I bathe in it, you may admire it, and catch strange fishes, and call them by strange names, and tell me their history and adventures. Then my own lake produces tench, and pike, and eels in abundance. We have no neighbourhood, which you will say (I hear you say it) is a blessing; but it is a reason *de plus* why you (if riches have not extinguished every spark of charity in you) should come and comfort our solitude. My mother says you have forgot her, but is enough of a Christian to send you her compliments and congratulations. N. N.

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LETTER XIII.

DEAR SIR, Jermyn Street, Sat. 27 Aug. 1768.

I HOPE in God, before now, you have given Mr. Barrett his answer. I always supposed you would refuse, and told him so; yet, as he does not write to me, I much doubt whether you have acquainted him of it: why, did not I desire you to do so out of hand? and did not I make my civilities to Mrs. Nicholls? 'tis sure I intended both one and the other: but you never allow for business? why, I am selling an estate, and over head and ears in writings.

Next week I come to Cambridge. Pray let me find a letter from you there, telling me the way to Lovingland; for thither I come, as soon as I have been sworn in, and subscribed, and been at Church. Poor Mr. Spence was found drowned in his own garden at Byfield, probably (being paralytic) he fell into the water, and had no one near to help him. So *History* has lost two of her chief supports almost at once; let us pray for their successors! His Danish Majesty has had a diarrhœa, so could not partake of Dr. Marriott's collation; if he goes thither at all, I would contrive not to be present at the time. Adieu! I am yours,

T. G.

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LETTER XIV.

Nov. 8, 1768, Pemb. Coll.

NOT a single word since we parted at Norwich, and for aught I know, you may be ignorant how I fell into the jaws of the King of Denmark at Newmarket, and might have stayed there till this time, had I not met with Mr. Vice-chancellor and Mr. Orator, with their diplomas and speeches; who, on their return to Cambridge, sent me a chaise from thence, and delivered me out of that den of thieves. However, I passed a night there; and in the next room, divided from me by a thin partition, was a drunken parson and his party of pleasure, singing and swearing, and breaking all the ten commandments. All that I saw on my way else was the abbey church at Wyndham, to learned eyes a beautiful remnant of antiquity, part of it in the style of Henry the First, and part in that of Henry the Sixth; the wooden fretwork of the north isle you may copy, when you build the best room of your new Gothic parsonage, it will cost but a trifle.

So now I am going to town about my business, which (if I dispatch to my mind) will leave me at rest, and with a tolerably easy temper for one while. I return hither as soon as I can, and give you notice what a sweet humour I am in. Mrs.

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Nicholls and you take advantage of it, come and take possession of the lodge at Trinity Hall, (by the way, I am commissioned to offer it to you by Dr. Marriott for that purpose, and you have nothing to do but to thank him for his civilities, and say at what time you intend to make use of them;) and so we live in clover, and partake the benefits of a University education together, as of old. Palgrave is returned from Scotland, and will perhaps be here. Mason, too, if he is not married, (for such a report there is,) may come, and Dr. Hallifax is always at your service. Lord Richard Cavendish is come: he is a sensible boy, awkward and bashful beyond all imagination, and eats a buttock of beef at a meal. I have made him my visit, and we did tolerably well considering. Watson is his public tutor, and one Winstanley his private; do you know him?

Marriott has begun a subscription for a musical amphitheatre, has appropriated £500 (Mr. Titley's legacy to the University) to that purpose, and gives twenty guineas himself. He has drawn a design for the building, and has printed an argument about the poor's-rates, which he intended to have delivered from the bench, but one of the parties dropped the cause. He has spoke at the Quarter Sessions two hours together, and moved the townspeople to tears, and the University to laughter. At laying down his office, too, he spoke Latin, and said, *Invidiam, et opinionum de me commenta delebit dies.* He enlarged (which is never done) on the qualifications

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of Hinchliffe his successor, *qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes—qui cum Magnis vixit et placuit.* Next day Hinchliffe made his speech, and said not one word (though it is usual) of his predecessor. I tell you Cambridge news for want of better. They say Rigby is to move for the expulsion of Wilkes from the house. My respects to Mamma. I am yours,

T. G.

Tell me about my uncle and aunt: direct to Roberts, Jermyn Street.

LETTER XV.

Dec. 18, 1768.

YOU have indeed brought yourself into a little scrape. I would, if it were my own case, say to Lord Lisburne (supposing you were pressed by him) that I had not received yet any letter from Temple; in the meantime I would write instantly to him in Devonshire, tell him my difficulty, and how I got into it, and desire his consent to shew Lord Lisburne so much of his letter as might be proper. I would then (supposing him not averse) have a cold, or the toothache, and be detained at Richmond, from whence I would (transcribing so much of this very letter as may be fit for his lord-

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ship to see) send it to him in town, as the substance of what I had *just then* received in answer to my own. He will have suspicions (you will say) from my not shewing him the original. No matter! you are nothing to Lord Lisburne, perhaps you had written to Temple about other affairs that you cannot shew him; he will not be so uncivil as to ask for it; in short, let him suspect what he pleases, anything is better than to shew it him, and yet I would omit nothing in my copy but what relates to *Berwick* and to *the addition* that he should have made to the parsonage-house. The kindness expressed for him toward the latter part of the letter will (if he cares for Temple) make up for all the rest.

By the way Temple does himself much credit with me by this letter, and I did not (begging his pardon) suspect him of writing so well; but yet I must stand up a little for Lord Lisburne—what occasion, pray, for so many cordial letters, (which if he were good for nothing at bottom, must have cost him some pains of head,) and for the bribe of a living, only to gain Temple's vote and interest, which as a relation and friend he would have had for nothing at all. Is not the date he sets to the beginning of Lord Lisburne's coldness to him carried a little too far back? did it not really begin a little later, when he had brought his wife to Mamhead and they did not much like her? These indeed are only conjectures, but they may be true. I have, to be sure, a little prejudice to Madam, but yet I must be candid

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enough to own that the parsonage-house sticks a little in my stomach.

My best remembrances to Temple, and tell him I wish he would not give too much way to his own sensibilities, and still less (in this case) to the sensibilities of other people. It is always time enough to quarrel with one's friends. Adieu!

T. G.

It was Mr. Bentley indeed.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR NICHOLLS,

I WROTE to you from London, lately, not knowing but you might care to go with me into Yorkshire to-morrow, but as I neither find you here, nor any letter from you, I conclude that is not to be. I would wish by all means to oblige and serve Temple in any way I am able, but it cannot be *in his way* at present. He and you seem to think, that I have nothing else to do but to transcribe a page from some common-place book on this head, if it were so, I should not hesitate a minute about it; but as I came from town only on Thursday last, have only two days to pass here, and must fetch all the materials from my own recollection, he must excuse me for the present. Let him begin with

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Lord Bacon's Henry VII. and Lord Herbert's Henry VIII., and by that time I return from Aston, (which will be in three weeks or less,) perhaps I may be able to help him onwards a little. I keep the letter till we meet, lest it be lost. Adieu!

T. G.

Direct, a Mons. Mons. de B. chez Messrs. Lullin, Freres Banquiers, rue Thevenot, Paris.

LETTER XVII.

DEAR SIR, Pemb. Coll. 2 Jan. 1769.

HERE am I once again, and have sold my estate, and got a thousand guineas, and fourscore pounds a year for my old aunt, and a £20 prize in the lottery, and lord knows what arrears in the treasury, and am a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him; and in a few days I shall have curtains, are you avised of that? ay, and a mattrass to lie upon.

And there's Dr. Hallifax tells me, there are three or four fellow-commoners got into the lodge, but they will be out in a week's time, and all ready for Mrs. Nicholl's reception and yours, so do your

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pleasures, I invite nobody. And there's Dr. Thomas may be Bishop of Carlisle if he pleases, and (if not) Dr. Powell; and in the first case Dr. Ross will be Dean of Ely. And so I am yours,

T. G.

LETTER XVIII.

Pemb. Hall, Jan. 26, 1769.

ARE you not well, or what has happened to you? it is better than three weeks since I wrote to you (by Norwich and Yarmouth) to say I was returned hither, and hoped to see you; that Trinity Hall Lodge would be vacant, as Hallifax told me, to receive Mrs. Nicholls and you, and we expected you with impatience. I have had a sore throat, and now am getting well of the gout. Mason will be here on Tuesday. Palgrave keeps Lent at home, and wants to be asked to break it. Dr. Law has bit at the bishopric, and gives up near £800 a year to enjoy it. Dr. Ross has his prebend of Durham. Adieu, I am yours,

T. G.

Duty to Mamma.

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LETTER XIX.

June 14, 1769.

I KNOW you think that I have entirely neglected botany, or you would have had twenty troublesome letters before now; but this is not entirely the case, as my journal will witness for me when you see it. I have indeed met with severe rebuffs and discouragements, and difficulties that almost reduced me to despair; but I believe it is because I ventured beyond my strength, and expected to make out readily every wild flower I found, instead of condescending to take my garden for a master, and learn gradually the botanical characters from flowers I know; which seems more reasonable than endeavouring to discover the others by characters I have not yet learnt. I have not writ to ask questions, because there would be no end of it, and I am sure I should never make you understand me except I enclosed the plant. But I have had innumerable to ask if you had been at my elbow. Having nothing to say myself, I waited for some time rather in expectation of hearing some news of the Ode, which I long most impatiently to see; Oh! whilst I remember it, (to set my conscience at ease,) I must tell you that some time ago I received a letter from

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Woodyer the bookseller, (to acknowledge the receipt of some money I sent him,) in which there was a postscript longer than the letter itself, to say how much obliged, &c. he should be if, by my interposition, he (Woodyer) might be admitted to a share in the sale of the Ode said to be yours, if it should be printed, for that it would sell prodigiously. Unto which, his most humble request, I have so far graciously condescended as (not answering his letter, because that would divulge the secret which is already public) to make it known to you. Thus much I have done, because as he did me the honour of preferring me, I was not certain whether in justice I could suppress it entirely; how just or reasonable the request itself may be I know not, and so I wash my hands of him and ask pardon.

Why will you mention Skiddaw or any such insolent mountain to me who live within two miles of the sea and cannot see it till I come within two yards of it? think of me when you listen to the sound of Lawdoor waterfall, or wander among the rocks of Borrowdale, and send an eagle to fetch me from Dorsetshire and deliver me from the naked downs. Alas! alas! when shall we live among the Grisons? visit the Bishop of Coire? or pass a summer at Chiavenna?

I have been very idle (that you will not be surprised to hear) except in my garden, and there very diligent, very much amused, very much in-

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terested, and perfectly dirty with planting, transplanting, &c. and with tolerable success. Besides I have now free access, and an open firm descent to my lake, and a very shady little walk that winds a little way close on its bank; and have planted weeping willows, and poplars, and alders, and sallows; and shall expect you next summer to come and find fault, and sit in the shade.

I am just reading Mémoires de Sully, which please me extremely, more than almost anything; and particularly what I read a few minutes ago, the surprise of the fortress of Fescamp by Bois Rosé. You remember the fifty men hanging by a rope midway of a perpendicular rock six hundred feet high, and the sea at bottom rising till it set the boats that brought them adrift, and prevented the possibility of their returning. Fear seizing the foremost man, and Bois Rosé (who was last of the train) climbing over the backs of the fifty to lead them on. It is told with all its circumstances more like the surprise of Platæa or other such descriptions in Thucydides, than a French writer.

Dr. Marriott has not writ, and is, I hear, to have his house full of foreign ambassadors; so our Cambridge journey is at an end. We shall set out from hence about the middle of July for the west; but I beseech you let me hear first from you; and . . . . from Keswick it would really be cruel to refuse me a line, though you will not write from . . . . . or Cambridge.

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I should be extremely obliged to you if you would once more lend me your book of Wilton, if you could send it by the fly, to be left at Payne's at the Meuse Gate for me till I call; and add necessary instructions for the country about Southampton, for that must be my Keswick this year.

Adieu! I really want to hear a little oftener from you; if I thought writing about nothing, on my part, would have any effect, that should not stand in the way. I am most faithfully and affectionately yours,

N. N.

Blundeston, 14th June, 1769. My Mother's compliments.

LETTER XX.

Pemb. Coll. 24 June, 1769.

AND so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused; are not you ashamed of yourself? why, I have no such thing, you monster; nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live! my gardens are in the window, like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat Lane, or Camomile Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do: dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own garden, and sit

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on a bench in the open air with a fountain, and a leaden statue, and a rolling stone, and an arbour! have a care of sore throats though, and the *ague*.

Odicle has been rehearsed again and again, and the boys have got scraps by heart; I expect to see it torn piecemeal in the North Briton before it is born; the music is as good as the words; the former might be taken for mine, and the latter for Dr. Randal's; if you will come, you shall see it and sing in it with Mr. Norris, and Mr. Clarke, the clergyman, and Mr. Reinholt, and Miss Thomas, great names at Salisbury and Gloster music-meeting, and well versed in Judas-Maccabæus. Dr. Marriott is to have Lord Sandwich and the Attorney-General at his lodge, not to mention foreign ministers, who are to lie with Dr. Hallifax, or in the stables. Lord North is at King's, Lord Weymouth at Mrs. Arbuthnot's, they talk of the D. of Bedford, who (I suppose) has a bed in King's Chapel. The Archbishop is to be at Christ's; Bps. of London at Clare Hall; of Lincoln, at Dr. Gordon's; of Chester, at Peter House; of Norwich, at Jesus; of St. David's, at Caius; of Bangor, at the Dog and Porridge-pot; Marq. of Granby, at Woodyer's. The Yorkes and Townshends will not come. Soulsby the tailor lets his room for eleven guineas the three days, Woodyer aforesaid, for fifteen. Brotherton asks twenty. I have a bed over the way offered me at three half-crowns a night, but it may be gone before you come. I

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believe all that are unlet will be cheap as the time approaches. I wish it were once over, and immediately I go for a few days to London, and so (with Mr. Brown) to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer, and Skiddaw will be invisible and inaccessible to mortals. I forgot to tell you, that on the Monday (after his Grace has breakfasted on a divinity-act) twelve noblemen and fellow-commoners are to settle his stomach with verses made and repeated by themselves. Saturday next (you know) is the great day, and he goes away on Monday after this repast.

I have got *De la Lande's* Voyage through Italy, in eight volumes, he is a member of the Academy of Sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read an octavo volume of Shenstone's letters; poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions, and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned, but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it. His correspondence is about nothing else but this place, and his own writings with two or three neighbouring clergymen, who wrote verses too.

I will send the Wilton book directed to Payne for you, though I know it will be lost, and then you will say it was not worth above a shilling, which is a great comfort to me. I have just found the beginning of a letter which somebody has

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dropped: I should rather call it first thoughts for the beginning of a letter, for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself (having got a beginning already of my own) I send it for your use upon some great occasion.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER so long silence the hopes of pardon and prospect of forgiveness might seem entirely extinct or at least very remote, was I not truly sensible of your goodness and candour, which is the only asylum that my negligence can fly to: since every apology would prove insufficient to counterbalance it, or alleviate my fault. How then shall my deficiency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships of so rough a campaign, &c. And am, dear Sir, kindly yours,

T. G.

P. S. I do not publish at all, but Alma Mater prints five or six hundred for the company. I have nothing more to add about Southampton than what you have transcribed already in your map-book.

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LETTER XXI.

Pembroke, Wednesday, June 7th.

I HAVE just recollected that Mr. Boycot may possibly be able to give you some assistance.

P.S. Well! why, you don't say anything to me. Here am I; and as soon as our ceremonies are over, look with your telescope at the top of Skiddaw, and you will see me.

LETTER XXII.

Blundeston, Monday, July 3, 1769.

ALL, alas! is over, and I have been compelled by cruel necessity to figure to myself all the splendours and glories; how the Ode was sung, and played, and applauded (all but) as it deserves (the first glimpse I shall see of it will be I suppose in the critical review). How thoroughly sensible of the honour the duke was. How he was pressed to death by people who never saw a duke before; and thought themselves in heaven if a chance word dropped on them in the crowd. How Dr. Gordon

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clapped with both his hands, and grinned with all his teeth when his Grace but looked as if he would speak, and bowed lower than even clergymen are used to bow. I should have been glad to have heard the Ode, and very glad to have seen you; but I suspect that I shall like it as well without Dr. Randal's music. And as for you, you would have been so beset with ministers of state that I should have seen nothing of you; so I thought it best to remain in quiet here, rather than to put myself to a great deal of inconvenience, expense, and trouble, to get into the midst of a bustle which I hate, and be disappointed at last.

We shall depart, I suppose, the middle of this month, so, if after that time you direct to me at Augustus Floyer's, Esq. at Upwey, near Dorchester, Dorsetshire, I shall be very glad to hear news from Yorkshire, or Cumberland, or Westmoreland, or no news at all provided I hear.

Many thanks for the Wilton book!

I have read the first volume of Robertson. It may be all vastly right, but it certainly is a little tiresome to have five hundred pages of disquisitions on feudal tenures, &c. such a pile of Gothic learning in your way, when you are all impatience to begin an interesting history; and surely, it is not good policy in the author to tire you to death in order to interest you the more. All that I know is, that it is not at all like Mémoires de Sully. But then Robertson is a grave historian, and the other

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only a writer of memoirs. Why then a writer of memoirs is a better thing than an historian.

And so my Mother waits to carry my letter to the post, and desires her compliments.

I am at this moment *inebriated* with gales of mignonette of my own sowing. "Oh the pleasures of the plain," &c. For God's sake leave Pembroke (at least when there are leaves on the trees) and get a house in Wales, and let me come and pass a summer with you. Adieu! do not despise me when you come among the mountains. Yours most sincerely,

N. N.

P. S. My service to *creeping Gain*, (I do not mean Mr. Gould,) I hope it has conceived vast hopes from the smiles of his Grace.

LETTER XXIII.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1769.

I HAVE two reasons for writing, one because it seems an age to me since I heard of you, the other to mention that I have taken the liberty of recommending to your notice Mr. de Bonstetten. I have given him a letter to you, but yet I thought it best to apprise you of it, that he might not come an entire stranger. I picked him out from among

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the mob in the rooms here, and like him very much; I shall be a little disappointed if you do not think him better than common for his age, and very little spoiled considering that he is the only son of the treasurer of Berne, and of one of the six noble families which bear the chief sway in the aristocracy. He was first at the University of Lausanne; afterwards his father sent for him home; then he went to Leyden, but thought Holland a most *triste pays*, and begged to be released, so he had leave to cross over to England; he seems to have read, and to be unwilling now to waste his time if he knew how to employ it; I think he is vastly better than anything English (of the same age) I ever saw; and then, I have a partiality to him because he was born among mountains; and talks of them with enthusiasm—of the forests of pines which grow darker and darker as you ascend, till the *nemorum nox* is completed, and you are forced to grope your way; of the cries of eagles and other birds of prey adding to the horror; in short, of all the wonders of his country, which disturb my slumbers in Lovingland. I made Wheeler acquainted with him, who likes him as well as I, and has given him letters to Mr. Pitt and to Mrs. Hay, which have succeeded very well. When I go into Switzerland I am to be so directed! so recommended! and to travel with such advantages! but it is absolutely necessary to pass a month at Zurich to learn German; and the mountains must be traversed on foot;

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avec des Grimpons aux mains, and shoes of a peculiar construction. I'd give my ears to try.

So, because it would have given me infinite pleasure to have heard from the banks of Derwent Water, and because I gave you my direction, I was not to have a single line! for my part I would have told you long ago how I was pleased with the country about Southampton, delighted with Nettley Abbey, enchanted with the Isle of Wight, (where I passed three days alone searching every corner,) how from thence I went to my cousin's in Dorsetshire, stayed six weeks, and came hither on my cousin Fanny's account; how pleased we were with Stour Head! how much more than pleased with Mr. Morris's(which we saw just when Autumn had begun to tinge the woods with a thousand beautiful varieties of colour) and with other scenes on the Severn. All this and more I would have told you; and if I had been as tedious as an Emperor, I could have found in my heart to have bestowed it all upon you, only you took care to secure yourself by leaving me without a direction.

We leave this place on Wednesday se'nnight and shall be in town the Saturday after. God knows where you are, but if in town I shall have a chance of seeing you. We shall depart for Blundeston the Wednesday after.

This place (Bath) surprised and pleased me extremely at first. It was so new a sight to see a town built of hewn stone, instead of ragged and

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dirty brick, and streets and parades on a regular plan, and above all the circus, instead of the confused heap of buildings of all shapes and sizes which compose every other town in England. The neighbouring country is very pretty—hills of some height with cultivated valleys running among them, the principal one (which leads to Bristol) watered by the Avon. There are many fine trees in the hedgerows; and some woods clothing the sides of the hills. I have seen Mr. Mason's monument for his wife, and like it; but the medallion is I think too small; and the sculpture so small and delicate that it is seen to disadvantage at the height where it is placed.

Perhaps you will believe me if I say I long to see or hear from you! indeed I do most devoutly. I have a heart that would be much more at home at Pembroke Hall than it is at Bath. Adieu! my dear Sir, I am ever most faithfully yours,

N. N.

My Mother and Cousin send their compliments to you.

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LETTER XXIV.

Cambridge, the 6th January, 1770.

HENCE, *vain deluding joys*, is our motto here, written on every feature, and hourly spoken by every solitary chapel bell; so that decently you can't expect no other but a very grave letter. I really beg your pardon to wrap up my thoughts in so smart a dress, as in a quarto sheet. I know they should appear in a folio leaf, but the ideas themselves shall look so solemn as to belie their dress. Though I wear not yet the black gown, and am only an inferior priest in the temple of meditation, yet my countenance is already consecrated. I never walk but with even steps and musing gait, and looks conversing with the skies; and unfold my wrinkles only when I see Mr. Gray, or think of you. Then, notwithstanding all your learnings and knowledge, I feel in such occasions that I have a heart, which you know is as some others, a quite profane thing to carry under a black gown.

I am in a hurry from morning till evening. At eight o'clock I am roused by a young square cap, with whom I follow Satan through chaos and night. He explained me in Greek and Latin, the *sweet reluctant amorous delays* of our grandmother Eve.

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We finish our travels in a copious breakfast of muffins and tea. Then appear Shakespeare and old Lineus struggling together as two ghosts would do for a damned soul. Sometimes the one get the better, sometimes the other. Mr. Gray, whose acquaintance is my greatest debt to you, is so good as to shew me Macbeth, and all witches, beldams, ghosts and spirits, whose language I never could have understood without his interpretation. I am now endeavouring to dress all those people in a French dress, which is a very hard labour.

I am afraid to take a room, which Mr. Gray shall keep much better. So I stop my ever rambling pen. My respectful compliments to Mrs. Nicholls. Only remember that you have nowhere a better or more grateful friend than your

de Bonstetten.

I loos'd Mr. Wheeler letter and his direction.

[I never saw such a boy; our breed is not made on this model. He is busy from morning to night, has no other amusement than that of changing one study for another; likes nobody that he sees here, and yet wishes to stay longer, though he has passed a whole fortnight with us already. His letter has had no correction whatever, and is prettier by half than English.

Would not you hazard your journal: I want to see what you have done this summer, though it

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would be safer and better to bring it yourself, methinks!

Complimens respecteux à Mad. Nichole, et à notre amiable Cousine la *Sposa*.

T. G.]

LETTER XXV.

DEAR SIR, March 20, 1770.

I AM sorry for your disappointment and my own. Do not believe that I am cold to Mr. Clarke's translation; on the contrary, I long to see it, and wonder you should hesitate for want of franks, (which here I have no means of getting,) do I care about postage, do you think?

On Wednesday next, I go (for a few days) with Mons. de Bonstetten to London. His cursed Father will have him home in the autumn, and he must pass through France to improve his talents and morals. He goes for Dover on Friday. I have seen (I own) with pleasure the efforts you have made to recommend me to him, *sed non ego credulus illis*, nor, I fear, he neither. He gives me too much pleasure, and at least *an equal share* of inquietude. You do not understand him so well as I do, but I leave my meaning imperfect, till we meet. I have never met with so extraordinary a person. God bless him! I am unable to talk to you about anything else I think.

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I wondered you should think of Paris at the time of the Dauphin's marriage; it will be a frippery spectacle, and the expense of everything triple. As to Wales, doubtless I should wish it this summer, but I can answer for nothing, my own employment so sticks in my stomach, and troubles my conscience. When I return hither, I will write to you better and more fully. Adieu! I am very sincerely yours,

T. G.

LETTER XXVI.

4 April, 1770, P. Hall.

AT length, my dear Sir, we have lost our poor de Bonstetten, I packed him up with my own hands in the Dover machine at four o'clock in the morning on Friday, 23 March; the next day at seven he sailed and reached Calais by noon, and Boulogne at night; the next night he reached Abbeville, where he had letters to Mad. Vanrobais, to whom belongs the famous manufacture of cloth there. From thence he wrote to me, and here am I again to pass my solitary evenings, which hung much lighter on my hands before I knew him. This is your fault! Pray let the next you send me be halt and blind, dull, unapprehensive, and wrong-headed. For this (as Lady Constance says) *Was never such a gracious creature born!* and

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yet—but no matter! burn my letter that I wrote you, for I am very much out of humour with myself, and will not believe a word of it. You will think I have caught madness from him, (for he is certainly mad,) and perhaps you will be right. Oh! what things are fathers and mothers! I thought they were to be found only in England, but you see.

Where is Captain Clarke's translation? where is your journal? do you still haggle for me to save sixpence, you niggard? why now I have been in town and brought no franks with me yet. The translation of Gruner cannot be had this month or six weeks, so I am destitute of all things. This place never appeared so horrible to me as it does now. Could not you come for a week or fortnight? it would be sunshine to me in a dark night! even Dr. Hallifax wishes you would come. At least write to me out of hand, for I am truly and faithfully yours, T. G.

"Vous ne voyez plus que de la misère et de la gayete, les villages sont plus rares, plus petits: le silence dans ces deserts annonce par tout un maitre, il me sembloit, que je devois demander à ces hommes en guenilles, 'qui leur avoit pris leurs habits, leurs maisons? quelle peste avoit ravagé la nation?' Mais ils ont le bonheur de ne penser point, et de jouer jusqu'au moment qu'on les égorge.

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" Mais gardons notre indignation pour ceux qui sont si stupides, qu'ils prennent de pareilles mœurs pour modèles."

LETTER XXVII.

Camb. 14 April, 1770.

I THOUGHT my mysteries were but too easy to explain, however you must have a little patience, for I can hazard only word of mouth. What you say of poor Bonstetten is so true, and (let me add) expresses so well my own feelings, that I shall transcribe your words and send them to him: were I in his place I should be grateful for them; by this time I should think you may have received a letter from him yourself, for in that I received from Abbeville, 31 March, he spoke of his intention to write to you. I wrote to you myself as soon as I returned from London, the first (I think) of April.

I am coming to see you, my good friend, that is, on monday se'nnight, I mean to call on Palgrave for a few days in my way to Blundeston. As to Wales you may do with me what you please, I care not. There is this inconvenience in our way, that I must call on Mason at Aston (and so may you too) for a little while, the last week in May: from thence we strike across to Chester and enter Wales. For the summer of next year

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(though I shall be dead first) I am your man, only I desire it may be a secret between ourselves till the time comes, as you love your life.

I rejoice to see you are so great a gardener and botanist: my instructions will be very poor: De Bonstetten, with five lessons from Miller (before he departed for Sumatra) and his own matchless industry, could have told you much more than I can. It would be strange if I should blame you for reading Isocrates: I did so myself twenty years ago, and in an edition at least as bad as yours. The Panegyrick, The De Pace, Areopagitica, and Advice to Philip, are by far the noblest remains we have of this writer, and equal to most things extant in the Greek tongue: but it depends on your judgment to distinguish between his real and occasional opinion of things, as he directly contradicts in one place what he has advanced in another; for example, in the Panathenaic and the De Pace, &c. on the naval power of Athens: the latter of the two is undoubtedly his own undisguised sentiment.

Talk your fill to me and spare not. It would, perhaps, be more flattering if you lived in the midst of an agreeable society: but even as it is, I take it in good part, and heartily thank you, for you have given me a late instance of your partiality and kindness that I shall ever remember.

I received on the 10th of this month a long letter from Paris, lively and sensible as usual: but you will see it, and I shall hope for a sight of such

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as you have got by you. There are two different directions: A Monsieur Mr. B. à l'hotel de Luxembourg, rue des Petits Augustins, Fauxbourg St. Germain, Paris. The other to the same, chez Messrs. Lullin Freres, et Rittich, rue Thevenot, Paris. The latter seems the safer, but then I am uncertain whether I read it right. What shall I do? I have tried both ways, but do not know yet with what success. Adieu! dear Sir, I am very faithfully yours,

T. G.

LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR SIR, May 22, 1770, Jermyn Street.

WHEN I returned to Cambridge I found a long letter from De Bonstetten expressing much kindness, but in a style *un peu trop alambique*, and yesterday I had another shorter, and making bad excuses for not writing oftener: he seems at present to give in to all the French nonsense, and to be employed much like an English boy broke loose from his governor. I want much to know whether he has wrote to you yet, if not, I am seriously angry, though to little purpose. A *Marquis de Villevielle*, who is here with the French Ambassador, has found me out, and seems a quiet good sort of young man. He knows and tries to speak English, and has *translated me* by way of

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exercise. That is our bond of union, but I have seen no specimen yet. He returns home soon with Mr. de Chatelet; but means to return and acquaint himself better with this country.

On Monday or Tuesday I mean to leave this place, and, after passing two or three days at Cambridge, proceed to Aston, where Mason expects me. Now if you like to accompany me, you will meet me at Cambridge, and we pursue our way together, trees blooming and nightingales singing all round us. Let me know your mind, and direct to me at Cambridge.

I have not forgot your microscope, but my Mr. Ramsden (Mason's favourite) is such a liar and a fool, that ten to one it is not finished this month or two. My respects to Mrs. Nicholls! I hope the sermon is completed between you. Adieu! I am faithfully yours,

T. G.

I have got Gruner's book.

LETTER XXIX.

May 26th.

WHY you will not write I can't guess, because if you recollect I was to wait your more certain direction before I wrote to Bonstetten. I have not heard from him, but that only serves to

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make me obstinate; I do not so easily give up, or suffer myself to be given up by a person whom I think worth my esteem. I have had an answer from the bishop (for he is determined to shew me that he thinks a gentleman entitled to an answer) most civil in terms, but most uncivil in fact, for preach I must; indeed I had no other expectation. It is not however about my own foolish concerns that I write now. I have this moment received the enclosed from poor Temple, and have been as irresolute and full of doubts whether to send it all, or transcribe from it, as I am every day about the Genera of Linnæus. You will see best from his own words what he wants, and I am sure you will feel his situation; any instance of attention and kindness from you will be a medicine to his distress; his spirits require to be raised, and I know nothing so likely to raise them; if you should write yourself it would be an act of charity indeed! he has no other refuge or consolation than his books, when his mind is unbent from that attention it sinks into despair. In short, his letter is too faithful a portrait of his mind, and I send it you because I think you are interested in his fate. What must I say to him about that resolution of separating which he seems to speak of seriously? Will it pass off of itself? or should I dissuade it? or what can it mean? separating only from her bed? that will be a source of perpetual ill-humours and misery, if not impossible; as for any other separation how can he

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possibly afford that? I should scruple to have sent you the letter if I were not conscious to myself of acting from motives of the truest friendship. I would do the best, but am quite at a loss. I am sure your heart will prompt you to advise me.

I fear you are on your journey to Yorkshire, but I trust this will be safely conveyed to you. I shall however, for fear of accidents, blot out names—the direction, if you will write yourself, is near Chudleigh.

I live in hopes of the first week in July. Adieu!

N. N.

LETTER XXX.

DEAR SIR, Pemb. Coll. 24 June, 1770.

I AM returned from Aston, and now wait your commands. My idea is, that we might meet on the first or second of July at Huntingdon, or at the Wheat Sheaf, five miles further on the northern road (for I do not like to be here at the commencement), and thence find our way cross by Thrapston into Warwickshire, so through Worcestershire, Shropshire, and other of the midland counties, for about three weeks; but the particular route and objects we are to see I leave to be determined on joint consultation. The Wheat Sheaf I only mention as a very good inn (though a little out of our way), where I possibly may go, and

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wait a day or two for you. Send me word whether it suits you, and precisely tell me the day you can come. My compliments to Mrs. Nicholls. I am sincerely yours, T. G.

I wish you a good delivery.

LETTER XXXI.

DEAR SIR, Sept. 14, 1770.

VENGA, venga, V. S. si serva! I shall be proud to see you both. The lodgings over the way will be empty; but such an entry, such a staircase! how will Mrs. Nicholls be able to crowd through it? with what grace, when she gets out of her chair, can she conduct her hoop petticoat through this auger-hole, and up the dark windings of the grand escalier that leads to her chamber? it is past my finding out. So I delay, till I hear from you again, before I engage them. I believe there may be a bed for you, but is there room for Mrs. Kipiffe, mamma's maid? I am sure I know not.

I was very ill when I received your letter, with a feverish disorder, but have cured it merely by dint of sage-tea, the beverage of life. It is a polydynamious plant, take my word; though your Linnæus would persuade us it is merely diandrious.

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I applaud your industry; it will do you a power of good one way or other, only do not mistake a Carabus for an Orchis, nor a Lepisma for an Adenanthera. Here is Mr. Foljambe, has got a flying hobgobling from the East Indies, and a power of rarities, and then he has given me such a *phalæna*, with looking-glasses in its wings, and a queen of the white ants, whose belly alone is as big as many hundreds of her subjects, I do not mean their bellies only, but their whole persons; and yet her head and her tetons and her legs are no bigger than other people's. Oh, she is a jewel of a pismire!

I hear the triumphs and see the illuminations of Alloa hither. But did Mrs. E. lie a night at Edinburgh in her way thither? Does she meet with no signs of mortality about her castle? Are her subjects all civet-cats and musk-deer?

My respects to your Mother. Adieu! I have had an infinite letter from Bonstetten; he goes in October to Rocheguion on the Loire, with the Duchess d'Enville. The people in several provinces are starving to death on the highways. The King (in spite to his parliaments and nation), it is thought, will make the Duke d'Aiguillon his chief minister. T. G.

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LETTER XXXII.

November 25, 1770.

I DO not see why you should suppose that you only are to have the privilege of being ill. For me, from the time you left me (till within these three days) I have been only one day out of the walls of this college. That day was employed in going to the hills by way of airing after the gout, and in catching such a cold and cough as has given me no rest night or day, and has only now taken its leave of me. I sent away your letter to Bonstetten directly: I saw no reason against it. He was then at Aubonne, near Geneva, with his brother, and is now at Berne. The picture is not arrived, nor (I suppose) ever will; though he says he has sent it, but by what conveyance or by what hand he does not say.

You do me wrong: I have thought very frequently of you, and especially since Sir A. Allin's death. I am rather glad his family were about him, though I know not well why, for he perhaps was insensible to it. These sort of deaths are alarming to the spectator; but perhaps the best for the sufferer. I have now every day before my eyes a woman of ninety, my aunt, who has for many years been gradually turning into chalk-

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stones; they are making their way out of the joints of both feet, and the surgeon twice a day comes to increase the torture. She is just as sensible and as impatient of pain, and as intractable, as she was at sixty years ago. She thinks not at all of death, and if a mortification does not come to release her, many lie in this agony for months (at least), helpless and bed-rid. This is what you call a *natural* death!

It is well you live in a dry country, but do not your lakes overflow? Can anything get from Norwich to Blundeston? Two hundred thousand acres are drowned in the Fens here, and cattle innumerable. Our friends at Worcester, Gloucester, &c. are sailing through the streets from house to house. Adieu! The post is impatient. My respects to Mrs. Nicholls. I am faithfully yours,

T. G.

LETTER XXXIII.

Blundeston, Nov. 28, 1770.

GOD forbid that I should claim to myself the privilege you mention. That fool, young S——, at his return from Cambridge, told me that you had been perfectly well some time, which, of course, relieved me from all anxiety on that account. What a blessing it is to have a galloping imagination: I fancied you in town, with people whom

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you loved better, or who at least engrossed you for the time, hearing news, or bad operas, amused, in short, and quite thoughtless of me in my hermitage. But you was in flannel too, so I beg your pardon.

I have returned to reading a little since my pain left me; I have run through eight centuries of Christianity in Mosheim. I am pleased with the good sense, judgment, and impartiality of the author, and with his plain manly style; but that this should be a history of religion, that Monothelites, and Monophysites, and Stylites should think they were doing God service is wonderful! Simeon, a Syrian, was founder of the last sect, he was first a shepherd and then a monk, and built himself five columns, one of six cubits high, the next twelve, the next twenty-two, another thirty-six, and the last forty; and on these he passed thirty-seven years of his life, advancing in a progressive state upwards towards heaven. Then the pride and power of bishops, growing out of an humble and laborious office, totally different in its nature and intention! Patriarchs lording it over these, and the "gran verme" at last devouring all. New doctrines invented every day, and propagated like the religion of Mahomet. The passions of men hurrying them out of sight of the true object of contention. All this, and thousand times more that I forget (thank Heaven) as fast as I read it, makes me wish myself at the last page; when the

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Reformation *commence a éclorre*, I shall apply myself to Burnet, in hopes of learning a little profane history to mix with my divine, which is really a bad mess by itself. I think that there is less inconvenience, after all, in believing as one's nurse bids one, than in resolving to understand and explain to all the world what reason was never meant to meddle with. "Illa enim (says Mosheim, speaking of the fifth century) prima ætatis Christiana sancta et veneranda simplicitas, quæ Deo loquenti credere, et mandanti obedire jubebat, præcipuis horum temporum doctoribus agrestis videbatur." But Mosheim and Homer and all is at a stand now, or obliged at least to make room for Froissart. In the evening I read Rapin to my mother; so being come to Edward the Third, I took up Froissart, to keep pace with the other, and am so delighted that I read nothing else, "et ay-je tant chevauché par mes joumées," that I am arrived at the peace of Bretigny. He is my historian, for he tells me all that he knows, and tells for the sake of telling, and forgets himself to talk of other people; which I believe is never the case for a single moment with our modern historians, who all write for vanity or profit, and betray their design; there is something so very *appreté* in all of them, and so very much the contrary in him. If it is owing to the simplicity of the age, and if it would not suit with the present times, I am sorry for it, for I like it much better. What a miserable state

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was France in when their king was a prisoner in England, when English garrisons lived at discretion in all parts of the kingdom, English armies spread desolation through every part of it, and the Jaquerie, to complete their misery, raged everywhere without control! I want to know whether you do not think Edward the First and Edward the Third's pretensions to Scotland very unjust, and a stain to their characters, when one considers the mischiefs they caused? and whether you think Edward the Third's pretensions to the crown of France, and the torrents of blood that were shed to support them, give a real lustre to his reign? and whether it was a worthy action to protest in private against the King of France and his title, and yet do him public homage? My brave Lord Herbert of Cherbury would have * * *

My friend Dr. Warner, and his very amiable wife, with Miss Allin, are gone this day to attempt the London road. The Dr. is prudent, and will not willingly drown himself and them; but the Yarmouth coach, when it has gone at all, has gone with eight horses and four postilions. A waggon and coach were overset in the water at Ixworth near Bury, but no mischief done. The marshes which I see from my bedchamber window are become an ocean. I have heard from Clarke, who has been these five months at Kylmarnock in Ayrshire, and stays five more: from Wheeler, who has been at Bath with his old haridan again. I

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have besides received a silly letter from Mr. Wilson, and a polite one from Dr. Gisburne, apologizing for not seeing me before he left Richmond, &c. I have heard of Temple, who has sold some of his estate, got rid of some vexation, met with more, and is now returned to Mamhead. Adieu! accept my Mother's best compliments, and believe me always sincerely yours,

N. N.

LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR SIR, 26th Jan. 1771, Pem. Coll.

I WANT to know a hundred things about you. Are you fixed in your house, for I hear many vague reports of Miss Allin's inclination to part with the estate, and that the Loves are desirous of the purchase, and would bid high? what part of the mansion (where I used to tremble at a breath of air) was blown down in the high wind? did not you bless your stars for that dreary flat that lay between you and Corton, and barred all sight of the sea in its fury, and of the numberless wrecks that strewed all your coast? as to our little and unpicturesque events, you know them, I find, and have congratulated Mr. President, who is now our master, in due form; but you do not know that it never rains but it pours: he goes to town

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on Monday for institution to the living of Streatham, in the Isle of Ely, worth from two to three hundred pounds a year, and given him by the king's majesty. The detail is infinite, the attacks, the defences, the evasions, the circumventions, the sacrifices, the perjuries, are only to be told by word of mouth; suffice it to say that it is carried swimmingly and triumphantly against two lords temporal and one spiritual, who solicited for their several *protégés* in vain; so our good uncle Toby will have about four hundred pounds a year, no uncomfortable pittance! I have had several capricious letters from Berne. He has sent me some pretty views of his native country and its inhabitants. The portrait, too, is arrived, done at Paris, but no more like, than I to Hercules: you would think it was intended for his father, so grave and so composed: doubtless he meant to look like an Englishman or an owl. Pray send me the letter, and do not suppose I grudge postage.

I rejoice you have met with Froissart: he is the Herodotus of a barbarous age: had he but had the luck of writing in as good a language, he might have been immortal! his locomotive disposition, (for then there was no other way of learning things,) his simple curiosity, his religious credulity, were much like those of the old Grecian. Our ancestors used to read the Mort d'Arthur, Amadis de Gaul, and Froissart, all alike, that is, they no more suspected the good faith of the former than

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they did of the latter, but took it all for history. When you have *tant chevauché* as to get to the end of him, there is Monstrelet waits to take you up, and will set you down at Philip de Comines; but previous to all these, you should have read Villehardouin and Joinville. I do not think myself bound to defend the character of even the best of kings. Pray slash them, and spare not. My best compliments to Mrs. Nicholls. I am very sincerely yours, T. G.

Your friend Mr. Crofts has just left me. He is a candidate for the University, and will succeed in the room of De Grey, now Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

LETTER XXXV.

Blundeston, Jan. 31, 1771.

IF you knew the pleasure your letters give me, I think you would not be quite so stingy of them; in four months I have only been able to squeeze two from you, and I suspect that I owe this last in some degree to your desire of seeing De Bonstetten's to me; if that is the case the end is answered, for I received yours yesterday and send it enclosed today. I answered it only yesterday; I told him "that I believed what he said, because he said it, and

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because in such a case I had infinitely rather be a dupe than too mistrustful." I said not a word about Berne, for I am entirely ignorant of your intentions, I only know that it will be impossible for me to get either money or a curate at a moment's warning. What may be my situation, too, at the time I am uncertain; at present the matter stands thus. Miss Allin has, whether she lets or sells this house and estate, promised me the refusal. Mr. Love, however, I hear from common report only, (but it is very likely,) is trying to make a bargain for himself; that this will have no other effect than perhaps raising the price I am clear, for Miss Allin has honour enough, and I believe regard enough for me as a neighbour and friend of her father's, to use me at least fairly, but this you'll say will not prevent her agents from consulting her interest by selling her estate for as much as they can get. I suppose not, and therefore, if they ask any extravagant price, and I had the money to give, Mr. Love should have it. As for the house, it is worth little, I question even its safety; so that, if I bought it dear, and then had to pull down and rebuild, to add or alter, or at least to make great repairs, I should soon have spent all I have, and all I expect, and be condemned for want of sixpence in my pocket to live in this desert all the days of my life. If it were to be bought cheap, and I was sure that the house would stand as it does, or require but little expense in repairs or alteration, and my

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uncles would advance the purchase money, it would be worth having. Or if Miss Allin would let me a lease of it not for a very long term. Hitherto all I have done is to obtain Miss Allin's promise, through Dr. Warner (for she was incapable of seeing anyone when she left Somerly), that as soon as anything is determined with respect to this estate I shall have the first notice. I wrote to my eldest uncle to say so, and remain now at quiet, and leave Mr. Love to use his little arts as he pleases. There's an end of my tiresome story! but you asked me, and I have bestowed it all on you.

I am so glad that you speak so handsomely of my Beaumaistre Messire Jehan. He is indeed the Herodotus of a barbarous age. I beg, if you will not allow him to be immortal, that you will grant him yet many a good century to come of life and fame. I want to know who he was; I design to gather together all that is scattered about his book relating to himself; viz. at whose request he wrote the different parts of his work, where he travelled, by whom he was patronised, and how he got his information, &c. but after all, who was he? He seems to have been of some considerable rank, and much considered, whether on that account or on account of "çeste noble et haute histoire," I know not. When Messire Espaing de Lyon and he travelled together from Carcassonne to the E. of Foix's court at Ortais in Bearn, they appear to be on terms of equality and familiarity, and Messire

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Espaing de Lyon was I find on all occasions one of the principal Chevaliers belonging to the Courte de Foix, who was celebrated for the state and grandeur in which he lived; by the Earl himself he was very well received, and kept his Christmas at Ortais as his guest, when prelates and *hauts Barons en grande Foison* were there too; from thence he went in the train of the E—'s young niece, who was going to be married to the old D. of Berri. In the title-page of my (Preston's) book is written in a bad French hand after his name, *tresorier et chanoine degimay et delisle*, does that imply an ecclesiastic or secular person? or what was a *chanoine?* I have more questions to ask if you will take the trouble of answering them. What were men-at-arms? were they always persons of superior rank, as they seem generally to have been? were they better armed than the rest? had they a stated number of attendants, or did it vary, which I rather think? were those attendants armed and ranked in the army, and so reckoned as part of its strength, or only followers for pomp and convenience? I dont know exactly what an *escuyer* was, but at least a gentleman he must have been, for I find them encountering with knights at justs.

It is astonishing how much better I understand French of the fourteenth than English of the sixteenth century; I want you every moment for an interpreter in reading Hall's account of the Camp of the Cloth of Gold.

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I think nothing can be a stronger instance of the advantage the simple style of a cotemporary has over the polished periods of a later writer, than the dying words of Douglas, who was killed in a battle near Newcastle, between the Scotch and English, anno 1388, related by Froissart, and translated by Buchanan. As he lay pierced with many mortal wounds; "Messire Jehan de Sainct Cler demand a au Comte, Cousin comment vous va? Petitement, dit le Comte. Loué en soit Dieu. Il n'est quères de mes ancesseurs qui soient morts en chambres ne sur licts. Je vous dy, Pensez de moi vanger: car je me compte pour mort. Le cueur me faut trop souvent, redrecez ma bannière, et criez Douglas: mais ne dites à amy, nà ennemy que je soye au party ou vous me voyez: car mes ennemis (s'ils le scavoient) s'en reconforteroient." Froissart, vol. iii. c. 127.

In hoc statu propinqui ejus Joannes Lindesins, Joannes et Vulterus Sinclari de eo cum rogassent ecquid valerat? Ego, inquit, rècte valeo: morior enim non in lecto segni fato, sed quemadmodum omnes prope majores mei: illa vero a vobis postrema peto: primum ut mortem meam et nostros et hostes celetis; deinde ne vexillum meum dejectum sinatis, deinde ut meam cædem ulciscamini. Hæc si sperem ita fore, cætera æquo animo feram." Buch. lib. 9.

This last is certainly more like a Roman hero, but is it not less like James Douglas? and after

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this. I must tell you that I have just read Comines in a bad translation, but, as the Spanish Ambassador has signed the convention, with a reservation of my former rights, and determining to do better as soon as I shall have it in my power. Temple begs your assistance. Adieu!

N. N.

I live not, alas! in the midst of libraries, consequently cannot get one of the books you are so kind to mention. I found the gap between Froissart and Comines, and longed for Monstrelet, which I found quoted so often by Rapin and Hainault, whom I have read as far as the period I am arrived at in English history, and shall continue. His outline seems that of a master, and he has contrived to put more than one could expect in an abridgment.

My Mother desires me to make her compliments to you. We both congratulate Mr. Brown on his additional good fortune. I am reading Guicciardini with delight, though he is a polished historian, and Burnet's History of the Reformation. My Mother and I have read since November, Rapin from William the Conqueror to the end of Henry VIII., Bacon's Henry VII., and are now beginning Lord Herbert. Have you received my herrings?

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LETTER XXXVI.

DEAR SIR, February 24, 1771.

YOUR friend Jean Froissart, son of Thomas, by profession a herald painter, was born at Valenciennes in Hainault, about the year 1337, was by nature fond of every noble diversion, as hunting, hawking, dress, good cheer, wine, and women, (this latter passion commenced at twelve years old,) and was in his own time no less distinguished by his gallant poesies (still preserved in MSS.) than by his historical writings, which he began at the desire of Robert de Namur, Seigneur de Beaufort, when he was barely twenty years of age. At twenty-four he made his first voyage into England, and presented the first part of his history to Edward the Third's Queen, Philippa of Hainault, who appointed him clerk of her chamber, that is, secretary, by which he became one of the household in that court. After the death of this Queen, in 1369, he had the living of Lessines in his own country given him, and must then consequently be a priest. He attached himself to Wenceslaus of Luxemburg, Duke of Brabant, who, dying in 1384, he became clerk of the chapel to Guy, Comte de Blois, who probably gave him a canonry in the collegiate church of

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Chimay, near Marienbourg, in the county of Hainault; he also had obtained of the Pope a reversion of another canonry in the church of Lisle, but of this he never could get possession. After twenty-seven years' absence from England he made a third voyage thither in 1395, and stayed in it only three months. His patron, Guy be Blois, died in 1397, and Froissart survived him certainly four years, but how much more is uncertain. These and many more particulars are taken from the account of his life and writings, collected by Monsieur de la Curne de St. Palaye, in ten tome of the Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript. &c. where you may see much more about him. The same author defends him strongly against the suspicions that have been entertained of his partiality to the English nation.

A man-at-arms was a complicated machine consisting of about seven men, i. e. the knight or gentleman himself completely and heavily armed, and mounted on his great war-horse, caparisoned and armed as strongly as the rider: the rest were his esquires, rather meant to assist him and watch his motions in the combat, than to engage in action themselves. All of them were (as I apprehend) on horseback, and thus, taken together, made the principal strength and principal expense of armies in those days. *Ecuyers* were the sons of gentlemen, trained up in quality of pages till twelve years old, (commonly not in their father's

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castle, but in that of some famous knight, his friend) after which age they assumed the title of esquires, were exercised daily in feats of arms and courtesy, attended the person of their lord at home and abroad, and at twenty-one were qualified to receive themselves the order of knighthood. Read the same St. Palayé's Mem. de l'Ancienne Chevalerie, 2 vols. 8vo. 1759, Paris. If you would have me say anything to F., you must remind me what period of time he inquired about, for my memory fails me.

You may be sure of a month's notice from me if I undertake the voyage, which seems to me next to impossible. I received a letter from Bonstetten last night, which mentions you kindly, and seems very desirous we should come this summer. What you mention of herrings I know not: I have never seen or heard of them.

Monstrelet reaches from A. D. 1400 to 1467, and there are additions at the end of him that come down to 1516; it is a splendid and very substantial folio, published in 1572. Adieu! My respects to Mrs. Nicholls. T. G.

Note by Mr. Nicholls.—Rapin says every man-at-arms had with him three or four, and sometimes five knights But there were esquires past the age of twenty-one, for Henri Castede, who told Froissart the state of Ireland when he was last in England, was fifty. What were heralds who seem

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to have been so liberally rewarded, and called in with the minstrels at great entertainments, as well as employed in denouncing, &c.? Difference between *Bannière* and *Pennon*?

LETTER XXXVII.

Blundeston, March 16, 1771.

YESTERDAY I received a letter from De Bonstetten, crammed fuller than it could hold, and containing besides two little after-thoughts, one three inches by two, the other two by one, which flew out when I opened the letter like the oracles of the Sibyl. But I like this much better than any I have received; he intreats us *à deux genoux* to come, and I you in the same posture, and with equal earnestness; if he does not esteem me he is an idiot to take so much pains to persuade me to believe it, because, if he were false, I see no end that it could answer to make a dupe of me at the expense of so much labour and unnecessary dissimulation. He promises, if we come, that he will visit us in England the summer following. Let us go then, my dear Mr. Gray, and leave low-thoughted care at the foot of the mountains, for the air above is too pure for it. During the winter, my wandering inclinations are quiet in their *hybernacula*; but these two or three last glorious days,

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succeeding the rigour of such an unusual season, have awakened them; the animal and vegetable world rejoice, and everything that has life in it begins to shew it. I have lived in the air (being fortunately compelled to attend my garden myself) except during dinner, &c. The effect of this and De Bonstetten's letter is, that I find something "*che mi sprona*" invinoibly to go to Switzerland this summer. *A deux genoux*, I again intreat you to go with me. To-day, as I sat at breakfast in a room without sun, I felt myself in prison, and the world abroad appeared to me not a reality, but some golden vision raised by enchantment. The moment the windows were flung up, an earthly smell came in, exhaled by the sun from the loose and fermenting mould of the garden and fields. "In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth." I am not so sullen; I do partake with her, and feel that this is a natural joy, which confesses its origin by being sincere and unmixed, and by leaving no bitterness on the palate behind it; but, on the contrary, opens, dilates, and warms the heart. I really find myself as inclined to pray, in such a day as this, as Petrarch was on the summit of the mountain. Pardon this rant, which, though I felt, I ought perhaps to have repressed. The burthen of the song is, "Go to Switzerland with me, I be-

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seech you." In the meantime, for I have not a moment to lose, I shall venture to bespeak a curate from the first of June to the last of October, and consider of ways and means for a supply adequate to my great occasions: but I will go, though twenty St. Gothards were in the way. The *geometra fasciaria*, I think (ignorant, alas! that I was an enemy of the Linnæan faction), flew against me in the twilight yesterday evening; otherwise I have found but few insects yet. I have some larvæ in boxes, that I met with under the roots of plants. The mosses require too painful an attention without an instructor, so I shall wait for one. I have looked at a few common birds, and this is all. The rest of my time has been taken up with Froissart, Guicciardini, &c. I am still reading the latter, and extracting from the former. A thousand thanks for your letter, full of information, but giving me a curiosity to see books that I cannot get here. Pray what were the heralds, who seem to have been so liberally rewarded, and called in with the minstrels at great entertainments, as well as employed in carrying defiances, &c.? What is the difference between *bannière* and *pennon?* each principal commander (but these are vague words) seems to have marched with a *bannière* peculiar to him, on which his arms were painted, and a *pennon* seems inferior. I have put the story of the Irish Kings, from Froissart, into English; and am now gathering many scattered

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curiosities relating to the manners of the Scotch in that age. I am besides reading at odd times Hall's Chronicle, and my mother and I have just begun the second volume of Robertson's Charles the Fifth, because we know something about him already from Rapin and Lord Herbert, and I from Guicciardini. I long for a book often quoted by Lord Herbert, and that should be curious; Sandoval especially, as I can now read Spanish pretty easily, for I have finished Don Quixote. Temple desires a plan for modern history, not confined to any particular period, but beginning as early as you think proper, and continued as late;—if you think this an immodest request, you may do as much or as little of it as you please; but whatever you may do will be a kindness to him (whose only consolation consists in his books and a few friends who wish him well, without being able to do more) and received with great joy and gratitude. I believe my house will be continued to me on the present footing. De Bonstetten in one of the flying scraps says, "M. Frendensick mon ami qui est dans votre pays cherche quelque homme de Lettres qui veuille le prendre en pension pour cet Eté.—Vous ferez quelque chose de ce pauvre homme, il a des talens, son education a été neglige. Je vous supplie de vous interesser a cette affaire." But by what means? For he has not told me where he is to be found; nor do I perfectly understand what *le prendre en pension* means. Is it that he would

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board with some one who would instruct him in English and other matters? Perhaps M. Frendensick is a person that he has mentioned to you, and thinks I know him of course. Do you know a book that De Bonstetten recommends to me, Danielis Eremitæ Vita, &c. with a voyage to Switzerland at the end? Pray let me hear soon. My Mother's compliments. The post is forbid to send letters cross. N. N.

LETTER XXXVIII.

DEAR SIR, Blundeston, 29 April, 1771.

IT is six weeks since I received De Bonstetten's letter, in consequence of which I wrote to you; I have long waited for your determination, to enable me to answer it; my own was already made when I wrote to you, only I cannot fix a time till I know yours. I need not say whether it would be agreeable to me to have your company in such a voyage; without it, I shall lose half the pleasure and advantage I flattered myself with the hope of, but I shall go at all events. I should think the first or second week in June, at furthest, is quite late enough to begin the journey; if so, it is high time, I think, to give notice to De Bonstetten. I have provided both money and a curate, the former, the sum I mentioned to you, two hundred pounds, and the latter, from the beginning of June, to the end of October, or a few Sundays longer, if I want him. I wrote

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to Wheeler (not about Berne) many months ago, but by a very uncertain direction, I have not heard a word since and know nothing about him, nor where to direct, so he is quite out of the question, and if you don't go with me, I shall go alone.

As for Temple's matter, I see it is troublesome to you, and am very sorry I ever mentioned it; I did not understand, nor did he mean, I think, that you was to have the trouble of forming a complete list of authors, but only of pointing out a few of the best and most necessary in each period sufficient to make the links of the chain, and continue it down unbroken and uninterrupted. Your sympathy with his distress drew this trouble on you, and encouraged my zeal to become impertinent.

I congratulate the ministry and the University on the honour they have both acquired by the promotion of Mr. Scott; may there never be wanting such lights of the church! and such ornaments of that famous seminary of virtue and good learning.

I have found many insects, chiefly *carabi* and *staphyli*, great variety of the latter; this unseasonable season has put the months quite out of order, all of the vegetable tribe that should have looked gay and flourished early in March, just begin to peep up half starved with cold, and wishing themselves back again. Adieu! yours most sincerely,

N. N.

My Mother desires me to make her compliments.

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LETTER XXXIX.

DEAR SIR, 3rd May, 1771. Pemb. Coll.

I CAN not tell you what I do not know myself; nor did I know you stayed for my determination to answer Bonstetten's letter. I am glad to hear you say you shall go at all events, because then it is sure I shall not disappoint you; and if (which I surely wish) I should be able to accompany you, perhaps I may prevail upon you to stay a week or fortnight for me: if I find it will not do, you certainly shall know it.

Three days ago I had so strange a letter from Bonstetten I hardly know how to give you any account of it, and desire you would not speak of it to any body. That he has been *le plus malheureux des hommes*, that he is *decidé à quitter son pays*, that is, to pass the next winter in England, that he cannot bear *la morgue de l'aristocratie, et l'orgueil armé, des loix*, in short, strong expressions of uneasiness and confusion of mind, so much as to talk of *un pistolet* and *du courage*, and all without the shadow of a reason assigned, and so he leaves me. He is either disordered in his intellect, (which is too possible,) or has done some strange thing that has exasperated his whole family and friends at home, which (I'm afraid) is at least equally possible. I

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am quite at a loss about it. You will see and know more; but by all means curb these vagaries and wandering imaginations, if there be any room for counsels.

You aggravate my misfortunes by twitting me with Temple, as if a pack of names of books and editions were any cure for his uneasiness, and that I withheld it from him. I have had neither health nor spirits all the winter, and never knew or cared what weather it was before. The spring is begun here, swallows were seen 23rd April, the redstart on the 26th, the nightingale was heard on the 29th, and the cuckoo on the 1st of May. Methinks I could wish that Wheeler went with you, whether I do or not! Adieu! I am truly yours,

T. G.

LETTER XL.

Blundeston, May 14, 1771.

I HAVE just received the enclosed from my poor unfortunate Temple; it is a matter too nice for me to meddle with without your advice; you directed my interposition between the same persons before, and with good success; pity I am sure will plead more strongly with you now, because the case is more important. I cannot bear to see such a sacrifice to filial piety in the person of one whom I esteem for that and a thousand

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valuable qualities, and whom his misfortunes have made me love; his mind and constitution, too, are too feeble for such struggles. I cannot bear to see him absolutely ruined; he is now nearer than ever, and cannot be saved but by the help of Lord Lisburne, or some one else who is able to help him; if I could be the means of awakening Lord Lisburne's humanity, it would be the action of my life I should reflect on with most pleasure. But it is too delicate a matter for me to undertake unassisted, when I may hope to have the benefit of your wise and friendly counsels; let me entreat you to send them speedily, he is waiting in an anxious suspense, which, if it last long, may too easily change to despair; I own I dread some desperate event; the silence with which he reproaches me was only occasioned by my waiting daily for an answer from you; this is a matter of so much greater consequence, and any little delay, any suspicion of neglect in me may work such fatal effects in a mind subdued by distress and on the brink already of despair, that I hope you will answer this directly, for I shall not write to him till I receive your answer.

I have writ to De Bonstetten to say I shall certainly be at Berne this summer, and that I am not without hopes of having your company thither; that, if I arrive not by the end of June, and he hear not again, he may conclude that I have waited for you, and that you come too. I have received a

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very civil invitation from Dr. Hallifax to pass some time at Trinity Hall; if (as I suspect) it is a civility which I owe entirely to you, I am very much obliged to you for it, but it will not be in my power to comply with the invitation, because I must go to town the other road and pass a week with my uncle in Essex, whose son is now visiting me on that condition. I know nothing of Wheeler, nor in what corner of the globe he hides himself; he was to have been here this spring, but he neither writes nor comes, so I am not to blame.

Adieu! my heart is really full of poor Temple: you are too good to keep either him or me in suspense longer than is necessary. Yours most faithfully, N. N.

LETTER XLI.

London, 20 May, 1771,
at Frisby's, Jermyn Street.

I RECEIVED your letter enclosing that of poor Temple the night before I set out for London. I would by all means wish you to comply with his request. You may say many things to Lord Lisburne with a better grace than he can. I trust to the cause and to the warmth of your own kindness for inspiration: there is little of management required, nothing to conceal but the full persuasion (I trust) we both have, that Lord Lisburne knows the dis-

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tress of his circumstances at least as well as we do. This doubtless must be kept out of sight, lest it carry too keen a reproach with it. In all the rest you are at full liberty to expatiate on his good qualities, the friendship you have long had for him, the pious imprudence that has produced his present uneasy situation, and, above all, your profound respect for Lord Lisburne's character and sensibility of heart. Who knows what may be the consequence? Men sometimes catch that feeling from a stranger, which should have originally sprung from their own heart. As to the means of helping him, his own schemes are perhaps too wild for you to mention them to Lord Lisburne, and (if they are to separate him from his wife and family) what is to come of them in the mean time? I have a notion that the chaplainship at Leghorn is still vacant by the death of a young Mr. Byron: at least I have never heard it was filled up. It depends on recommendation to the principal Italian merchants, which seems much in Lord Lisburne's power. The Bishop of Derry (I apprehend) is at Nice, or somewhere in Italy, for his health: it is true he has a great patronage in Ireland, and sometimes (from vanity) may do a right thing. The other projects do not strike me as anything, but (if Lord Lisburne can be brought to mean him well) many different means will occur, by which he may serve him.

I shall pass a fortnight here, and, perhaps, within that time may see you in town, at least I would

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wish so to do. I am but indifferently well, and think, all things considered, it is best not to keep you in suspense about my journey. The sense of my own duty, which I do not perform, my own low spirits (to which this consideration not a little contributes), and (added to these) a bodily indisposition make it necessary for me to deny myself that pleasure which perhaps I have kept too long in view. I shall see, however, with your eyes, and accompany you at least in idea. Write or come, or both soon. I am ever yours sincerely,

T. G.

My respects to Mrs. Nicholls. Clarke (I hear) is in town at Claxton's.

LETTER XLII.

DEAR SIR, Blundeston, May 27, 1771.

I AM much mortified that you give me so little hopes of your company on my journey, but I do not quite despair of that point. I am infinitely more concerned to find you dejected as you appear to be; I read your first letter with concern, and your last with greater. For God's sake how can you neglect a duty which never existed but in your own imagination, which catches every alarm too quickly? it never yet was performed, nor I believe

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expected. I hope your want of health is not so great as you think it. Is it the gout, a return of any former complaint, or what? But you need not answer my question, I am coming to town to be satisfied. I design to be there Wednesday sennight, and you will do me a favour to bespeak for me the story above you at Frisby's or some other lodging near you for a week. I have done my best for poor Temple. I am now half distracted with trying to rescue myself from the oppression of a merciless lawyer that is treating with me on Miss Allin's part about a lease of this house and estate; I have my faithful Mr. Spurgeon to counsel me, but all, I believe, will not do. Adieu! yours most faithfully, N. N.

LETTER XLIII.

DEAR SIR, Jermyn Street, June 28, 1778.

THE enclosed came a few days after you left us, as I apprehend, from Temple. I continue here much against my will. The gout is gone, the feverish disorder abated, but not cured; my spirits much oppressed, and the more so as I foresee a new complaint, that may tie me down perhaps to my bed, and expose me to the operations of a surgeon. God knows what will be the end of it.

It will be an alleviation to my miseries if I can

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hear you are well and capable of enjoying those objects of curiosity, that the countries you are in promise to afford you: the greater the detail you give me of them the happier I shall be. Mr. Clarke called on me yesterday, and desires to be remembered. I know nothing new here, but that Mr. T. Pitt is going to be married to a Miss Wilkinson, the daughter of a rich merchant, who gives her thirty thousand pounds down, and at least as much more in expectation. Adieu! I am faithfully yours, T. G.

Wilkes is like to lose his election.

LETTER XLIV.

Paris, June 29, 1771

HERE have I been since Wednesday last! not a word yet from you! are you worse? I hope not; better? why will you not let me know? It was Friday last that I set out; that night I lay at Sittingbourne, the next day reached Dover by dinner time; after dinner I walked shivering with the East wind to Shakespeare's cliff, which is certainly dreadful enough to be improved by an imagination like his to what he has made it. I trembled, thought of you, collected a few plants, and returned to examine them. Sunday morning

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at six we embarked, and arrived at Calais at nine; from thence, after haggling for a chaise, waiting for horses, &c. I set out in the afternoon in company with two Englishmen with whom I passed the sea. The total change of things in passing twenty miles struck me with astonishment the moment I set my foot on shore at Calais; we lay that night at Boulogne; the country as you know is not very agreeable, exactly like Cambridgeshire, uninclosed corn fields with a few hills with a tree or two on them. Towards Montreuil it mends, some pleasant valleys for this country wind among the corn land, several woods appear, and Montreuil itself, seated on a rising ground, is a good object. In going post there is not much time for observation.

The West front of the church of Abbeville struck me, however, as of the best and most beautiful Gothic. At Amiens we arrived about three o'clock on Monday morning; at six we rose again and went to the cathedral, which was then full of people; a thousand different sorts of devotion going forward at the same time at different altars and in different chapels, little bells of different tones perpetually tingling for the elevation of the host, in short, the Boulevards since have put me very much in mind of it. The church is very handsome in itself, and adorned with a magnificence that pretends at least a zeal for religion, if it does not imply it. But all this was done in such haste and so much between

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sleeping and waking, that I reckon myself to have seen nothing in my journey. Tuesday we slept at Chantilly; there is a stateliness in the Castle and its apartments, and their furniture very new to an Englishman. It was the finest evening possible, which added not a little to the spectacle; the castle seemed to come forward in relief from the purple and gold of a most glorious setting sun, which glowed in the water as well as in the sky; to this succeeded clear moonlight without a drop of dew. From Chantilly we reached Paris by noon next day. Wednesday—just giving a peep at St. Denis, but not at the treasury, for it was a wrong hour. Everything that I have seen hitherto has been with the disadvantage of companions who see because they think they ought to see. In this manner I have run over le Palais Royal, but not in this manner the Cloister of the Chartreux, where I passed part of this morning in admiration! The greatness of conception, the pure simple style so suited to the subject, the penetrating expression, the dignity of attitude, and if I may be allowed to talk of colouring, composition, grouping, and keeping, the perfection of those two make all that I have seen before trifling and little: there is besides an interesting solemnity on the subject if one forgets, as I did, entirely that it is only a silly legend; by that simple dignity peculiar to himself he has contrived to make every part of the story interesting, even such as St. Hugo conferring the white

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habit, the Pope confirming the institution, &c. the death of St. Bruno, the interpretation of the dream, the resurrection of Raymond Diocre, and the figure of St. Bruno in the first piece, when he hears with deep attention and with a candour in his countenance open to conviction, the Doctor Raymond Diocre strike me most, at least I think so, but I wont swear till I have been again and again. In their chapter house, too, there is a fine picture by Le Sueur of the appearance of our Saviour to Mary Magdalen. Very much of the painting in the cloister is in perfect preservation, parts very much hurt, as it seems, by the dripping of water; there are doors to shut them in, but the mischief, when it happens, comes from the wall to which they are fastened. I saw the good fathers (for really they look so) at their devotions, deep devotion! accompanied with prostrations that had not the appearance of acts only of form or custom. I rather envied them for a moment, and felt myself "une ame mondaine."

To-morrow (Sunday) I go to Versailles, and shall not return till Monday; Tuesday or Wednesday I set off; you will still direct, if you please, to me chez Messrs. Telluson and Neckar, à Paris.

The people here dare to express their discontentment very loudly; it is the Chancellor who is the chief object of their hatred; there is a competition for power between him and the D. D'Aiguillon; the latter, it is thought, would be glad to put the

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most odious acts on him, and to see him ruined afterwards. *Les pauvres princes*, as the people call them, seem to be able to do little. All matters of property have been at a stand some time; criminal justice proceeds as usual. All complain, but seem to despair of a remedy. A fowl sells here for six or seven shillings.

Adieu! my best friend! if you have any friendship for me, take care of yourself, and let me hear that you are well, and think of me sometimes.

N. N.

LETTER XLV.

Chateau D'Aubonne, Aug. 15, 1771.

I HAVE writ to you, my dear Madam, very lately, and only write now lest you should be apprehensive on my account since the death of my dear friend. Yesterday's post brought me the fatal news in a letter from Mr. Brown that Mr. Gray (all that was most dear to me in this world except yourself) died in the night about eleven o'clock between the 30th and 31st of July. This letter was dated 1st of August. I had one from Mr. Brown before, dated July 26, which gave me the first news of his illness, which they imagined to be the gout in the stomach, but yet without much danger. From that time, however, till his death he had frequent convulsions, the physicians thought

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he was past the sense of pain some hours before he died. He told a relation who was with him that he should die, and now and then some short expressions of that kind came from him, but he expressed not the least uneasiness at the thoughts of leaving this world. You need not be alarmed for me, I am well, and not subject to emotions violent enough to endanger my health, and besides, with kind good people who pity me, and can feel themselves. Afflicted you may be sure I am! You who know that I considered Mr. Gray as a second parent, that I thought only of him, built all my happiness on him, talked of him for ever, wished him with me whenever I partook of any pleasure, and flew to him for refuge whenever I felt any uneasiness; to whom now shall I talk of all I have seen here? Who will teach me to read, to think, to feel? I protest to you, that whatever I did or thought had a reference to him. "Mr. Gray will be pleased with this when I tell him. I must ask Mr. Gray what he thinks of such a person or thing. He would like such a person or dislike such another." If I met with any chagrins, I comforted myself that I had a treasure at home; if all the world had despised and hated me, I should have thought myself perfectly recompensed in his friendship. There remains only one loss more, if I lose you, I am left alone in the world. At present I feel that I have lost half of myself. Let me hear that you are well: the safest direction will be to

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me chez Messrs. Telluson and Neckar, à Paris; they will send the letter to the banker at Berne, and he will have my direction.

I wrote to Augustus about a fortnight ago to beg the favour of him to order one hundred pounds to be paid in for my use to Mr. Walpole the banker; I should be obliged to you if you will write to him to know if he received my letter, and to desire him, in case he has not, to order one hundred pounds to be paid in at Mr. Walpole's, if he will permit me to pay him the interest, it will make no difference to him.

My duty and love at Ditchleys; it is not because I do not think of them often that I do not write. My time has been entirely employed, except what little I have taken to write long letters to my poor Mr. Gray, four sheets full, alas! two since he was incapable of reading them or hearing them, and two more ready sealed for the fatal post that brought me the news of his death—to you, and one a piece to Mrs. Erskine and Augustus.

Poor De Bonstetten is absent for a day or two; he returns to-night or to-morrow; it will be time enough for him to hear the shocking news.

I am more alarmed for him, his temper is lively and his passions violent. Adieu! my dearest Madam, your sincerely affectionate Son,

N. N.

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LETTER XLVI.

Blundeston, May 31, 1773.

IF I have not thanked you for your very obliging and welcome note before now, my dear Barrett, it has been owing to the hurry of settling and doing I know not what in which I have passed a fortnight in this region of silence. You I know, if ever you have thought of me, would not have writ for the world till you had been answered in due form. It is only the hope of drawing a word from you that makes me mutter a syllable now, and I am really frightened at the sound of my own voice. It is here, as I prophesied, that I feel myself annihilated without our lost friend; I lived here always on his idea, reading the books he recommended, writing to him about them, flattering myself that I was laying in materials for future conversation with him, comforted in my solitude that I was recommending myself to him, armed against everything in short by his approbation and friendship. But the vision is fled, and I really feel myself alone in the world.

Pardon me, I have not forgot you. I clothe myself with your friendship; we first esteemed each other through him, but I hope our friendship is now strong enough to go alone. I assure you

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on my part that I know no one whom I love better or for better reasons.

Bonstetten, of whom you have often heard me talk, writes me, "Avez vous été à Cambridge? Quelle saisissement vous aurez eu en entrant dans cette ville! Qui occupe la chambre de Mr. Gray? envoyez moi je vous supplie des details de tout celà. Mon cher Nicholls je sens la solitude que vous devez trouver en Angleterre. Je sens la perte que vous avez faite; quel plaisir vous auriez eu de parler à Mr. Gray de ce qui vous interesse. Mais cette page de votre vie est arrachée. Mr. Mason publie-t-il sa vie? Mon pauvre ami quelle perte vous avez faite!" He might have said, I believe, the same thing to you. As for me, his words are the very reflection and image of my soul, and of an impression which will remain on it for ever. In travelling, the novelty and variety of the objects and characters I met with distracted and dissipated me. At my return the hurry of London did not give me time to reflect. But it is here, where I have nothing else to do, where all that floated on the surface of my mind is faded away and gone, that the sore at bottom opens afresh. Pardon me, my friend, it is only to you to whom I can talk thus on this subject, it is a consolation; and I believe you at least at Lea feel as much as I do at Blundeston. This country is to me a desert; in all Yarmouth I know but one man with whom I can converse. For the rest not only want sense

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and the materials of conversation, but that sort of education which supplies (for slight and general intercourse) the defect of almost everything; which well-bred people in England have, and everybody has in France, which smooths and polishes the appearance, whatever may be concealed under it. Mr. Beckford, who is said to be a good sort of man, and has travelled, is absent on account of repairs doing to his house, otherwise he is within two miles of me. I have been busy in making such improvements as can be made for little or nothing, viz. clearing away trees or branches of trees that intercept the view of a large piece of water which is at the bottom of the meadow on which the house stands—cultivating my flowers—reading a little, but with a damp on my spirits—remember, you are to come; but not till the weather is quite fine, if ever it will be, and not without premising certain things, first that you shall not expect to dine as at Cardinal Bernis; secondly, that you require neither society nor amusement, and thirdly (supposing you acquiesce in the two first conditions) that you do not pack up your portmanteau to depart the day after you are arrived, for if you are content to live according to my stipulations, I assure you, you will make an article in housekeeping not to be discovered with a microscope. You are incomprehensible people in that eternal chapel of yours, where you sit till I believe the news-writers at last will be tired of you. There are the Attorney and

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Solicitor General (and we know that they are both of them honourable and upright men) differing in plain matter of law. A court lawyer (hitherto thought a bad courtier) in appearance against the court. Lord Clive one day ready to be precipitated with jalures and lacks of rupees clattering round him, the next borne away on the shoulders of the said Solicitor (who seems to have solicited the house out of their senses) in triumph, with fame blowing her trumpet before him, and riches and honours pressing so hard on him, that he is almost squeezed to death by them. In short, I desire you will write to me very, very soon, either news or nothing, but write, and believe me ever most faithfully yours,

N. N.

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CORRESPONDENCE RELATIVE TO GRAY.

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CORRESPONDENCE RELATIVE TO GRAY.

MR. BROWN TO THE REV. N. NICHOLLS.

DEAR SIR, Pembroke Hall, July 26, 1771.

I AM writing to you in Mr. Gray's room, and he is ill upon the couch and unable to write to you himself. His illness is something like the gout in the stomach; but as Dr. Glynn tells me there are many different degrees of that disorder, we may hope that this is one of the less dangerous degrees, and that we shall see him well again in a short time. The last night passed over tolerably well; but this morning, after drinking ass's milk, the sickness at the stomach has returned again. Mr. Gray has received from you one letter from Paris, dated June 29, and he has sent you a letter from Mr. Temple, enclosed in a very short one from himself. You will give me leave to add my best compliments to you and hearty wishes for your health, and when there happens a vacancy in your conversation with Mr. Bonstetten, tell him that I do myself the honour to think of him often with

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esteem and admiration, and wish him well. I am your faithful humble servant,

J. BROWN.

A Monsieur, Monsieur Nicholls, Gentilhomme Anglois, chez Messrs. Thelusson et Neckar, Banquiers, à Paris.

MR. BROWN TO THE REV. N. NICHOLLS.

DEAR SIR, Pembroke Hall, Aug. 1, 1771.

THE night before last, between the 30th and 31st of July, about eleven o'clock, we lost Mr. Gray. My former letter would give you some apprehensions, but we did not think this sad event to be so near. He had frequently convulsion fits from the time I wrote to you till the time of his death, and the physicians thought he was past the sense of pain some hours before he died. On the Saturday he told me where to find his Will, if there should be occasion; I did not then imagine there would be occasion to look for it, and he said no more to me upon that subject. He told Miss Antrobus he should die, and now and then some short expressions of this kind came from him; but he expressed not the least uneasiness at the thoughts of leaving this world. He has left all his books to Mr. Mason, and his papers of all kinds and writings to be destroyed or preserved at his dis-

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cretion. His legacies are to Miss Antrobus and her sister, to Mr. Williamson of Calcutta, to Lady Goring, to Mr. Stonehewer, and Dr. Wharton—he has joined me in the executorship with Mr. Mason. His scrutoire hath not yet been examined; but upon opening it for the Will I observed a parcel sealed up and endorsed—Papers belonging to Mr. Nicholls,—which we shall take care of. Your last letter came too late for him either to read or to hear: I have it by me unopened and will take care of it. Mr. Bonstetten will be much grieved. Adieu—we shall miss him greatly! Cambridge will appear a very different place to you when you come again. I am, with my best wishes for your health, you faithful humble servant,

JAMES BROWN.

A Monsieur, Monsieur Nicholls, Gentilhomme Anglois, chez Messrs. Thelusson et Neckar, Banquiers, à Paris.

MR. BROWN TO THE REV. N. NICHOLLS.

DEAR SIR, Pembroke Hall, Sept. 6, 1771.

I THOUGHT it might be some satisfaction for you to know that I had disposed of the letter you mentioned according to your desire. You expressed yourself in the singular number. I have

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seven or eight others by me, several of which I have read in company with Mr. Gray, but be assured they are sacred. I have looked into none of them but with him, and shall still observe the same restraint. They may be kept till you come or otherwise disposed of, as you shall direct. I have received a letter lately from Mr. Mason. Mr. Gray, you know, made memorandums in his pocket books of his transactions. In that for 1770, March 23, Mr. M. tells me there is this memorandum:— Lent Mr. de B. twenty pounds; and it appears further to be the day he set out for Dover. I venture to mention this to you as it makes a part of our charge, and perhaps it may be the best opportunity we shall have of hearing from Mr. de Bonstetten how that matter stands. You will act in that matter as you please. No successor to Mr. Gray is yet appointed; Mr. Symonds has been most mentioned. I believe indeed he does not himself apply for it, which makes his success the more unlikely. I shall rejoice to see you and to see you well. I am your faithful humble servant,

JAMES BROWN.

A Monsieur, Monsieur Nicholls, Gentilhomme Anglois, chez Messrs. Thelusson et Neckar, Banquiers, à Paris.

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MR. BROWN TO THE REV. N. NICHOLLS.

DEAR SIR, Pembroke Hall, June 29, 1773.

I RECEIVED your letter in London; it is dated May 21, and I thought it a little unlucky that it came not to my hands before I left Cambridge, which was not till the 25th. I might then have delivered the parcel myself to Mr. Turner. I have now sent it by Mr. Gillam, and put it into his hands yesterday. He is a trusty agent, otherwise I should have thought your direction to Mr. Turner rather too concise. Amongst Mr. Gray's things we found some little presents for his friends, which they might esteem as memorials of him; for some of his friends, I mean Mr. de Bonstetten, had sent him from Paris a little picture of himself; we thought it would be acceptable to you, and therefore with Mr. Mason's full approbation it is sent, and makes a part of your parcel. There are those of your letters which we found; but the two or three journals you speak of are not there, unless possibly they may be enclosed in the parcel sealed. Excuse me that I send no directions about the twenty pounds; you have wrote to Mr. de Bonstetten, who will mention it, if it be as we imagine. I met Mr. Barrett twice in my walks in London, and should not have known him the first time, had

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he not been kind enough to know me. I was pleased to see him look so well. You will easily know what was the subject of our discourse whilst we stood together. I believe I was sitting by Mr. Gray at the time he wrote you his last letter to Paris, without feeling what it seems he suggested to you, how near he was to his end. It gives me a melancholy kind of satisfaction that my letters could be at all useful to you. The report you mention, I believe, was never uttered in England. Pray let me know when you receive your parcel. I am, with my best wishes for your health, and with much esteem, your faithful humble servant,

J. BROWN.

To he Rev. Mr. Nicholls, at Blundeston, near Lowestoft, by Yarmouth, Suffolk.

MR. BROWN TO THE REV. N. NICHOLLS.

DEAR SIR, Gibside, July 24, 1773.

I RECEIVED your letter at York, where I was upon a visit to Mr. Mason, who is at this time in residence there. As to the twenty pounds, we were both of the same opinion, that it will be better to stay till Mr. de Bonstetten writes either to you or to one of the executors, and the rather, because in case of any accident to Mr. de Bonstetten, your payment to us will be no discharge to yourself

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against any claims which his executors might make. Mr. Mason desired his respectful compliments to you. The Life proceeds well, it promises to be useful and entertaining. It will consist of five or six sections; the first of them relates to his acquaintance with Mr. West, and will contain some extracts of letters and poems both Latin and English, and goes to the time of his going abroad with Mr. West. I am much obliged to you for your kind invitations, and shall be very glad of the opportunity of seeing you, whenever it so happens, either at Cambridge or in Suffolk. Pray make my compliments to your Mother. I wish her joy of your safe return. I am, with great respect, your faithful humble servant,

J. Brown.

MR. MASON TO THE REV. N. NICHOLLS.

Curzon Street, Jan. 31, 1775.

Mr. Mason returns many thanks to Mr. Nicholls for the use he has permitted him to make of these letters. He will find that much liberty has been taken in transposing parts of them, &c. for the press, and will see the reason for it; it were, however, to be wished that the originals might be so disposed of as not to impeach the Editor's fidelity, but this he leaves to Mr. Nicholls's

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discretion, for people of common sense will think the liberty he has used very venial.

Mr. M. leaves the pacquet with Mr. Stonhewer to give to Mr. Nicholls the first time he has an opportunity.

MR. MASON TO THE REV. N. NICHOLLS.

DEAR SIR, Aston, July 4, 1775.

AFTER thanking you for the very obliging manner in which you express yourself concerning the Memoirs, I must mention my fears that the copy on large paper which I had ordered for you on the first publication has never reached your hands. I know no other way of rectifying the blunder but by desiring you to take the trouble of writing to Dodsley concerning it. I had ordered also a copy for Mr. Temple to be sent to you, not knowing at that time where he lived. Since, indeed, by the ridiculous puff in the London Magazine, and a curious Scotch letter (I mean not in point of style, but manner) which I received from his friend, I have been made better acquainted with his residence. This letter I answered in a way which I fancy would not quite please the writer; but as he said my adapting the character had flattered his own vanity, I had a mind to give

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it a palliative, for one would wish to cure such a vice even in a Scotchman. Seriously, I did not think he had used Mr. Temple well, either by publishing the character without his leave, or by doing it through so very ordinary a vehicle, and this I told him. I have since recollected that his greater, his colossal friend Dr. Johnson had once (if he has not still) something to do with that vehicle. So that it is possible I may have offended two great men by my frankness. However, I shall be content if I have not offended Mr. Temple, who I should fancy would have been glad to have revised the piece himself, and on better consideration would have softened two passages in it, one of which I have contradicted in my notes, and the other I have explained away as far as the text would suffer me to do so. Before I inserted it I made what enquiry I could among my own acquaintance concerning the author, and not succeeding, I resolved on publishing it to find out who that author was. The intrinsic merit of the thing excited this curiosity.

There is a great deal of merit too in Mr. Gibson's drama, as I have lately told him.

As to the money you mention, I should blush if it came into my part of the executorship through any other channel than that through which it ought long ago to have come voluntarily. As I supposed you frequently came up to London, I left your letters with Mr. Stonhewer in a sealed pacquet

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for you. You will have it from him the first time he sees you.

I fancy you have quite done with Yorkshire, otherwise I should hope you would take me in your way when you visited your other friends. Believe me, dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

W. MASON.

The Rev. Mr. Nicholls,
Blundeston, near Lowestoft,
Suffolk.

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THREE LETTERS FROM REV. N. NICHOLLS TO MR. BARRETT OF LEA.

LETTER I.

Sienna, April 9, 1772.

HERE I am arrived! after suffering a deluge on my journey; the only mischief indeed which it did me was to veil the fair face of Tuscany. The first thing I do after answering my abominable letter of yesterday, and writing another detestable one, is to assure you that I am very sincerely sorry to have quitted you, and that I do not expect to find at Rome a friend to supply your place.

I am convinced that one should travel with a body, and leave one's heart packed up at home; it is the worst companion in the world, always getting into scrapes, and never at rest. The country seemed to me very beautiful, if I could have seen it without its gloomy tapestry; I divided my time between disagreeable meditations and quarrelling with the postmasters about horses; a little soothing pause of sleep crept on me now and then. As for reading in an Italian Sedia, it is out of the question. To-morrow I shall look after

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Count Wildsheck's friends here, and pay my visits to the Cathedral. You will do me a great favour if you will send to the post to know if there are letters for me, and to give the postmaster my direction, Chez Girolamo Belloni, the banker at Rome, desiring him to alter the direction of such letters as may come to the posthouse at Florence, and forward them to me at Rome. I tremble as I approach Rome, to think that there is the Duke of G——— there at the head of fifty English. I shall fly to St. Peter's for refuge, and catch hold on the horns of its altar. I am impatient already to know all the news of Florence. What my Lady Hesketh says and does? How Mr. Gardiner's stream of speech continues to flow? Whether Mr. W——— has added to his collection of bronze? Whether Mr. Arch:ne cultivates his understanding at Trissette? How much hardware Sir Thomas has acquired since my departure? Whether poor Madame Molo languishes in solitude, or whether you go now and then "pour lui lacher une charitable parole," or at least to sit quietly and look kindly by the side of her sick bed, and say nothing? How my Countess and her fair daughters go on? Whether Wildsheck and you have found a point of contact? Whether Lord H——— is as well with all the world as he wishes to be? Whether you are in tranquillity, or fidgetty about nothing? with a thousand other whethers, which I am too sleepy and too tired to think of at present, so good

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night; if I think of anything equally important, you shall have it to-morrow.

April 10, Friday morning.

Rain for ever! What am I to do? I can say nothing about Sienna, for I have seen nothing of it, and must finish my letter before I go out, to be in time for the post, this is the reason (and you will do me a favour by telling him so) that I do not write to Count Wildsheck by this post, for I should wish to speak to him of his friends, whom I have not yet seen. Be so good to make my best and kindest respects to him, and tell him (the truth) that it was with infinite regret that I left him. My respects to the Countess de Staremberg and Centessina, to M. Molo, to Lord Huntingdon, and to Sir Horace Mann. As for Sir Thomas and my Lady Hesketh, I really think myself obliged to them for the cordiality which they shewed me at Florence. Assure Lady Hesketh that as I look on ingratitude to be one of the seven deadly sins, I shall not fail to make use of the privilege she has given me, and thank her from Rome with my own hand.

Adieu! believe me to be most faithfully yours,

N. N.

If I can do anything for you at Rome, *vous n'avez que me commander.* Adieu! it is mighty foolish that we should be travelling north and

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such. You will direct to me at Rome, where I hope to be on Monday next.

A Monsieur, Monsieur Burnett, Gentilhomme Anglois, Florence.

LETTER II.

Rome, May 16, 1772,

IT is this moment only that I have received nine letters from various places, and of various dates, (among which are both yours, and I hope the other two you mention,) from that cursed beast Belloni's Abbé; to-morrow I shall go to the Marquis, who it seems disdains to look into his own affairs, and lodge a formal complaint against his bestiality.

I will own now that your silence seemed so unkind, and so little of a piece with the manner in which we lived together at Florence, that it surprised and hurt me. But there is an end of all my doubts, and I embrace you with open arms. I am mortified the more at this beastly fool, because you are probably gone without your letters to Mr. Pallavicine, and my dear and respectable Count; as for the letters, it would have been only a testimony of my good will, for you are too well *appoggiato* to want it. I write to him by this post, and have mentioned you very particularly; besides, I inclose you a letter to him and another to the Marshal. I write myself out of breath, for I have

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no time. I long for my poor Mr. Gray's Life! Lady Hesketh shall be obeyed when Jenkins returns from Naples. Methinks she might have answered my letter, or declared her gracious intentions.

I go to Naples with Lord Finlater, Wednesday, but you may direct still "chez Belloni" here; perhaps after the storm I am preparing for tomorrow he may be a little more careful.

I am enchanted, ravished, struck dumb and senseless here! I want to have better eyes, and more of them, more knowledge, a better memory, and a thousand things that I have not.

My respects to Sir Horace, Lord Huntingdon, Sir Thomas and Lady Hesketh, my Countess, Centessini, &c.

Do not be angry at this scrap, but consider that I have the bundle of letters to answer, and believe me ever most affectionately yours,

N. N.

Caissa Major sends his best compliments, he talks often of you with friendship. Roguier has lost his only child. Talbot is at Naples.

I send you the letter to Count Firmian; I have writ to him much more about you by this post. As for Marshal Pallavicine, I should be too late now, but you shall have it next post.

A Monsieur, Monsieur Barrett, Gentilhomme Anglois, chez Mons. François Fenzi, Banquier, Florence.

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LETTER III.

Alloa House, August 27, 1774.

I RECEIVED your last very kind letter the second of this month, time enough, you will say, to have answered it a little sooner; for the other, I can hear no tales nor tidings of it. I suppose, loving motion as little as you; it has stopped by the way; being a thing that neither smells nor eats, it might have ventured on into Scotland. To be sure, our ragouts here are not of the *nouvelle cuisine*. The *coulis* is as black as my hat, and then the soups are the washings of a dirty dish kettle, with a few old peas and a bit of stinking ham flung in to make the *potage strong and good*. I have lived for a week, however, on a better thing, on pure mountain air. For the very day on which I received your letter (a day marked with white) Augustus and I set out for the Highlands, and in the course of the week (which had the perseverance to continue fair till the last day) we saw Dunkeld (a favourite place of our poor Mr. Gray), where the Duke of Athol has planted not little clumps that would be invisible on the sides of his mountains, nor groves that would dwindle into specks on those heights, but forests that first shade

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the banks of the murmuring Tay, and then climb the rocks till they reach the skies, and rise on the very summits of the mountains in defiance of the wintery climate that reigns there. There you may see larches, Weymouth pines, and spruce firs that have risen by magic, and seem by their size to be growing wild in their native air and soil. If you choose stillness and retirement, take that shady path that winds with the Tay, whose murmurs are not loud enough to disturb your meditations. If you wish for a ruder scene to rouse you a little from your composure, and *les reflexions que vous faites toujours*, cross over to the neighbouring Brawn, a true Highland stream, which tears its way among rocks, impatient to mix its troubled waters with the quiet Tay. There you will find a hermitage placed on a rock, shook by a thundering waterfall. Higher up there is another, and the whole course of this stream is full of cataracts, a hanging wood on each side, through which the Duke has made walks, gives beauty to the wildness of this scene. When this has excited your curiosity and imagination, till you are no longer content with the plain, ascend (by an easy road cut out of the precipice) the steep side of venerable Crag-y-barns till you reach (almost without perceiving it) his craggy summit—it is there that the rough Genius of the place sits enthroned, and presides over the *famulantia juga* that bow their heads around him. From hence you see down a steep

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of wood the valley of the Tay, circling (a vast depth beneath you) the foot of the mountain, with the town of Dunkeld, and a fine ruin of the Cathedral in its bosom, and then winding both ways till you lose it behind the hills. The whole of this vast mountain is planted, and where it could be effected by no other means, the Duke has had boys let down by ropes in baskets to plant or sow every projecting crag of the precipice which affords a morsel of earth for the purpose. I beg you will not be vain of your southern situation, for the Portugal laurel, your favourite Portugal laurel, grows to a size here which would tempt you to poison it through envy. For your consolation, however, the cypress does not succeed, nor the arbutus well; cedars of Libanus struggle for life; and the only tulip tree (a very flourishing one) was killed to the ground last winter. All fruit ripens, they say, except figs and grapes. So much for Dunkeld! Imagine the extent of the walks, when I tell you that we walked one day ten hours, the next three, and yet left many parts unvisited. The house (but what signifies a house?) is small and ugly. From hence we went all the way on the banks of the Tay, Tummel, or Garry, through the famous pass of Gillicranky to Blair, another very fine place of the Duke of Athol, only twenty miles distant; think of that! and the greatest part of the beautiful country that lies between is his.

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From hence we went to Taymouth, Lord Breadalbane's, which has a charming lake, two rivers, and endless hanging woods, which seem to have met there in concert to form an assemblage of all that is most delightful in nature; and then these hanging woods were born and bred under his own eye; and here I know I touch a string that will vibrate. You may say what you please of your fat Kentish soil, but trees love mountains, and grow stately that they may become them. After this, in order to *faire l'agréable vis à vis* of other things than rocks, I accompanied my cousins to Edinburgh races, and there I snuffed once more the fragrance of that air which would subdue even the gales of Arabia. There I saw lords and ladies, and Holyrood House and the Castle, from whose summit the Firth of Forth is seen for many miles glittering along a rich landscape,—and I did not see David Hume, nor Doctor Robertson, nor King Arthur's seat,—and I was at a bad concert, and heard Cori and his wife sing there, who say that Edinburgh is not at all like Rome. And now I think I have told you all the news; only that we leave the land of bannocks and sewens this day se'nnight, propose returning by Carlisle, and seeing all that is *antique and curious* on our road, so we shall not travel very expeditiously. I wish at my return very much to run down to you before I sit down to stagnate on the bank of my lake. In

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the mean time, give me the satisfaction (which is always most truly so to me) of letting me find a letter from you at my cousin's at Richmond.

Best respects and thanks to Mrs. Barrett. Yours ever most affectionately,

N. N.

To Thomas Barrett, Esq. M.P. at Lea,
near Canterbury, Kent.

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NOTES

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NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

PAGE 3. The livings of Lound and Bradwell are now in the gift of the Rev. George Anguish of Somerley. They were formerly part of the estate of the Jernegans, Garneys, Allins, and Anguishes, the residence of which families was at Somerley. Mr. Nicholls was presented to the above rectories in 1767, after the death of the Rev. Samuel Killett. Since Mr. Nicholls's death, Blundeston, his seat, has been much altered; it was purchased by Mr. Bacon, who rebuilt the house on a larger scale. It is now the residence of Charles Steward, Esq. About 1668 this estate was purchased by Admiral Sir Thomas Allin, who was Comptroller of the Navy, and died in 1685, and it continued in the family. Sir Ashurst Allin, the third Baronet, was Rector of Blundeston, and died November 1770. He devised the house at Blundeston to his daughter, Frances Allin, who died unmarried, and from whom Mr. Nicholls rented it. There is no engraved view of the place.

P. 15. One grave.] Mr. Nicholls is buried in the churchyard of Richmond, Surrey. The following epitaph is engraved on a marble slab on the south wall of the chancel :—

Sacred to the Memory
OF THE REVEREND NORTON NICHOLLS,
Rector of Lound and Bradwell, and
late of Blundeston in the county of Suffolk,
who departed this life November 22, 1809,
in the sixty-eighth year of his age.
His remains are deposited
in a vault on the south side of this church,
with those of his beloved mother

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and of their revered relatives and benefactors of the Turner family.

His highly cultivated mind, refined taste,
social worth, and active benevolence
will long endear his memory to those who knew him,
and while virtue and talents shall attract regard
THE FRIEND OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS GRAY
must live in the esteem of posterity.

P. 32. Voltaire.] See Gray's Works, vol. iv. p. 190, on Voltaire.

P. 32. Mons. de Bonstetten.—For an account of this person, see note in Gray's Letters, ed. Mitford, sect. v. letter 10; see also Sir Egerton Brydges' Autobiography, vol. ii. p. 379 to 399. In 1832 a little volume was published called "Souvenirs de Ch. Victor de Bonstetten," written in 1831, in which, at p. 116—119, occurs some mention of Gray, which must have been written *sixty years* after the poet's death. Bonstetten died in the February of that year. "Dix-huit ans avant mon séjour à Nyon, j'avais passé quelques mois à Cambridge avec le célèbre poète Gray, presque dans la même intimité qu'avec Matthison, mais avec cette différence que Gray avait trente ans de plus que moi, et Matthison seize de moins. Ma gaieté, mon amour pour la poésie Anglaise *que je lisais avec Gray*, l'avaient comme subjugué, de manière que la différence de nos âges n'était plus sentie par nous. J'étais logé à Cambridge dans un café, voisin de Pembroke Hall; Gray y vivait enseveli dans une espèce de cloître, d'où le quinzième siècle n'avait pas encore déménagé. La ville de Cambridge avec ses collèges solitaires n'était qu'une réunion de couvens, ou les mathématiques, et quelques sciences ont pris la forme et le costume de la théologie du moyen âge. De beaux couvens, à longs, et silencieux corridors, des solitaires en robes noirs, de jeunes seigneurs travestis en moines, à bonnets carrés, partout des souvenirs de moines à côté de la gloire de Newton. *Aucune femme honnête ne venait égayer la vie de ces rats de livres à forme humaine.* Le savoir prospérait quelquefois dans ce désert du cœur. Tel j'a vu Cambridge en 1769, quel

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contraste de la vie de Gray à Cambridge avec celle de Matthison à Nyon. Gray en se condamnant à vivre à Cambridge oubliait que le genie du poètre languit dans la sécheresse du cœur. Le génie poëtique de Gray était tellement éteint dans le sombre manoir de Cambridge, que le *souvenir de ses Poésies lui étaient odieux.* Il ne permit jamais *de lui en parler.* Quand je lui citais quelque vers de lui, il se taisait comme un enfant obstiné ! Je lui disais quelquefois *' Voulez-vous bien me répondre ?'* Mais aucune parole ne sortait de sa bouche. Je le voyais tous les soirs, de cinq heures à minuit. Nous lisions Shakespeare qu'il adorait, Dryden, Pope, Milton, &c. et nos conversations comme celles de l'amitié, n'arrivaient jamais à la dernière pensée. Je racontais à Gray ma vie et mon pays, mais toute sa vie à lui était fermée pour moi. *Jamais il ne me parlait de lui.* Il y avait chez Gray, entre le présent et le passé un abîme infranchisable. Quand je voulais un approche, de sombres nuées venaient le couvrir. Je crois que Gray n'avait jamais aimé, c'était le mot de l'énigme, il en était résulté une misère de cœur, qui faisait contraste avec son imagination ardente et profonde, qui, au lieu de faire le bonheur de sa vie, n'en était que le tourment. Gray avait de la gaieté dans l'esprit, et de la mélancolie dans le caractère. Mais cette mélancolie n'est qu'un besoin non satisfait de la sensibilité. Chez Gray elle tenait au genre de vie de son âme ardente, reléguée sous le Pôle arctique de Cambridge."

P. 33. Lord Sandwich.—See the poem called the Candidate, or the Cambridge Courtship, Gray's Works, vol. i. p. 163. I have met with a pamphlet called "A Letter of Advice from Alma Mater to her beloved Son, Jemmy Twitcher. 1764."

P. 33. Dr. Johnson.] See anecdote on this subject in vol. iv. p. 187, note.

P. 34.

"There pipes the woodlark, and the song-thrush there
Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air."

Compare Erinnæ, Carm. 1, ed. Wolff. p. 2.

Κρωγμὸς ἐν εἰαριναῖς κιδνάμενος νεφέλαις.

P. 35. This MS. is Cott. Otho. C. x. art. 8.

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P. 36. Green.] See Gray's Letter to Walpole, vol. iii. p. 89.

P. 37. He thought *Pope* had a good heart.] The following is from a MS. note of Horace Walpole's not published:— "Some one said to Lord Chesterfield, he wondered Pope was not beaten for his personality in his satires. Lord Chesterfield said, '*What is everybody's business was no one's business.*'"— H. Walpole has observed, "that Pope was in this an example of prudence, he wrote no *Satires* until he had made his fortune." Vide Walpoliana, vol. i. p. 24.

P. 37. The poetry of Pope.] It will gratify the admirers of this poet, matchless in his own style, to read a poem of his hitherto unpublished. A reference to Pope's Letters, vol. viii. p. 226, ed. Warton, will illustrate it:

A Wood, quoth Lewis (and with that
He laugh'd and shook his sides of fat)
His tongue (with eye that mark'd his cunning)
Thus fell a reasoning, not a running.
Woods are (not to be too prolix)
Collective bodies of straight sticks.
It is, my Lord, a mere conundrum
To call things woods for what grows under 'em.
For shrubs, when nothing else at top is,
Can only constitute a coppice.
But if you will not take my word,
See anno quint. of Richard Third;
And that's a coppice call'd, when dock'd,
Witness an. prim. of Harry Oct.
If this a wood you will maintain,
Merely because it is no plain,
Holland, for all that I can see,
May e'en as well be term'd the sea,
Or C——by be fair harangued
An honest man because not hang'd.

These verses are addressed to Lord Bathurst, who planted the woods at Cirencester.

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I may here insert another MS. communication, for which I am indebted to the kindness of S. Rogers, Esq. :—"Lord St. Helens told me, 'I came to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1770, and in that year, having a letter of introduction to him, received a visit from Mr. Gray. He was accompanied by Dr. Gisborne, Mr. Stonehouse, and Mr. Palgrave; and they walked in Indian file. When they withdrew every college man took off his cap as they passed, a considerable number being assembled in the quadrangle to see Mr. Gray, who was seldom seen. I asked Mr. Gray, to the great dismay of his companions, what he thought of Mr. Garrick's Jubilee Ode, just published. He answered, *I am easily pleased.*'" The Dr. Gisborne who is mentioned by Lord St. Helens as accompanying Gray resided, I believe, at Cambridge. I have seen a letter from the Rev. Thomas Gisborne to Mr. Barrett of Lee, in Kent, dated 1772, containing some particulars relating to the death of Gray; of whom he says, "I believe he has not left his equal; his thoughts on all subjects were so exceedingly good, and so purely his own. I miss him only every day and hour." He also noticed some etchings of Gray by Mason. See also Polwhele's Recollections, vol. i. p. 212.

P. 37. Middleton's style.] "We have nothing in our language so classical as the Life of Cicero, nothing at once so harmonious and unaffected."—Landor's Imag. Conversations, vol. ii. p. 15.

P. 37. Clarendon.] See Gray's Letters, vol. iii. p. 220.

P. 38. Algernon Sydney's Letters from Italy are printed in the Sydney Papers, and in the quarto edition of his Works by Hollis.

P. 38. Butler's Analogy.] The reason of Mr. Gray's dislike to Butler's Analogy is not given, and can only be surmised. "Pitt observed to Wilberforce, on returning him Bishop Butler's celebrated treatise, that there is nothing which *analogy* may not prove if it be admitted as a mode of positive proof." See Edinb. Rev. No. CLIV. p. 468; see a letter from Dr. Parr to Mr. Courteney on this work in Parr's Correspondence,

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vol. ii. p. 527. See also Life of Horner, vol. i. p. 241: "He (Sharpe) observed of Butler's Analogy, that the great merit of that writer lies in proportioning his language to the degree of his assent, and in communicating that degree perspicuously to his reader."

P. 38. Wollaston.] See Gray's Letters, vol. iii. p. 200.

P. 39. Sterne's Sermons.] On Gray's opinion of Sterne's Sermons, see Professor Mainwaring's Preface to his Sermons, as quoted in Brydges' Restituta, vol. iii. p. 232.

P. 39. Vanbrugh's architecture.] Before agreeing in Mr. Gray's opinion, the reader may consult the remarks of Mr. Dallaway on Vanbrugh's taste as an architect, and the authorities which are there cited in his favour. See Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters, ed. Dallaway, vol. iii. p. 305 to 308.

P. 39. Mason's poem of the Garden.] Mason placed in the summer-house of his Garden at Aston the following inscription:—

M. S.
Thomæ Gray
Qui vixit Annos LIV.
Menſ: VII.
Dies V.
Amico optime merenti
Gulielmus Mason posuit
M D CC LXXI.

When Mason visited Cornwall, he was much pleased with "Boconnoc," then Lord Camelford's seat. The principal brook in those grounds, the Lerryn, he was so fond of, that he lamented to his host he had not seen it before he printed his third book of the English Garden. The Cornish *Lerina*, he said, was a much handsomer nymph than the Nottinghamshire *Ligea*, and had he been acquainted earlier with her charms, should certainly have occupied her place in his Poem. See Polwhele's Traditions, p. 535.

P. 39. Mason's Caractacus.] See Gray's Letters, vol. iii. p. 171, on this drama.

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P. 40. That Mr. Mason was the author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir W. Chambers, is fully ascertained. See Walpole's Letter in Gray's Works, vol. iv. p. 218. After Mason had published his Life, Gray's satires and letters on the University were apparent, says Mr. Polwhele; and the reverend biographer, by publishing them, gave no small offence. Being desirous of ascertaining who had dared to speak with high displeasure, he was informed that the Right Rev. Dr. Keene had given his decided opinion against them. "Has he?" replied Mason, hastily; "I wish I had been aware of that sooner; for I purposely suppressed Gray's Epitaph on his Lordship,

Here lies Dr. Keene, the good Bishop of Chester,
Who eat a fat goose, and could not digest her."

I possess another epigram on the same person by the same poet:

The Bishop of Chester,
Though wiser than Nestor,
And fairer than Esther,
If you scratch him, will fester.

And one also on his lady, which Gray wrote, but of which I have preserved but one line:

She had a bad face which did sadly molest her.

"In the Poems of Mr. Whaley, 1745, 8vo. p. 133, is a translation of the first Idyl of Theocritus by a gentleman. I learn from a MS. note of Horace Walpole, that this person was Dr. Keene, Bishop of Chester. Regarding him, see Walpole's Letters to H. Mann, iii. p. 390, and Gray's Letters, vol. iv. p. 49. Mr. Whaley was Horace Walpole's tutor at Cambridge. The poem in the volume, in imitation of Horace, (p. 83) is dedicated to Horace Walpole, and begins,

O (*Walpole*) to whose keen yet candid sense
My verse I trust, and know its value thence, &c.

I learn also from other notes of Walpole's in the volume, that 'Cælia' is Miss S. Conway; and that 'the Epistle of Abelard

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to Heloisa, by a Lady,' is by Mrs. Madding, a friend of Pope. There is a poem in the volume (p. 29) called 'A Journey to Houghton,' describing the Houghton pictures."

The Epigrams which are now for the first time printed were sportive effusions by Gray in a post-chaise, when travelling with his friend Dr. Wharton. He also, on the same journey, made the following extempore epitaph, which Dr. Wharton wrote down:—"Extempore Epitaph on Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, made by Mr. Gray on reading the Epitaph on her mother's tomb in the church at Appleby, composed by the Countess in the same manner:

Now clean, now hideous, mellow now, now gruff,
She swept, she hiss'd, she ripen'd, and grew rough,
At Broughum, Pendragon, Appleby, and Brough."

I add one more couplet from the Wharton MS.:

"When you rise from your dinner as light as before,
'Tis a sign you have eat just enough and no more."

(MS. Gray.)

I have also an impromptu by Gray on going out of Raby Castle, after dining with Harry Vane; but it is too light an effusion of the Muse to make public.

P. 41. See Mr. Gray's Notes on Plato, in Mr. Matthias's edition, vol. ii. p. 293—547.

P. 42. See the Notes on Strabo in the edition of Mr. Matthias, vol, ii. p. 183—271.

P. 44. Dante.] See Inferno, c. 1, v. 60.

P. 46. His contempt for the Nouvelle Heloise.] See Gray's Letters, sect. iv. lett. 61, vol. iii. p. 267. 284.

P. 48. Walpole.] The following tribute of approbation, bestowed on Horace Walpole's character and pursuits when he was with Gray in Italy, is given by no common or undistinguishing hand; and as I never heard it mentioned, nor saw it quoted, this will not be considered an inappropriate place for its insertion. The single praise of *Conyers Middleton* is worth a thousand eulogies by common hands:—

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" Ex his autem agri Romani divitiis, neminem profecto de peregrinatoribus nostris, thesaurum inde deportasse credo, et rerum delectu et pretio magis æstimabilem, ac quem *amicus meus nobilis* Horatius Walpole in Angliam nuper advexit. Juvenis, non tam generis nobilitate, ac paterni hominis gloriâ, quam ingenii, doctrinâ, et virtute propria illustris. Ille vero haud citius fere in patriam reversus est, quam de studiis meis, ut consuerat, familiariter per literas quærens, mihi ultro de copia sua, quicquid ad argumenti mei rationem, aut libelli ornamentum pertineret, pro arbitrio meo utendum obtulit. Quam quidem ejus liberalitatem libenter admodum amplexus essem, ni operis hujus jam prope absolute, fastidio quodam correptus, atque ad alia festinans, intra terminos ei ab initio destinatos illud continere statuissem. Attamen præclaram istam Musei Walpoliani suppellectilem, ab interprete aliquo peritiore propediem explicandam, edendamque esse confido." V. C. Middletoni Præf. ad Germana quædam Antiq. Monumenta, &c. p. vi. At the death of C. Middleton, Horace Walpole bought the collection above described, which was dispersed at the late sale at Strawberry Hill. It appears by a letter of Gray's " that Dr. Middleton was often with Walpole in town."

P. 50. West's mother.] Mr. Williams, who had been secretary to Chancellor West, married his widow. See Gent's. Mag. March 1783, Walpole's Works, vol. iv. p. 461, and Gray's Works, vol. ii. p. 121, note.

P. 51. Junius.] In the late edition of Horace Walpole's Letters, some ingenious arguments are advanced by Sir Charles E. Grey to prove that Walpole was the author of that celebrated work; but I am in possession of Horace Walpole's copy of Junius, in which his MS. notes, contradicting the assertions of Junius, certainly prove that supposition to be unfounded. On this subject, see also Gent's. Mag. March 1841, p. 227.

P. 52. Does not Locke require as much attention as Euclid ?] See some masterly observations, advanced to show that the mathematical sciences *afford no exercise of the judge-*

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ment, nor can conduce to make skilful reasoners, in Mr. J. Davison's View of Edgeworth on Education, in the Quarterly Review, No. XI. p. 180.

P. 53. Mr. Barrett, at Lee.] A portion of Mr. Nicholls's Correspondence with this gentleman will be given in this work.

P. 59. The Ministry are all together by the ears.] This alludes to the Grenville Ministry, G. Grenville, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Duke of Bedford, Lord President, Duke of Marlborough, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Sandwich, Secretary of State. See Selwyn and his Contemporaries, vol. i. p. 389.

P. 59. Chev. D'Eon.] Eon de Beaumont, Charles-Geneveive-Louisse-Auguste-Anebré-Timothee d'; born at Tonnerre 5 October 1728, died 21 May 1810. See a curious Life of him in Biographie Universelle. See an account of the strange story relating to the Chev. D'Eon and M. De Guerchy, the French Ambassador, in G. Selwyn and his Contemporaries, vol. i. p. 281, and pp. 363, 371.

P. 60. Dr. Marriott, afterwards Sir James Marriott, became LL.D. in 1757, Master of Trinity Hall in 1764, and continued so for nearly forty years. He was knighted about the time of his becoming Master, or perhaps a very few years after.

P. 62. Kingsgate.] See an Impromptu by Gray on this seat of Lord Holland's, written the same year, in Gray's Works, vol. i. p. 161.

P. 62. Temple.] See account of the Rev. W. J. Temple, Rector of Mamhead, in Life of Gray, p. lxviii. note.

P. 64. Mr. Walpole.] See Life of Gray, p. cix. Cole's MS. note.

P. 65. Ansel was a Fellow of Trinity Hall, twenty-two years senior in standing to Mr. Nicholls. Dr. Samuel Hallifax was originally of Jesus College, went to Trinity Hall somewhere between 1757 and 1764, and in the latter year was created LL.D., elected Professor of Arabic in 1768,

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and relinquishing that Professorship in 1770, was elected Professor of the Civil Law. In 1781 he became Bishop of Gloucester, and in 1789 he was translated to St. Asaph.

P. 65. Dr. William Ridlington was of Trinity Hall, created LL.D. in 1751, and in 1757 was elected Professor of Civil Law. He held the Professorship about thirteen years, when Dr. Hallifax succeeded him in it. Dr. Ridlington was Tutor in 1766. He died 5 September, 1770. Gray probably alludes to Mr. Nicholls succeeding Dr. Ridlington as Tutor of the College. Mr. Nicholls took his degree of B.C.L. in 1766.

P. 67. Mr. Brown.] See an account of Mr. Brown, Master of Pembroke, in Gray's Works, vol. iv. p. 196. See also Chatham Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 311. He died 1784.

P. 68. Off their bargain.] The uncles of Mr. Nicholls probably purchased the livings of Lound and Bradwell for him from Mr. Anguish, these livings forming part of the property of Somerley Hall. Mr. Nicholls succeeded to these livings in 1767, after the death of the Rev. Samuel Killett.

P. 69. Lovingland.] The district of Suffolk where Mr. Nicholls resided is called Lothingland.

P. 74. Old Smith.] A person of great consideration in his College and the University. The successor to Dr. Smith, as Master of Trinity College, in 1768, was Dr. John Hinchliffe, who was made Bishop of Peterborough in the following year.

P. 74. Gray alludes to Walpole's Historical Doubts, and Anstey's Bath Guide.

P. 76. Mr. Barrett of Lea Priory, near Canterbury.

P. 76. On *Delaval*, see Gray's Letters, vol. iii. p. 77. *Lort* was a scholar and antiquary, afterwards Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Rector of Fulham, and Prebendary of St. Paul's. He died from an overturn of his carriage. Boswell says, "Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit." *Peck* was an old fellow of Trinity College, who had the living of Trom-

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pington, and whom Mr. Professor Smythe informs me he just remembers, when an undergraduate, as a *queer piece of antiquity*. *Jebb* was the great hero of dissent, the head of the latitudinarians of Cambridge, as they were called; a distinguished mathematician and author of great ability and integrity. He gave heretical lectures at his lodgings in the town, and afterwards left the University, and became a physician and politician in London. His Works were published by Dr. Disney in 1787.

P. 77. Professor of Arabic.] Dr. S. Hallifax.

P. 80. Mr. Spence.] Spence was born April 25, 1699, and was found drowned in a canal in his garden at Byfleet, August 20, 1768.

P. 81. Wyndham, or Wymondham Abbey, Norfolk, was founded in the time of Henry I. A.D. 1130, by William de Albini, who amply endowed it with lands; and the monarch gave it additional lands and certain privileges. Amongst these were all *wrecks* on the Norfolk coast, between Eccles, Happisburgh,* and Turnstede, and two thousand eels annually from the parish of Elingeya. The Abbey Church was a large, cruciform edifice, built soon after the foundation of the Monastery. It consisted of a choir, and nave with aisles, a transept, a tower rising at the centre of the building, and another at the west end. In a perfect state it must have been a large and sumptuous edifice, and a fine specimen of the architecture of the Anglo-Norman age; its glories and grandeur were however much reduced at the dissolution by Henry VIII.; soon after which event, the land was sold at the rate of four pounds per fodder, of twenty-four square feet. Timber, stone, glass, &c. were also sold or given away, and

* This parish was settled on the abbey by the gift of a silver cross, inclosing certain venerable superstitious relics, said to be parts of the Calvary cross, the manger at Bethlehem, the sepulchre of the holy mother, a gold ring, a silver chalice, &c.

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the once fine church was left a wreck, for the Protestant parishioners to cover in and fit up for their new rites and ceremonies. Though much disfigured and patched, the church displays many architectural parts to interest and gratify the antiquary: also a large sculptured font, and some curious ancient sepulchral remains.

P. 82. Lord Richard Cavendish.] Second son of William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, by Charlotte, daughter of Richard, Earl of Burlington and Cork, born June 19, 1751, M.P. for the town of Lancaster, died unmarried September 12, 1781.

P. 85. Mr. Bentley.] The son of the great Dr. Bentley, for some time the friend of Horace Walpole. See account of him in the Life of Gray, p. xxiv. note. He died 1782. A very clever and accomplished but eccentric and imprudent person.

P. 86. Aston.] The residence of his friend the Rev. W. Mason, in Yorkshire.

P. 87. Dr. Thomas.] Dr. Thomas was Master of Christ's College, was offered a Bishoprick, and persuaded by Dr. Law, formerly of Christ's, and Master of Peter House, to decline it, that he might himself be nominated Bishop. Such was always the representation of Mrs. Thomas.

P. 93. Shenstone.] The following note is from a MS. letter of Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, and will be interesting to those who, like the present writer, respect the taste and genius of the bard of the Leasowes:—"Dromore House, May 1805. * * * * of Philips's intended publication of the Duchess of Somerset's Letters, I know nothing, and certainly should be very unwilling to intrust to him any productions of that most amiable lady, the mother of my late excellent patroness the Duchess of Northumberland. In your Life (*he is addressing Dr. Anderson*) of Shenstone, you have highly characterized her as a lady distinguished for her exalted piety, as well as every other accomplishment, p. 587. What then will be your sensations to see attributed to this faultless character the las-

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civious verses usually ascribed to Lady M. W. Montague in Dodsley's Miscellanies, beginning

Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes, &c.

In the late publication of this lady's Letters by J. Dallaway, see vol. v. p. 193, Lady Mary, in one of her letters to her daughter Lady Bute, has very admirably vindicated herself from the imputation of having written these indecent verses: but as she does not herself name the authoress, what can be said for this Dallaway thus taking upon him to attribute them to our Lady Hertford, of which, at best, he could have had no other information than by very remote report; for the verses must have been written before he was born, and he could not have made an application of them to any one with less credibility, from the uniform tenour of that lady's life and character. Besides, I do not remember that she ever wrote any verses at all, though her epistolary compositions are of first-rate merit. This further attempt to asperse her fame, till now of the most unsullied purity, at the distance of more than half a century, cannot be too severely reprobated, and that I hope will not let it pass uncensured in your next edition of *Shenstone's* Life, where it may very properly be alluded to, in a note referring to your mention of the Duchess of Somerset. You ask me if I have any corrections to propose for *Shenstone's* Life. I suppose you mean that part of it wherein I am represented to have been greatly assisted by him in the publication of the Reliques, &c. On this subject you would do well to consult the preface to my new edition, vol. i. p. xvii. and particularly the note wherein I refer to the following passage in a letter of Shenstone to Mr. Graves, which he has published in vol. iii. of Shenstone's Works,—'I prepared the scheme for him (Mr. Percy), I was also to have assisted him in selecting and rejecting, and in fixing upon the best readings—but my illness broke off our correspondence the beginning of winter, and I know not what he has done since.' But on this subject I must refer you to Mr. Graves in a letter to me, of which I sent you a copy. Johnson had committed great mistakes

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with respect to Shenstone, which you have very properly rectified on the authority of Graves. He grossly misrepresented both his circumstances and his house, which was small, but elegant, and displayed a great deal of taste in the alteration and accommodation of the apartments, &c. On his side-board he had a neat marble cistern, which, by turning a cock, was fed with living water; and he had many other little elegant contrivances which displayed his genius, and made me regret that this little temple of the Muses was pulled down for the larger building of the house. This you may, if you please, mention in your new edition. That Johnson should have no conception of the value or merit of what is now called *picturesque gardening* we cannot wonder, as he was so extremely short-sighted, that he never saw a rural landscape in his life: and in his Travels through Scotland pronounces that one mountain must be like another. But you have sufficiently corrected his mistake on this subject. Among Shenstone's "Levities and Songs" are many which he himself regretted to me had ever been committed to the press. But when Dodsley was printing that volume of his Miscellanies in which they first appeared, Mr. S. was ill of a fever, and being unable to make any selection, ordered his whole portfolio to be sent to him, relying on his care to make a proper choice of what were fit to be published. But he obtruded the *whole* into his volume, and afterwards said that as a plea for inserting them in his Works. In the value of purchase, how much Mr. Shenstone's estate was improved by his taste will be judged from the price it fetched when sold by auction in 1795, being £17,000 sterling: though when it descended to him it was only valued at £300 a-year. This, I think, will deserve mention, &c."

P. 96. First volume of Robertson.] On this introductory portion of Robertson's History of Charles V. see Professor Smythe on the French Revolution, vol. iii. p. 405.

P. 99. Mr. Morris's.] Percefield, near Chepstow. For an account of the beauties of this place, see Whateley's Observations on Modern Gardening, sect. liii. p. 129, ed. 4to. 1801.

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P. 100. Mason's monument.] This monument is in Bristol Cathedral, at the left of the entrance.

P. 105. "Military Institutions of Vegetius, in four books, translated from the Latin, by John Clarke, Lieutenant of Marines, with Preface and Notes, 8vo. London, 1767." I presume that this is the work alluded to in the text.

P. 105. Gruner.] Gottlieb Sigismond Gruner, Histoire Naturelle de Glacieres de la Suisse. Traducte de l'Allemand par M. de Kesalio. Paris, 1770, 4to.

P. 110. The Bishop.] Dr. Philip Yonge was translated from Bristol in 1761, ob. 1783.

P. 113. Duc d'Aiguillon.] Born 1720; in 1771 he contributed to the exile of Choiseul, and was elevated to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He was exiled in 1775, and died 178 . Armand Vegnirod Duplessis-Richelieu, Duc d'Aiguillon. See Professor Smythe's History of the French Revolution, vol. i. p. 92-98.

P. 115. On this great flood, see Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xl. p. 541, 585.

P. 119. Mr. President.] Mr. Brown.

P. 121. Richard Crofts was a Member of Parliament for Cambridge University in 1771, having succeeded William De Grey, who at the end of January that year was made Lord Chief Justice, afterwards created Baron Walsingham.

P. 130. A *Banner* differed from a *Pennon*, which had a long tail or train, the cutting off which, in the ceremony of creating a Banneret, converted it into a *Banner*.

P. 133. Prudentio des Sandoval, Bishop of Pampluna, wrote Chron. de Don Alonso VII. Madrid, 1 vol. folio, and Hist. of Carlos V. 1614-18, 2 vols. folio, translated by T. Wright, 1655.

P. 134. Danielis Eremitæ Vita.] Eremita Daniel, Secretary to the Duke of Florence, born 1564, died 1615. Græ-vius printed his Opera Varia et Epistola de Helveticorum

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Rhetiorum et Sedinensium Vita, Republica et moribus, 1701. His Latin Poems are in the Second volume of the Deliciæ Poetarum Belgorum.

P. 135. Mr. Scott.] Scott was the person who went under the name of Antisejanus Scott, from having, under that signature, written some pamphlets or articles in the Public Advertiser in favour of Lord Sandwich, with whom he was connected. There was a memorable contest for the High Stewardship between Lord Hardwick and Lord Sandwich. The passage in Gray is, of course, a sneer.

P. 140. Bishop of Derry.] The Hon. Frederick Hervey, Earl of Bristol.

P. 142. Mr. Spurgeon.] Mr. John Spurgeon was an attorney at Yarmouth, and Town Clerk of the Corporation. He died in 1810, aged 95.

P. 146. The Chancellor.] Guillaume Lamagrin de Banc Mesnil, Chancellor of France from 1751 to 1772. He succeeded D'Aguesseau, and was succeeded by Rhenè Nicolas Charles Auguste de Mausseau.

P. 152. Mr. Beckford.] William Beckford, Esq. occupied Somerley Hall, the seat of the Anguishes, for several years. He afterwards resided in Jamaica, where he had an estate. While living at Somerley he published his book on Hunting, and in 1790 a Description of Jamaica. He died in Wimpole Street, February 12, 1799.

P. 163. Mr. Symonds.] John Symonds, M.A. Fellow of St. Peter's College, was successor to Gray in the Professorship of Modern History. He entered on his office in 1771, and was created Doctor of Laws in the year following, by "Royal Letters."

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NOTES ON WALPOLE'S LIVES OF THE PAINTERS

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NOTES ON WALPOLE'S LIVES OF THE PAINTERS.

Cambridge, Sept. 2, 1760.

MY inquiries, and the information I am able to give you in consequence of them, are as follows: if they amount to but little, thank yourself for applying to a sucking antiquary.

Mr. Vertue's MSS. (as I do not doubt you have experienced) will often put you on a false scent. Be assured that Occleve's portrait of Chaucer is not, nor ever was, in St. John's Library: they have a MS. of the Troilus and Cressida without illuminations, and no other part of his works. In the University Library, indeed, there is a large volume with most of his works on vellum, and by way of frontispiece is (pasted in) a pretty old print, taken (as it says) by Mr. Speed from Occleve's original painting in the book *De Regimine Principum*, in the middle is Chaucer, a whole length, the same countenance, attitude, and dress that Vertue gives you in the two heads which he has engraved of him; the border is composed of escutcheons of arms, all the alliances of the Chaucer

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family, and at bottom the tomb of Thomas Chaucer and Maud Burghershe at Ewelm. The print and all the arms are neatly coloured. I only describe this because I never took notice of such a print anywhere else, though perhaps you may know it; for I suppose it was done for some of Speed's works. About the painting I have a great puzzle in my head between Vertue, Mr. D'Urry, and Bishop Tanner. Vertue (you know) has twice engraved Chaucer's head, once for D'Urry's edition of his works, and a second time in the set of poets' heads. Both are done from Occleve's painting; but he never tells us where he found the painting, as he generally uses to do. D'Urry says there is a portrait of Chaucer (doubtless a whole length), for he describes his port and stature from it, in possession of George Greenwood, Esq. of Chastleton in Gloucestershire. A little after he too mentions the picture by Occleve, but whether the same or not does not appear. Tanner, in his *Bibliotheca* (Artic. Chaucer, see the notes), speaks of Occleve's painting too, but names another work of his (not the *De Regim. Principum*), and adds, that it is in *the King's Library at Westminster*: if so, you will certainly find it in the Museum, and Casley's Catalogue will direct you to the place.

Of the profile of Dr. Keys there is only a copy in his College; but there is a portrait of him (not in profile), a good picture, and undoubtedly original, a half-figure upon board, dated Anno 1563, æt.

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suæ 53. There are fourteen Latin verses inscribed on it, containing a character of him as a scholar and excellent physician, and thus much more—

Qui Cantabrigiæ Gonvilli incæpta minuta
auxit et e parvo nobile fecit opus;
Et qui Mausoleum Linacro donavit in æde,
quæ nunc de Pauli nomine nomen habet, &c.
Talis erat Caius, qualem sub imaginis umbra
Pæne hic viventem picta tabella refert.

At the corner is written "VivitVirtus" and "Virtus Vivit," *but no painter's name.* In the same room hangs an old picture (very bad at first, and now almost effaced by cleaning) of a man in a slashed doublet, dark curled hair and beard, looking like a foreigner, holding a pair of compasses, and by his side a Polyedron, made up of twelve pentagons. No name or date. You will see presently why I mention it.

The Vice Chancellor (Burroughs, Master of Keys) tells me he very well knew Vertue. That in a book belonging to the Board of Works he had discovered John of Padua to be the architect of Somerset House, and had found that he likewise built Longleat for Sir John Thynne. That it was from the similitude of style in those buildings and in the *four gates* of Key's College, he had imagined the latter to be also the work of John of Padua, and this was all the proof he had of it. Upon looking at these gates, I plainly see that they might very well be the work of one man. From the College

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books, I find that the east side, in which are the *Portæ Virtutis* and *Sapientiæ*, was built in 1566 and 1567. These are joined by two long walks to the *Porta Humilitatis*, opening to the street; and in the two walls are two little Doric frontispieces, leading into gardens; all these are (I dare say) of one time, and show the Roman architecture reviving amongst us, with little columns and pilasters, well enough proportioned in themselves, and neatly executed, but in no proportion to the building they are meant to adorn. In the year 1575 are these words, *Porta* (quæ *Honoris dicitur*) *et ad Scholas Publicas aperit a Lapide quadrato duroq. extruebatur, ad eam scilicet formam et effigiem, quam Doctor Caius* (*dum viveret*) *Architecto præscripserat elaborata.* This is the gate (more ornamented than the rest, but in the same style) which you remember: it cost £128 9*s.* 5*d.* in building. N.B. Dr. Caius died July 29, 1573.

In the same year, 1575, are these words: *Positum est Joh. Caio: ex alabastro monumentum summi decoris et artificii eodem in sacelli loco, quo corpus ejus antea sepeliebatur; sui præter insculpta illius insignia et annotatum ætatis obitusq. diem et annum* (*uti vivus executoribus ipse præceperat*) *duas tantummodo sententias has inscripsimus, Vivit post funera Virtus—Fui Caius.* This monument (made to stand upon the ground, but now raised a great deal above the eye on a heavy, ugly base, projecting from the wall)

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is a sarcophagus, with ribbed work and mouldings (somewhat antique), placed on a basement, supporting pretty large Corinthian columns of fine alabaster, which bear up an entablature, and form a sort of canopy over it. The capitals are gilt, and the upper part both gilt and painted with ugly scrolls and compartments, *à la Elisabet;* the rest is simple and well enough.

Charge of the Founder's tomb, finished in 1575:

	£.	s.	d.
For alabaster and carriage . . .	10	10	0
To Theodore and others for carving .	33	16	5
To labourers	8	18	1
Charges extraordinary	2	0	2

Then in anno 1576 are these words, *In Atrio Doctoris Caii Columna erecta est, eiq. lapis miro artificio elaboratus atq. in se* 60 *Horologia complexus imponitur, quem Theodorus Haveus Cleviensis Artifex egregius et insignis Architectura Professor fecit et insigniis* (read *insignibus*) *eorum Generosorum qui tum in Collegio morabantur depinxit, et velut monumentum suæ erga collegium benevolentiæ eidem dedicavit. Hujus in summitate lapidis constituitur ventilabrum ad formam Pegasi formatum.*

This column is now destroyed, with all its sundials; but when Loggan did his views of the Colleges, the pillar (though not the dials) was still standing.

From all this I draw, that Theodore Haveus of

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Cleves, the architect, sculptor, painter, and diallist, did probably build the *Porta Honoris* (if not all the others), and having worked many years for Doctor Caius and the College, in gratitude, left behind him his *own picture*.

In the Gallery at Emanuel are several pictures worth remarking, but not one name of a painter to be found.

1. Archbishop Cranmer, head and hands (on board) in his tippet of martens, and seal ring of his arms, æt. 57.

2. Sir Walter Mildmay, (the Founder,) whole length, black cap and long gown, book of statutes in his hand, pale and old, 1588; tolerably well done.

3. Sir Antony Mildmay, (his son,) 1596, whole length, doublet of gold tissue, black cloak, many jewels, high crowned hat hanging on a chair, armour lying on the floor, and a fine damasked long pistol, letters on a table, directed to his Majesty's Ambassador, a carpet mightily finished.

4. Mrs. Joyce Franklin, (a benefactress,) jolly woman above forty, with an enamelled watch open in her hand. No date. Dress of about Queen Mary's time. A head and hands.

5. Dr. Hall, Bishop of Exeter, the great gold medal (representing the Synod of Dort) hanging in a chain about his neck. A head miserably done.

6. *Effig. Rodulphi Simons, Architecti suâ*

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ætate peritisimi, qui (præter plurima ædificia ab eo præclare facta) duo Collegia Emanuelis, hoc, Sidneii illud, extruxit integre: magnam etiam partem Trinitatis reconcinnavit amplissime. Head, and hands with a great pair of compasses.

In St. John's Library is what I take for the original of Lady Margaret, kneeling at her oratory under a state. It is hung at a great height, and spoiled by damp and neglect; while the Master keeps very choicely in his lodge a miserable copy of it. In the same Library is a very good whole length of Bishop Williams, (while Lord Keeper,) standing, and *a carpet* in it, finished with great care; perhaps, therefore, by the same hand as that of Sir Antony Mildmay. In the lodge is a very good old picture that used to be called Bishop Fisher, but Dr. Taylor has told them it is *Sir Antony Brown:* what his reasons are I cannot tell, as he is not here; it is surely of Henry the Eighth's time, and a layman; on a board split from top to bottom.

I sympathise with your gout: it would be strange if I did not, with so many internal monitors as I carry about me, that hourly bid me expect it myself this autumn. Yet it frights me to hear of *both feet.* What did you do, and in the night, to which one foot only can make of equal duration with a night in Greenland?

I thank you for your anecdote about Sir Walter Raleigh, which is very extraordinary.

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What do you think of the Erse Poems now they are come out? I suppose your suspicions are augmented: yet (upon some farther inquiries I have made) Mr. David Hume (the historian) writes word that "their authenticity is beyond all question; that Adam Smith, the celebrated Professor at Glasgow, has assured him (who doubted too) that he had heard the *Piper of the Argyleshire militia* repeat all these and many more of equal beauty. That Major Mackay, the Laird and Lady of Macleod, and the Laird of Macfarline, the greatest antiquarian in all their country, and others, who live in the Highlands very remote from each other, remember them perfectly well, and could not be acquainted with them if they were not spread into every one's mouth there, and become in a manner national works." This is certainly the only proof, that works preserved merely by tradition, and not in manuscript, will admit of.

Adieu, I have done at last. Oh no! my defence of Sir J. Wyat is much at your service; but as it was the first thing I transcribed (when I was little versed in old hands), there probably may be mistakes, which I could correct by comparing it with the MSS. were I in town. I have also four long letters of his to the King, while he was ambassador, but, I doubt, you will scarce think them worth printing, as they contain no very remarkable facts, yet they help to show the spirit, vigilance, and activity of the man.

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Look in Casley's Catalogue of the King's Library, at 17 D. 4to. VI. I. and you will find the MSS. of Occleve and painting of Chaucer.

Cap. iii. p. 16. Or *to his having*—traces *of their having* flourished. Not less voluptuous, *nor even* refined. Do you mean, *nor less refined?*

Portrait of his Queen. There is another at Queen's College Cambridge, (of which she was second Foundress;) it is a head, and appeared to be of the time, when I saw it, which was some years ago: it is not handsome, nor well painted.

P. 17. Two paves. A pave (in French, *pavois* or *fulevas*) is a very large buckler, forming an angle in front, like the ridge of a house, and big enough to cover the tallest man from head to foot.

The *bell* with a cross upon it. Is it not the *ball* (or mound) which he held in his hand?

Chevelers—chevelures or perrukes.

Stretched its noblest pinion. A little too fine?

Why should it have sought us? And yet perhaps it sought us most in the reigns of Henry the Third and Charles the First, not to mention a later period, when it had as little to record.

P. 19. *And very descriptive.* I should say, With a downcast look, very expressive of his mean temper, and of the little satisfaction he had in the match.

With golden hair. In a MS. account of her coronation, mention is made of *her fair yellow*

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hair hanging at length upon her shoulder. (Cotton Lib.)

P. 20. *Designed from thence to contract dignity.*—Ungrammatical.

Independent *of the curiosity.*—Ditto.

To *strike out the improvement of latter ages.*—What King ever did strike them out? If he knew to choose the best, what more could any prince do?

More refined laws of modern gallantry.—I do not understand this passage.

P. 23. *Deluge which fell upon them.*—Storm which broke upon them.

Geniusses.—There is no such word, and *genii* means something else.

P. 22. Write Vasari, and not Felibien, who only translates him.

P. 27. *Arrived* in 1498—for *happened.*

P. 25. Flattery and *ingenuity.*—No such word in this sense.

Of the politeness *of* either.—Too many *ofs* here and elsewhere.

P. 26. *Whose tools Love softened into a pencil.*—Much too fine.

Common to the *manner of each.*—Ill expressed, and so is the whole period.

Strong-marked coarseness of Nature.—Asking your pardon, prose, as well as verse, should have its rhythm, and this sort of expressions by no means flatters the ear: in the careless and familiar

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style, their *hardness* is even more remarked than in more accurate and polished compositions.

Nor piety could *elate*.—*Elate* is a participle; but there is no such verb as to *elate*, I imagine.

P. 27. *Beseeched* his Majesty.—Besought.

I should not cite the lines from Lovelace, as they give no new light to the fact, and are so bad in themselves: but they may be referred to.

P. 28. In the Priory of Christ Church near Aldgate, then called Duke's Place.

P. 29. By doubtful *ones* and pretended *ones*.

P. 32. *One at Cambridge*.—It has I–E. Fecit upon it, remember, and is not like Holbein. Was De Heere in England so early as Henry the Eighth's time? You take no notice of the picture at Petworth, nor that at Windsor in the gallery.

In *that one particular*.—Do you mean it as a compliment to your reader's apprehension, as you do not mention what that particular is?

I do affirm (salva la riverenza) that the whole length of Lord Surrey is not Holbein's; if it be, so may fifty more pictures that are called Holbein's.

P. 35. Or *genuineness*.—But whether genuine, or of what size.

A *George enamelled*.—What had he to do with a George?

I lay no stress, *being so*.—He says, the picture is but indifferent: on this I lay no more stress than I do in the case of that at Burford.

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As *to its not being*.—And demonstrates it not genuine, &c.

P. 36. Were *ready drawn*.—Were already drawn.

Never varied the lights, which into *one company*.—Into one piece.

Had *fallen* it to £400.—Had sunk it.

P. 38. Most tyrannic *suspicion*.

Exposing the blemishes.—To expose the blemishes.

Draughts *for* prints for.—Draughts of prints for.

His own head *he* cut.—Holbein cut his own head.

P. 45. Leland, a contemporary, expressly says, that the ancient Chapel of St. George, built by Edward the Third, stood on this very spot, and that Henry the Seventh pulled it down, and built the present tomb-house in its place, intending himself to be buried there, but afterwards changed his mind, and built his Chapel at Westminster. The words are in his comment on the Cygnea Cantio, printed by Hearne in his Itinerary, vol. ix. which you have.

P. 46. All a satire upon Dean Lyttleton and me, and some other learned persons. We shall lay our heads together, and try if we cannot hammer out as good a thing about you.

P. 47. I *complicating* edifices, whose pomp, mechanism, &c.—A little more reflection will clear

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up your ideas, and improve your expression, in this period.

P. 48. Is this story of Sir Christopher Wren well grounded? It looks very like a vulgar tradition.

Inigo Jones and Kent.—Pray add Sir Christopher Wren, as in Warwick steeple, Westminster Abbey, &c.

Will not hazard.—Will hazard nothing.

P. 49. You laugh at this artificial earthquake; but pray inquire of Mr. Thrale, or some other brewer, what will be the effect if an old nail should drop into one of his boiling coppers: I am told, something very like an earthquake.

In a *vacuity* of facts.—In a scarcity.

Medeshampstede, which is Peterborough.

P. 50. Gundylphus, the same, I suppose.—Undoubtedly.

In this vacuity of names, may it not be worth while to mention Guillaume de Sens, who, soon after 1177, 20mo. Henry 2^{di}, built the choir of Canterbury Cathedral, as it now is. Helias de Barham, Canon of Salisbury, qui a primâ fundatione (temp. Hen. 3^{ii}) *Rector* fuit novæ Fabricæ per 25 annos. Whether he were himself the architect, I doubt, because in the same place it is said, Robertus *Cæmentarius* rexit per 25 annos. (See Leland, Itin. vol. iii. p. 66.)

I beg leave to differ as to the era of Gothic perfection. There is nothing finer than the nave of

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York Minster (in a great and simple style), or than the choir of the same Church (in the rich and filigrane workmanship). But these are of Edward the Third's reign, the first in the beginning, and the latter in the end of it. The Lady Chapel (now Trinity Church) at Ely, and the lantern tower in the same Cathedral, are noble works of the same time. I mention these as great things; but if we must take our idea from little ones, the Chapel of Bishop West (also at Ely), who died in 1533, 24 Henry VIII. surpasses all other things of the kind.

P. 50. Beauty, *ingenuity*.—Genius.

Of almost *philigere*.—Filigrane.

P. 51. Wolsey's tomb-house. Vid. supra.

By wanting simplicity.—A Goth must not say this; and indeed the ugliness of this style is not owing to the profusion of ornaments: nor is it a *mixture*, nor *plaistered upon Gothic*, for there is nothing Gothic left (except perhaps the ceilings), but it is all, as you say, neither Grecian nor Gothic; or else Grecian alone, divested of its proportions (its every essence), and with all its members mismatched.

P. 52. Is the third of Edward the Sixth the last you find of John of Padua, and do you conclude he built a house here near forty years afterwards?

Discerned only with a cylinder.—I suppose, reflected by a cylindrical mirror: pray ask somebody that understands such matters.

P. 53. Clement Adams, to instruct the King's

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Henchmen, &c.—In what? For you have been speaking of the coins.

P. 54. *That might be with* regard, &c.—Read, this may be meant either of their religious or political principles.

P. 58. Epitaph written in defence of the Spaniards wants some explanation.

Latin verses, which might be inserted.

Powdered with crowns.—Loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds.

Various *ones*.—Many of her Majesty.

Note about dress.—Edward the Sixth carried this restraint still farther; in heads of a Bill drawn up with his own hand, 1551, (though it never passed into a law,) no one who had less than £100 a year for life, or gentlemen, the King's sworn servants, is to wear satin, damask, ostrich feathers, or furs of conies.

None not worth £200, or £20 in living certain, to wear chamblett.

No serving man (under the degree of a gentleman) to wear any fur, save lamb; nor cloth above 10*s*. the yard.

P. 63. Elizabeth in a fantastic habit.—You speak of it as certain, whereas it seems only the tradition of the housekeepers, and the lines affixed make it only more doubtful.

P. 67. Pray add something civil of the family, who had the sense and taste to preserve the furniture. Several of the articles here mentioned are now at the Museum.

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FROM VASARI.

V. 3, p. 270. Susanna, Sorella di Luca Hurembout Miniatore di Guanto, fu chiamata, per ciò á servigio d'Henrico Ottavo, Ré d'Inghilterra, et vi stette honoratamente tutto il tempo di sua vita.

Sevina figlia di Maestro Simone Benich da Bruggia fu maritata nobilimente et havuta in pregio della Regina Maria, si come ancora é della Regina Elisabetta.

V. 2, p. 63. Torreggiano, a fellow-scholar and rival of Michael Angelo, gave him a blow on the face which laid his nose flat. Lavorò in servigio del Ré d'Inghilterra infinite cose di marmo, di bronzo, di legno, a concorrenza d'alcuni Maestri di quel paese, a i quali tutti restò superiore. E nè cavò tanti, e cosi fatti premii, che se non fusse stato (come superbo) persona inconsiderata a senzo governo, sarebbe vivuto quietamente, e fatto ottima fine: la dove gli avvenne il contrario - - - - died in the Spanish Inquisition in 1522. N.B. Vasari calls him Torrigiano Torrigiani. Vertue names the sculptor of Henry the Seventh's monument (who was P. T. a Florentine) *Pietro* Torregiano.

V. 2, p. 200. Girolamo da Trevigi. His drawing not extraordinary, but coloured well in oil and fresco, imitated Rafael. Condottosi in

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Inghilterra da alcuni amici suoi, che lo favorivano fu preposto al Ré Arrigo e giuntogli innanzi non piu per pittore ma per ingegniere s'accommodò a servigi suoi. Quivi mostrando alcune prove d'edificii ingegnosi cavati da altri in Toscana e per Italia; e quel Ré giudicandoli miracolosi, lo premiò con doni continui e gli ordinò provisione di 400 scudi l'anno, e gli diede commodità che fabricasse un habitatione honorata alle spese proprie del Ré; was killed by a cannon shot at the siege of Boulogne in Picardy, aged thirty-six, A.D. 1544.

V. 2, p. 534. Bastiano Aristotile da Sangallo, a copyist of Rafael and Michael Angelo, many of his pictures sent to England, died in 1553, aged seventy-eight.

V. 2, p. 131. Benedetto da Rovezzano. Fu ultimamente condotto in Inghilterra á servigi del Ré, al quale fece molti lavori di marmo e di bronzo, e particolarmente la sua sepoltura. He returned to Florence, and lost his sight in 1550, he was also an architect.

V. 2, p. 354. Zoto del Nunziata, a scholar of Ridolpho Ghirlandaio, aggiugnendo col tempo a paragone con i belli ingegni, partì di Fiorenza, e con alcuni Mercanti Fiorentini Condottosi in Inghilterra quivi ha fatto tutte l'opere sue, e dal Ré di quella Provincia (il quale ha anco servito nell architettura, e fatto particolarmente il principale palazzo) é stato riconosciuto grandissimamente. He was a contemporary of Perin del Vaga, who

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died in 1547, aged forty-seven, so that this king was probably Henry the Sixth.

In Greenwich Church (Stowe, v. ii. p. 91.)

Roberto Adams, Operum Regiarum Supervisori Architecturæ peritissimo, ob. 1595.

Simon Basil, Operationum Regiorum Controtrotulator, posuit 1601.

St. Martin's in the Fields.

Nicholas Stone, Sculptor and Architectus. He was Master mason to his Majesty, ob. 1647.

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EXTRACTS FROM A POEM ON THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET, BY T. GRAY.

WHEN I received the testimonial of so many considerable personages to adorn the second page of my next edition, and (adding them to the *Testimonium Autoris de seipso*) do relish and enjoy all the conscious pleasure resulting from six pennyworths of glory, I cannot but close my satisfaction with a sigh for the fate of my fellow-labourer in poetry, the unfortunate Mr. Golding, cut off in the flower or rather the bud of his honours, who, had he survived but a fortnight more, might have been by your kind offices as much delighted with himself, as I. Windsor and Eton might have gone down to posterity together, perhaps appeared in the same volume, like Philips and Smith, and we might have set at once to Mr. Pond for the frontispiece, but these, alas! are vain reflections. To return to myself. Nay! but you are such a wit! sure the gentlemen an't so good, are they? and don't you play upon the word. I promise you, few take to it here at all, which is a good sign (for I never knew anything liked here, that ever proved to be so anywhere else); it is said to be mine, but I strenuously deny

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it, and so do all that are in the secret, so that nobody knows what to think; a few only of King's College gave me the lie, but I hope to demolish them; for if *I* don't know, who should? Tell Mr. Chute, I would not have served him so, for any brother in Christendom, and am very angry. To make my peace with the noble youth you mention, I send you a Poem* that I am sure they will read (as well as they can) a masterpiece—it is said, being an admirable improvement on that beautiful piece called "Pugna Porcorum," which begins

Plangite porcelli Porcorum pigra propago;

but that is in Latin, and not for their reading; but, indeed, this is worth a thousand of it, and unfortunately it is not perfect, and it is not mine.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE CHRIST-CROSS ROW, BY A CRITIC, TO MRS.——

* * * * *

Great D *d*raws near—the Dutchess sure is come,
Open the *d*oors of the withdrawing-room;

---

* Horace Walpole mentions, "that Gray would never allow the foregoing Poem to be his; but it has too much merit, and the humour and versification are so much in his style, that I cannot believe it to be written by any other hand." (Signed) H. W.

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Her daughters deck'd most daintily I see,
The Dowager grows a perfect double D.
E enters next, and with her Eve appears,
Not like yon Dowager deprest with years;
What Ease and Elegance her person grace,
Bright beaming, as the Evening-star, her face;
Queen Esther next—how fair e'en after death,
Then one faint glimpse of Queen Elizabeth;
No more, our Esthers now are nought but Hetties,
Elizabeths all dwindled into Betties;
In vain you think to find them under E,
They're all diverted into H and B.
F follows fast the fair—and in his rear,
See Folly, Fashion, Foppery, straight appear,
All with fantastic clews, fantastic clothes,
With Fans and Flounces, Fringe and Furbelows.
Here Grub-street Geese presume to joke and jeer,
All, all, but Grannam Osborne's Gazetteer.
High heaves his hugeness H, methinks we see,
Henry the Eighth's most monstrous majesty;
But why on such *mock* grandeur should we dwell,
H mounts to Heaven, and H descends to Hell.

* * * * *

As H the Hebrew found, so I the Jew,
See Isaac, Joseph, Jacob, pass in view;
The walls of old Jerusalem appear,
See Israel, and all Judah thronging there.

* * * * *

P pokes his head out, yet has not a pain;
Like Punch, he peeps, but soon pops in again;

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Pleased with his Pranks, the Pisgys call him Puck,
Mortals he loves to prick, and pinch, and pluck;
Now a pert Prig, he perks upon your face,
Now peers, pores, ponders, with profound grimace,
Now a proud Prince, in pompous Purple drest,
And now a Player, a Peer, a Pimp, or Priest;
A Pea, a Pin, in a perpetual round,
Now seems a Penny, and now shews a Pound;
Like Perch or Pike, in Pond you see him come,
He in plantations hangs like Pear or Plum,
Pippin or Peach; then perches on the spray,
In form of Parrot, Pye, or Popinjay.
P, Proteus-like, all tricks, all shapes can shew,
The Pleasantest Person in the Christ-Cross row.

* * * * *

As K a King, Q represents a Queen,
And seems small difference the sounds between;
K, as a man, with hoarser accent speaks,
In shriller notes Q like a female squeaks;
Behold K struts, as might a King become,
Q draws her train along the Drawing-room,
Slow follow all the quality of State,
Queer Queensbury only does refuse to wait.

* * * * *

Thus great R reigns in town, while different far,
Rests in Retirement, *little* Rural R;
Remote from cities lives in lone Retreat,
With Rooks and Rabbit-burrows round his seat—
S, sails the Swan slow down the Silver stream.

* * * * *

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So big with Weddings, waddles W,
And brings all Womankind before your view;
A Wench, a Wife, a Widow, and a W—e,
With Woe behind, and Wantonness before.

When you and Mr. Chute can get the remainder of *Mariane*,* I shall be much obliged to you for it—I am terribly impatient.

* Mariane of Marivaux. See Gray's Works, Vol. ii. p. 152.

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METRUM

OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLISH METRE, ON THE PSEUDO-RHYTHMUS, ON RHYME, AND ON THE POEMS OF LYDGATE.

Ειτε νεα των μετρων ἡ θεωρια, ειτε Μουσης *εὑρημα παλαιᾶς, ἑκατερον ἐξει καλως· αρχαια μεν οὖσα, εκ της παλαιοτητος ἐξει σεμνοτητα, νεα δε οὖσα, ποθεινοτερα.*

Longini Fragment. 3. Sect. 1. E. Cod. MS. Paris

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METRUM.

OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLISH METRE.

THOUGH I would not with Mr. Urry,* the Editor of Chaucer, insert words and syllables, unauthorized by the oldest manuscripts, to help out what seems lame and defective in the measure of our ancient writers, yet as I see those manuscripts, and the first† printed editions, so extremely inconstant in their manner of spelling one and the same word as to vary continually, and often in the compass of two lines, and seem to have no fixed orthography, I cannot help thinking it probable, that many great inequalities in the metre are owing

* See the Preface to Urry's Chaucer. Fol.

† This inconstancy of the manner of spelling one and the same word is not confined to the first printed copies, but is found equally in the MSS. themselves. This is no wonder, for the Italians themselves, contemporary with Chaucer, writing in an age when literature began to flourish, and in a language more regular and grammatical than that of any neighbouring country, had yet no fixed orthography, as appears from the original manuscripts of Francesco Barberino, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, which are still preserved. (See Crescimbeni Comentarj, L. 6.)

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to the neglect of transcribers, or that the manner of reading made up for the defects which appear in the writing. Thus the *y* which we often see prefixed to participles passive, *y*cleped, *y*hewe, &c. is not a mere arbitrary insertion to fill up the verse, but is the old Anglo-Saxon augment, always prefixed formerly to such participles, as *ge*lufod (loved) from lufian (to love), *ge*ræd, from rædan (to read), &c. which augment, as early as Edward the Confessor's time, began to be written with a *y*, or an *i*, as *y*lufod, *i*seld, for *ge*lufod, *ge*seld, (loved, sold,) as Dr. Hickes* informs us in his Anglo-Saxon Grammar, C. 22, p. 136. This syllable, though (I suppose) then out of use in common speech, our poets inserted, where it suited them, in verse. The same did they by the final

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* And see Somner's Saxon Dictionary in Le. Chaucer seems to have been well aware of the injustice that his copyists might chance to do to him: he says, towards the end of his Troilus,

> "And for there is so great diversite,
> In English, and in writing of our tong;
> So pray I to God, that none miswrite thee,
> Ne thee mis-metre for defaut of tong
> And redde where so thou be, or else song,
> That thou be understond', God I beseech—"

Yet in another place he says,

> "But for the rime is light and lewde,
> Yet make it somewhat agreable
> Though some verse fayle in a syllable."
>
> (3d B. of Fame.)

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syllable of verbs, as bren*nin*, correc*tin*, dron*kin*, &c. (to burn, correct, drink,) which was also Saxon, all the infinitives in that tongue ending with an *an*, or *eon*, as *bebyrige*an, to bury, *mag*an, to be able, *gefe*on, to rejoice, and most of the participles passive, and the plural persons terminating with the same letter, as, *gefund*en, found, *beswung*en, beaten, &c.; and *we*, *ge*, *hi*, *mih*ton, (we, he, they, might,) we *wold*on, we would; we *sceold*on, we should; we *ar*on, we are, &c. This termination began to be omitted after the Danes were settled among us; for in the Cimbrick tongue the verbs usually finished in *a*, as *greip*a, to gripe, *hab*a, to have, which in the Saxon were *greip*an, *hab*an; the transition is very apparent thence to the English, which we now speak. As then our writers* inserted these initial and final letters, or

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And so says Lydgate of himself:

"Because I know the verse therein is wrong,
As being some too short, and some too long."
(Chronicle of Troye, p. 316.)

* The same thing is observable in the MSS. and first editions of the Italian Poets. Even in Dante's and in Petrarch's time, as,

"Nello stato primaio non si rinselva."
Purgatorio. C. 14, v. 66.

And,

"Ecco Cin da Pistoia, Guitton d'Arezzo."
Trionfo dell'Amore. Capit. 4. v. 32.

In both which verses there is a syllable too much, on which Crescimbeni observes, "Costumavano gli antichi rimatori,

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omitted them; and, where we see them written, we do not doubt that they were meant to fill up the measure; it follows, that these Poets had an ear not insensible to defects in metre; and where the verse seems to halt, it is very probably occasioned by the transcriber's neglect, who, seeing a word spelt differently from the manner then customary, changed or omitted a few letters without reflecting on the injury done to the measure. The case is the same with the genitive case singular and the nominative plural of many nouns, which by the Saxon inflection had an additional syllable, as *word*, a word, *wordis*, of a word: *smith*, a smith,

---

ogni volta che in fin d' una voce s' incontrava la vocale *i* tra due altri vocali, troncar la voce, e pronunziarla fino alla sillaba accentuata acutamente, benchè la voce ad arbitrio la scrivessero or tronca con l'apostrofe, ed ora intera." (Istor: della Volg: Poesia, L. 1, p. 9.) And one would think that they occasionally practised the same thing in syllables not consisting of a vowel only, by that verse of an ancient poet, which he cites,

" Tu sei quel arma*tura*, per cui vencimmo,"

where in reading they probably sunk the last syllable of *armatura*, because the accent did not fall upon it. This might less offend them, because their ears were so used to the Provençal dialect, in which abundance of words are the same with the Italian, were not the last syllable cut off, as pie*tat* for pie*tate*, seq*uent* for seguente, poder*uz* for poder*oso*, *fach* for fatto, &c. and doubtless from that language the Italians borrowed their custom of sinking the vowel in the end of many words at pleasure, when the next begins with a consonant, which they now do in prose, as well as in verse.

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smithis, of a smith, *smithas*, smith, which, as Hickes observes, is the origin of the formation of those cases in our present tongue; but we now have reduced them, by our pronunciation, to an equal number of syllables with their nominatives singular. This was commonly done too, I imagine, in Chaucer's and Lydgate's time; but, in verse, they took the liberty either to follow the old language in pronouncing the final syllable, or to sink the vowel and abridge it, as was usual, according to the necessity of their versification. For example, they would read either viŏlĕttĕs with four syllables, or violets with three; ban*kis*, or banks; triūmphys, or triūmphs, indifferently. I have mentioned (in some remarks on the verses of Lydgate) the *e* mute, and their use of it in words derived from the French, and I imagine that they did the same in many words of true English origin, which the Danes had before robbed of their final consonant, writing *bute* for the Saxon *butan* (without), *bifora* for *biforan* (before), *ondrede* for *ondreadan* (to dread), *gebringe* for *gebringan* (to bring), *doeme* for *deman* (to deem), and abundance of other words. Here we may easily conceive, that though the *n* was taken away, yet the *e* continued to be pronounced faintly, and though in time it was quite dropped in conversation, yet when the poet thought fit to make a syllable of it, it no more offended their ears than it now offends those of a Frenchman to hear it so pronounced, in verse.

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Puttenham, in his Art of Poetry, addressed to Queen Elizabeth in 1587, tells us, L. 2, C. 4, that "Chaucer, Lydgate, and others used *Cesures* either very seldom, or not at all, or else very licentiously; and many times made their meetres (they called them *riding Ryme*) of such unshapely words as would allow no convenient cesure; and therefore did let their rymes run out at length, and never staid till they came to the end; which manner, though it were not to be misliked in some sort of meetre, yet in every long verse the cesure ought to be kept precisely, if it were but to serve as a law to correct the licentiousness of Rymers. Besides that, it pleaseth the eare better, and sheweth more cunning in the maker by following the rule of his restraint, for a Rymer that will be tied by no rules at all, but range as he list, may utter what he will; but such maner of Poesy is called in our Vulgar,* '*Ryme Dogrell*,' with

* It appears from Alderman Fabian's Prologue to the second volume of his Chronicle, written in Henry the Seventh's reign, that the free verse, where no exact number of syllables was observed, was then called *doggrell*. Thus,

"Now would I fayne
In wordes plaine
Some honour sayne,
And bring to mynde
Of that aunciente citye,
That so goodly is to se,
And full trewe ever hath be,
And also full kynde, &c.

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which rebuke we will that in no case our Maker shall be touched."

Then Puttenham gives rules for the Cesura, which he tells us, "In a verse of twelve syllables should always divide it exactly in the middle; in one of ten, it should fall on the fourth, in one of eight on the same, in one of seven on the same, or on none at all," &c. I mention no* more than these, as they are now the only measures admitted into our serious poetry, and I shall consider how his rules hold in modern practice.

Alexandrines,† or verses of twelve syllables, it is

For though I shuld all day tell,
Or that with my *ryme dogerell*
Myght I not yet halfe do spell
This townes great honour, &c.

To the Reader.

Whoso hym liketh these versys to rede,
Wyth favour I pray he wyll theym spell,
Let not the rudeness of them hym lede
For to desprave this *ryme dogerell*," &c.

* Lines of six, five, or four syllables are intermixed in lyric compositions, but, as Puttenham says, "they need no cesure, because the breath asketh no relief."

† Puttenham says, "The Alexandrine is with our modern rhymers most usual, with the auncyent makers it was not so. For before Sir Thomas Wyatt's time they were not used in our vulgar: they be for grave and stately matters fitter, than for any other ditty of pleasure. If the cesure be just in the middle, and that ye suffer the verse to run at full length, and do not (as common rimers do, or their printer, for sparing of paper) cut them off in the middest, wherein they make in two

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true, though Spenser sometimes does otherwise, must, if they would strike the ear agreeably, have their pause in the middle, as,

"And after toilsome days | a soft repose at night."

Or,

"He both her warlike Lords | outshined in Helen's eyes."

And this uniformity in the cesura is just the reason why we no longer use them but just to finish a lyric stanza: they are also sometimes interspersed arbitrarily among verses of ten syllables. This is an odd custom, but it is confirmed by the sanction which Dryden and Pope have given to it, for they soon tire the ear with this sameness of sound; and the French seemed to have judged ill in making them their heroic* measure.

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verses but halfe rime, they do very wel." Art of Poesie, l. ii. c. 3. The poets of Henry the Eighth's time mixed it with the line of fourteen syllables alternately, which is so tiresome, that we have long since quite banished it. Thus many things of Wyatt's and Lord Surrey's are written, and those of Queen Elizabeth on the Queen of Scots.

* They were not so till towards the end of the sixteenth century. "Quant aux vers de *douze* syllabes, que nous appellons Alexandrins, combien qu'ils proviennent d'une longue ancienneté, toutefois nous en avions perdu l'usage. Car, lorsque Marot insere quelques uns dedans ses Epigrammes ou Tombeaux, c'est avec cette suscription, Vers Alexandrins; comme si c'étoit chose nouvelle et inaccoustumée d'en user.—Le premier des nôtres, qui les mit *en* credit, fut Baïf en ses Amours de Francine, suivy depuis par Du Bellay au livre de ses Regrets, et par Ronsard en ses

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Verses of *eight* syllables are so far from being obliged to have their cesura on the fourth, that Milton, the best example of an exquisite ear that I can produce, varies it continually, as

To live with her, | and live with thee .	On the 4th.
In unreproved | pleasures free	——— 5th.
To hear the lark | begin his flight . .	——— 4th.
And singing | startle the dull night . .	——— 3d.
Where the great sun | begins his state .	——— 4th.
The clouds | in thousand liveries dight .	——— 2d.
With masque | and antique pageantry .	——— 2d.

The more we attend to the composition of Milton's harmony, the more we shall be sensible how he loved to vary* his pauses, his measures, and his feet, which gives that enchanting air of freedom and wildness to his versification, unconfined by any rules but those which his own feeling and the nature

---

Hymnes, et finalement par Du Bartas, qui semble vouloir renvier sur tous les autres en ses deux Semaines." (See Pasquier, l. vii, c. 8 and 11.) Yet Ronsard, in his Art of Poetry, continues to call the Decasyllabic measure only *Heroic Verse*, and uses it in his Franciade and other long compositions.

* Lord Surrey (who was Puttenham's example for sweetness and proportion of metre) generally, though not always, makes his Cæsura on the fourth; as,

"True wisdom join'd | with simpleness,
The night | discharged of all care, . . On the 2d.
Where wine the wit | may not oppresse,
The faithful wife | without debate,
Such slepes | as may beguile the night,
Content thyself | with thine estate,
Ne wish for death, | ne feare his might."

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of his subject demanded. Thus he mixes the line of eight syllables with that of seven, the Trochee and the Spondee with the Iambic foot, and the single rhyme with the double. He changes the cesura as frequently in the heptasyllabic measure, as,

Oft ŏn ă plāt | of rising ground	(Octosyll.)	
I hear | the far-off curfew sound,	(Oct:—)	On the 2d.
Ovĕr sōme | wide-water'd shore	———	3d.
Swinging slow | with sullen roar:	———	3d.
Or if the air | will not permit, &c.	(Oct:—)	——— 4th.
Far from all resort | of mirth	———	5th.
Save the cricket | on the hearth	———	4th.
Or the bellman's | drowsy charm	———	4th.

But the greatest confinement which Puttenham would lay on our verse is that of making the Cæsura constantly fall on the fourth syllable of our decasyllabic measure, which is now become our only heroic* metre for all poems of any length. This restraint Wyatt and Lord Surrey submitted to, though here and there you find an instance of their breaking through it, though rarely. So,

* We probably took it from the Italians. Their heroic measure has indeed eleven syllables, because of the rhyme, which is double; but as our language requires single rhyme, the verse was reduced to ten syllables; the run of it is the same to the ear. The Italians borrowed it from the Provençals, there being verses extant still of this kind by Arnauld Daniel, who died in 1189, and is celebrated by Petrarch, under the title of Gran Maestro d'amor, and of Arnauld de Merveille, who flourished about 1190, as,

" Fazes auzir vostras castas preguieras

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From these hye hilles | as when a spring doth falle,
It trilleth down | with still and subtle course,
Of this and that | it gathers aye, and shall
Till it have just | downe flowed to stream and force:
So fareth Love, | when he hath ta'en a course;
Rage is his raine; | resistance 'vaileth none;
The first eschue | is remedy alone. Wyatt.

And these verses of Surrey:

In active games | of nimbleness and strength
Where we did strain, | trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs, | which yet shot up in length:
The secret groves, | which oft we made resound
Of plesaunt plaint, | and of our Lady's praise,
Recording oft, | what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, | what dread of long delays;
The wild forèst, | the clothed holts with green,
With reines availed, | and swift-ybreathed horse,
With cry of hound, | and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase | the fearful hart of force, &c.

But our poets have long since got loose from these fetters. Spenser judiciously shook them off; Milton, in his Paradise Lost, is ever changing and mingling his pauses, and the greatest writers after him have made it their study to avoid what

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Tant doussament, qu'a pietat sia moguda
De s' inclinar a ma justa demanda," &c.
Crescimbeni Istor. della Volg. Poesia, l. i. p. 6.

Dante judges it the best adapted of any metre to noble subjects. "Quorum omnium Endecasyllabum videtur esse superbius, tam temporis occupatione quam capacitate sententiæ, constructionis, et vocabulorum, &c.—et omnes hoc Doctores perpendisse videntur, Cantiones illustres principiantes ab illo." (De Vulgari Eloquentiâ, l. ii. c. 5.)

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Puttenham regarded as a rule of perfect versification.

These reflections may serve to shew us, that Puttenham, though he lived within about one hundred and fifty years of Chaucer's time, must have been mistaken with regard to what the old writers called their *Riding Rhyme;* for the Canterbury Tales, which he gives as an example of it, are as exact in their measure and in their pause as in the Troilus and Cresseide, where he says, "*the metre is very grave and stately;*" and this not only in the Knight's Tale, but in the comic Introduction and Characters; as,

A monke ther was | fair for the maistery,
An outrider | that loved venery,*
A manly man, | to ben an abbot able,
Many a dainty horse | had he in stable; (On the 6th.)
And when he rode, | men might his bridle heare,
Gingiling in a whistling wind, | as cleare (On the 8th.)
And eke as loud, as doth the chapell-bell, &c.

I conclude, that he was misled by the change which words had undergone in their accents since the days of Chaucer, and by the seeming defects of measure which frequently occur in the printed copies. I cannot pretend to say what it was they called *Riding Rhyme*, but perhaps it might be such as we see in the Northern Tale of Sir Thopas in Chaucer.

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* Venerie, Fr. hunting.

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Sir Thopas was | a doughty swaine,
White was his face, | as pain* de maine,†
His lippis red as rose, |
His rudd‡ is like | scarlet in graine,
And I you tell | in gode certaine
He had a seemly nose. | &c.

But nothing can be more regular than this sort of stanza, the pause always falling just in the middle of those verses which are of eight syllables, and at the end of those of six. I imagine that it was this very regularity which seemed so tedious to *mine host of the Tabbarde*, as to make him interrupt Chaucer, in the middle of his story, with

" No more of this for Gǫddis dignitè—
Mine earès akin of thy draftie § speeche,
Now such a rime the Devil I beteeche,‖
This may well be clepe *Rime Dogrell*, quoth he," &c.

Hence, too, we see that Puttenham is mistaken in the sense of *Rhyme Dogrell*, for so far was it *from being tied to no rule at all*, that it was consistent with the greatest exactness in the Cæsura and in the Measure; but as he himself has said very well in another place, (B. ii. ch. 9,) " the

* " When thou beholdest before thy Lord *peyne-mayne*:
A baker chosen, and waged well forthe,
That only he should that businesse applye," &c.
Alexander Barclay's Eclogues,
Written in the beginning of Henry ye 8's reign.

† The whitest bread.

‡ *Rudu*, Sax. colour of the cheek.

§ *Tedious*, from *drof*, Sax. dirty, filthy.

‖ Betæcan, Sax. to give, or commit to.

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over busie and too speedie returne of one manner of tune doth too much annoy and, as it were, glut the eare, unless it be in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabanqui* upon benches and barrels-heads, where they have none other audience than boys and country fellows, that pass by them in the street; or else by blind harpers or such like tavern-minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a

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* Doubtless the degenerate successors of those ancient *Jongleurs* in Provence, Italy, and other countries described by Crescimbeni, where he is speaking of the old romances. "Or questi Romanzi non v' ha dubbio che si cantavano, e forse non s' ingannò colui, che fu di parere, che i Romanzatori in panca vendessero l' opere loro cantando, imperocchè fioriva anticamente in Francia un' arte detta de' Giuglari, i quali erano faceti e spiritosi uomini, che solevano andar cantando i loro versi per le corte alle mense de' grandi, colla viuola, o' coll' arpa, o' con altro stromento.—Molti de' poeti Provenzali de' primi tempi questa stessa esercitarono ed anco de' nostri Italiani, che in quella lingua poetarono." (Comentarj del Crescimbeni, l. v. c. 5, p. 333.) And he cites on this occasion these verses in a Romance composed about the year 1230:

> "Quand les tables ostées furent
> Cil Jugleur en pies esturent,
> S' ont Vielles et Harpes prises;
> Chansons, sons, vers, et reprises,
> Et de Gestes chanté nos ont," &c.

These verses are in the Tournoyement d'Antichrist, by Huon de Mari, a monk of St. Germain. (Fauchet, l. i. ch. 8.)

And Huon de Villeneuve, a writer of the same age, addresses himself to the company whom he is going to entertain in these words:

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groat; and their matters being for the most part stories of old time, as the Tale of Sir Thopas, the Reportes of Bevis* of Southampton, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances and historical rhymes, made on purpose for the recreation of the common people at Christmas dinners and bride-ales in taverns and alehouses, and such other places of base resort," &c.

"Gardez, qu'il n'i ait noise, ne tabor, ne criée,
Il est ensinc coustume en la vostre contrée.
Quant uns Chanterres vient entre gent honorée
Et il a en droit soi la Vielle attrempée;
Ja tant n'aura mantel, ne cotte desramée,
Que sa premiere† laisse ne soit bien escoutée:
Puis font chanter avant, se de riens lor agrée,
Ou tost sans vilenie puet recoillir s'estrée," &c.

* The English Romance, so called, is in rude verse, seemingly of great antiquity. The Italians have one which is named *Buovo d' Antona*, probably on the same story, mentioned by Gio. Villani, who died in 1348. (See Crescimbeni Comentarj, 1. v. c. 6.)

This English Romance is in free octasyllabic rhyme, written, as Mr. Thomas Warton observes (in his Observations on the Fairy Queen, Lond. 1754, 8vo.) in that short measure which was frequently sung to the harp in Queen Elizabeth's days, a custom which descended from the ancient bards. (p. 36.) Bevis is supposed to have been Earl of Southampton about the time of the Norman Invasion; his residence was at Duncton in Wiltshire; his sword, called *Morglay*, is kept as a relic in Arundel Castle, not equalling in length that of Edward the Third at Westminster. (See Selden's Notes on Drayton's Polyolbion, canto iii.)

† *Couple, ou* Entrée.

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This was therefore *Dogrell*, whose frequent return of rhyme and similarity of sound easily imprinted it in the memory of the vulgar; and, by being applied of old to the meanest uses of poetry, it was grown distasteful to the ears of the better sort.

But the *Riding Rhyme* I rather take to be that which is confined to one measure, whatever that measure be, but not to one rhythm; having sometimes more, sometimes fewer syllables, and the pause hardly distinguishable, such as the Prologue and History of Beryn, found in some MSS. of Chaucer, and the Cook's Tale of Gamelyn, where the verses have twelve, thirteen, or fourteen syllables, and the Cæsura on the sixth, seventh, or eighth, as it happens. This having an air of rusticity, Spenser has very well adapted it to pastoral poetry, and in his hands it has an admirable effect, as in the Eclogue called March, which is in the same metre as Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas; and in February and May, where the two fables of the Oak and Bryer, and the Fox and Kid, for humour and expression are equal to anything in our language. The measure, like our usual verse of eight syllables, is Dimeter-Iambic, but admits of a Trochee, Spondee, Amphybrachys, Anapæst, &c. in almost every place. Thus,

Sēēst hŏw brāg yon bullock bears . . Trochee in the 1st.
So smirk, so smooth, his pricked ears ? . Pure Iambic.
His horns bēen ăs brāde, as rainbow bent, Anapæst in the 2d.
Hĭs dēwlăp ăs līthe, as Lass of Kent! . The same.

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Sēe hōw hĕ vēntĕth īntŏ thĕ wīnd , . Anapæst in the last.
Wēenĕst, ŏf lōve is not his mind? &c. . Trochee in the 1st.

And,

Though marked him, with melting eyes, Pure Iambic.
A thrilling throb frŏm hĕr heārt did rise, Anapæst in the 4th.
And īntĕrrūptĕd ăll hĕr ŏthĕr spēech . . { Amphibrachys in the 2d. Tribrachys in the 3d.
Wĭth sōme ōld sōrrŏw, thăt māde ă nĕw brēach,
Sēemĕd shĕ sāw ĭn hĕr yōunglĭng's fāce, { Trochee in the 1st. Anapæst in the 3d.
The' ōld līnĕāmēnts ŏf hĭs Fāther's grace. { Anapæst in 2d and 3d.

In these last six lines, the first has eight syllables, and the second nine, the third and fourth ten, the fifth nine, and the last ten: and this is the only English measure which has such a liberty of choice allowed in its feet, of which Milton has taken some little advantage, in using here and there a Trochee in his octosyllabics, and in the first foot only of his heroic verses. There are a very few instances of his going farther for the sake of some particular expression, as in that line,

Būrnt āftĕr thĕm tŏ thĕ bōttŏmlĕss pīt,

where there is a Spondee in the first place, a Pyrrhic in the third, and a Trochee in the fourth, and that line,

Wĭth ĭmpētŭoūs recoil and jarring sound,

with an Anapæst in the first place, &c.

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Spenser has also given an instance* of the decasyllabic measure with an unusual liberty in its feet, in the beginning of his Pastoral called August, thus,

Thĕn lŏ, Pērĭgōt, thĕ plĕdge whĭch I plĭght,
Ă măzĕr ўwroūght ŏf thĕ măplĕ wāre,
Whĕreīn ĭs ĕnchāsĕd mānў ă faĭr sīght
Of beārs ănd tўgĕrs, thāt mākĕn fĭĕrce wār, &c.

where there are Trochees, &c. in every foot but the last. I do not doubt that he had some ancient examples of this rhythm in his memory, when he wrote it. Bishop Douglas, in his Prologue to the eighth Æneid, written about eighty years before Spenser's Calendar, has something of the same kind.

I make no mention of the Hexameter, Sapphic, and other measures which Sir Philip Sidney and his friends† attempted to introduce in Queen Elizabeth's reign, because they soon dropped into

* And after him Dr. Donne (in his Satires) observes no regularity in the pause, or in the feet of his verse, only the number of syllables is equal throughout. I suppose he thought this rough, uncouth measure suited the plain, familiar style of satirical poetry.

† We see from Spenser's Letters, that he himself, his friend Mr. Harvey, and Mr. Dyer, one of his patrons, approved of this method and practised it. Mr. Drant (he says) had derived the rules and principles of the art, which were enlarged with Mr. Sidney's own judgment, and augmented with his (Spenser's) Observations. This was in 1580.

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oblivion. The same thing had happened in France a little before, where, in 1553, Etienne Jodelle began to write in this way, and was followed by Baïf, Passerat, Nicholas Rapin, and others, but without success. (See Pasquier, Recherches, l. vii. c. 12.) And in Italy this was attempted by Claudio Tolomei,* and other men of learning, to as little purpose. (See Crescimbeni, Coment. vol. i. p. 21.)

* Bishop of Corsola; he flourished in 1540. He was five years Ambassador from the Republic of Sienna in France, and died soon after his return in 1557.

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THE MEASURES OF VERSE.

THE Measures which I find principally in use among our writers are as follow, being in all *fifty nine*.

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Decasyllabic. As in Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, and many of the principal tales themselves: his Legende of Good Women, &c. Lydgate's Story of Thebes. Gawen Douglas's Translation of the Æneid, &c. Spenser, Mother Hubberd's Tale, and almost all our modern heroic poetry.	Successive, in Couplets; called by the old French writers *Rime plate*. (See Pasquier, Recherches de la France, *l.* vii. ch. 8.
Decasyllabic. Blank; as, The Death of Zoroas, The Death of Cicero, published with Lord Surrey's and Sir T. Wyatt's Poems in 1574, 8vo. Anonym.* Milton's Paradise Lost and Regained, &c.	Without Rhyme. (*Versi*† *Sciolti* of the Italians.) The invention‡ is attributed to Trissino, about the year 1525.

* It appears that these poems were written by Nicholas Grimoald. See Ellis's Specimens of English Poets, vol. ii. p. 68, 3d Edition.—MATHIAS.

† Thus Trissino's Italia Liberata, the Georgic poems of L. Alamanni and Rucellai, the Sette Giornate of Tasso, &c. and many of the Italian Tragedies are written. It was attempted too by the French in the sixteenth century, as Ronsard in some odes, Blaise Viginelle in his Seven Psalms, &c. but was soon dropped again.

‡ i. e. As far as relates to the verse of eleven syllables, or Italian

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Stanzas of Four Lines.	
Lord Surrey's Verses written in Windsor Castle, Epitaph on Sir Thomas Wyatt, &c. Dryden's Annus Mirabilis. Spenser. Colin Clout's come Home again, and April. Gascoyne's Councel on Travelling. His Woodmanship.	Alternate: called by the French, *Rime croisée*, or *entrelassée*. Whether there were two or more rhymes which answered one another, as in all which we call Stanzas, see Pasquier, as above.
Stanza of Seven, on Three* Rhymes.	
Chaucer's Man of Honour, Clerk of Oxenford, Second Nun and Prioress's Tales. Troilus and Cresseide. Assembly of Fowls. Annelida and Arcite. Flower and Leaf. Assembly of Ladies. Complaint of the Black Knight. Lamentation of Magdalen.	The 1st and 3d. —2d, 4th and 5th. —6th and 7th.

heroic measure. But in shorter verses it had been practised sometimes by the most ancient writers of that nation, particularly in the beginning of the thirteenth century. St. Francis wrote an irregular ode, or canticle, without rhyme, for music, in no contemptible strain of poetry. It begins,

Altissimo Signore
Vostre sono le lodi,
La gloria, e gli onori, &c.
(See Crescimbeni, Comentarj, l. i. c. 10.)

* There is also a rough stanza of seven, free in its feet, as Dingley's Battle of Brampton, in the Mirrour of Magistrates.

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Stanzas of Seven, on Three Rhymes. *(continued).*	
Remedy of Love. Several Ballads,* &c. John Hardynge's Chronicle. Gower's Epistle to Henry the 4th. Occleve, de Regimine Principis. Letter of Cupid. Ballade of our Lady. Of Pride and wast† Clothing. (In Camden's Remains.) Lydgate's Fall of Princes. Churl and Bird. Tale of the Merchants, Ballades, &c. Assemblé De Dyeus. Gawen Douglas. Prologue to the 2d and 4th Book of the Æneid. Sir David Lyndsay's Testament of the Papingo. His Dream. Complaint of Scotland. Prologue to Experience and the Courtier. Fabyan's Ballad Royal on Edward the First. W. Caxton's Work of Sapience. Angel's Song. Sir T. Wyatt's Complaint on Love. The Government of Kings and Princes, Anonymous. Spenser's Hymns of Love and Beauty. Ruins of Time. Milton's Hymn on the Nativity, &c.	The 1st and 3d. —2d, 4th and 5th. —6th and 7th.

* "The Staff of seven verses hath seven proportions, whereof one only is the usual of our vulgar, and kept by our old Poets, Chaucer and others, in their historical Reports and other ditties." (Puttenham, l. ii. c. 10.)

† This is a part of the De Regimine Principis.

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Another Stanza of Seven Lines.	
Some Poems of Chaucer.	The 1st and 3d.
Spenser's Daphnaida.	— 2d, 4th and 6th.
	— 5th and 7th.
Stanza of Six, on Three Rhymes.	
Chaucer, in some Envoys. Dr. Lodge, some Sonnets. Spenser, Tears of the Muses, Astrophel, December, and part of August. Gascoyne's Passion.	Four alternate, and the Two last together.
Another Stanza of Six, on Two Rhymes. Spenser's October.	The 1st, 4th and 6th.
Stanza of Eight, on Three Rhymes.	
Chaucer. Monk's Tale. Belle Dame sans mercy. Envoys. His A. B. C. or Prayer to the Virgin. Lydgate's Ballads, &c.	The 1st and 3d.
Scogan's Letter to the Lords of the King's House. Spenser's November. G. Douglas's Prologue to the Sixth Æneid.	—2d, 4th, 5th & 7th.
	—6th and 8th.
Another.	
Some Poems of Chaucer and Lydgate.	The 1st and 3d.
Gawen Douglas's Prologue to the Eleventh Æneid.	—2d, 4th, 5th & 8th.
	—6th and 7th.

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Another.*	
Spenser's Muiopotmos and Culex.	The 1st, 3d and 5th. — 2d, 4th and 6th. — 7th and 8th.
Another, on Two Rhymes.	
Spenser's June.	The 1st, 3d, 6th & 8th. — 2d, 4th, 5th & 7th.
Stanza of Nine, on Three Rhymes.	
G. Douglas's Prologue to the Fifth Æneid, and his Exclamation against Detractors. The Third Part of the Palace of Honour. Sir D. Lyndsay's Prologue to the Papingo's Testament.	The 1st, 2d, 4th & 5th. — 3d, 6th and 7th. — 8th and 9th.
Another, on Two Rhymes.	
Chaucer's Complaint of Annelida. G. Douglas's Prologue to the Third Æneid, and the two first Parts of the Palace of Honour.	The 1, 2, 4, 5, & 8. — 3, 6, 7, and 9.

* This is the *Ottava Rima* of the Italians, the Stanza of Ariosto and Tasso in their heroic poems, and that of an infinite number of authors. It was first introduced in Italy by Boccaccio, who wrote in this measure his Teseide, Filostrato, &c. in the fourteenth century; though he in reality appears to have borrowed it from Thibaut, King of Navarre and Count of Champagne, who had written in the same stanza in the year 1235. (See Crescimbeni, Comentarj, vol. i. l. v. c. 7, p. 339.)

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Stanza of Five, on Two Rhymes.	
Chaucer's Cuckoo and Nightingale. Gawen Douglas's Prologue to the Tenth Æneid.	The 1st, 2d and 5th. — 3d and 4th.
Another.	
Some of Sir Thomas Wyatt's Verses.	The 1st and 3d. — 2d, 4th and 5th.
Terzetti,* or Terza Rima.	
Lord Surrey's Restless State of a Lover. Sir T. Wyatt's [Epist.] to J. Poynes, and Sir Fr. Bryan. Milton. Second Psalm.	The 1st & 3d rhyme, — 2d, 4th and 6th, and so on by threes alternate, till the last and last but two, which answer like those at first.
Sonnets of Fourteen,† on Five Rhymes.	
Milton's 7th, 9th, 10th, and 13th Sonnets.	The 1, 4, 5, and 8th. — 2, 3, 6, and 7th. — 9th and 12th. — 10th and 13th. — 11th and 14th.

* This is the measure of Dante in his Inferno, &c. of Petrarch's Trionfi, &c. The invention has usually been ascribed to the former, but there is a Poem (called Il Pataffio) extant, written in this very measure by Ser Brunetto Latini, who was Dante's master, and who died in 1294. It was probably the invention of the Provençals, who used it in their Syrvientes (or Satires), whence the Italians have commonly called it *Serventese*. (See Crescimbeni, Coment. vol. i. l. 2. c. 13.)

† This, and the fourth kind, are the true Sonnet of the Italians. Petrarch uses only these two measures. The invention of the regular Sonnet is ascribed to Fra Guittone d'Arezzo, who flourished about the

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Another.	
Spenser's Amoretti.	The 1st and 3d. — 2, 4, 5, and 7th. — 6, 8, 9, and 11th. — 10th and 12th. — 13th and 14th.
Another.	
Sir T. Wyatt's Sonnets of the Lover waxeth wiser, &c.	8 first lines, as of the first sort above. 4 next alternate. Couplet in the end.
Sonnets of Four Rhymes.	
Milton's Sonnets, 8th, 11th, 12th, and 14th.	Eight first lines, as of the first sort, or else alternate: the six last alternate, or at pleasure.
Another, of Two Rhymes.	
Lord Surrey on the Spring; Complaint by Night, &c.	The 12 first alternate, and end with a Couplet.
Another, of Seven Rhymes.	
Lord Surrey's Vow to Love. On Sir T. Wyatt's Death, &c. Daniel's Delia.	The 12 first by 4 and 4 alternate.
Madrigals of Eight, on Three Rhymes.	
Sir T. Wyatt.	Six first alternate; and end with a Couplet.

year 1250; nor do we find any of this form among the Provençals till seventy years after. What they called *Sonet* was only a short Canzone, unconfined in the number of verses, the measure, and the order of the rhymes. (Crescimb. Coment. l. ii. c. 14, 15.)

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Madrigals on Two Rhymes.	
Sir T. Wyatt.	The 1st, 3d, 6th & 8th. — 2, 4, 5, and 7th.
Stanza of Fourteen, on Seven Rhymes.	
Spenser's Visions of Petrarch, Bellay, &c.	Like the last kind of Sonnet.
Another, on Five Rhymes.	
Spenser, Visions of the World's Vanity.	The 1st and 3d. — 2, 4, 5, and 7th. — 6, 8, 9, and 11th. — 10th and 12th. — 13th and 14th.
Sestine, of Six.*	
Spenser, in his August.	No rhyme. The art consists in ringing changes on six words only, in the end of a line: the whole is finished in six stanzas only, and three verses over.
Decasyllabic, Mixed.	
Stanza of Nine, with an Alexandrine at the end, on Three Rhymes. Spenser's Fairy Queen.†	The 1st and 3d. — 2, 4, 5, and 7. — 6, 8, and 9th.

* The invention of the *Sestine* is ascribed to Arnauld Daniel in the middle of the twelfth century (see Crescimb. Coment. v. i. l. ii. c. 11), and from him the Italians borrowed it, though it must be always, both in sense and sound, a very mean composition.

† Spenser has also a stanza of eight, ending with an Alexandrine, where the 1st and 3d rhyme; the 2d, 4th, and 5th; the 6th, 7th, and 8th, as in Britain's Ida.

′ Sir Thomas Wyatt has a stanza of eight, where the 4th and 8th are of six syllables; it has three rhymes, the 1st, 2d, and 3d answering each other; the 4th and 8th; the 5th, 6th, and 7th.

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Stanza of Eighteen,* with 4 verses (the 5th, 10th, 15th, and 16th) of Six syllables, and the last an Alexandrine, on Seven Rhymes. Spenser's Prothalamion and Epithalamion.	The 1, 4, and 5th — 2d and 3d. 4 next alternate (the 10th answers to the 9th.) — 11, 12, and 14th, — 13, 15, and 16th. — 17th and 18th.
Stanza of Ten. The first an Alexandrine, the four next, and 9th, a decasyllabic, sixth and seventh octosyllabic, the eighth and tenth (being the Refrain or Burthen) tetrasyllabic. On Four Rhymes. Spenser's Lay, or Elegy of Dido, in the November.	The 1st and 3d. — 2, 4, 5, and 9th. — 6th and 7th. — 8th and 10th.

* These resemble the Canzoni of the Italians, which are in stanzas of 9, 12, 13, or 14 verses, &c. in unequal measure. There is also a stanza (if it may be called so) not only of mixed measures but of an unequal number of verses, sometimes rhyming and sometimes not, as in Milton's Lycidas, and in the Choruses in his Samson Agonistes.

The Canzone is of very ancient date: the invention of it being ascribed to Girard de Borneil, of the School of Provence, who died in 1178. He was of Limoges, and was called *Il Maestro d' Trovatori*. The different kinds of Canzoni are infinite, many new ones being introduced by the Italians. The most ancient, which were extant in that tongue, were written by Folcacchio de' Folcacchieri, who lived before the year 1200. Nothing seems essential to this species of poetry, but that the measures of every stanza should answer to the first, whether they be of equal or of unequal measures. It has generally been a rule that the stanzas should be not more than fifteen, and the verses in each stanza not fewer than nine, nor above twenty; but this rule is very often broken. Dante esteemed it the noblest

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Stanza of Nine. The 1st, 3d, 5th, and 6th are decasyllabic, the 2d, 4th, 7th, and 8th are tetrasyllabic, the last octosyllabic. On Four Rhymes. Spenser's Lay to Eliza, in April.	The 1st and 3d. — 2d and 4th. — 5th, 6th and 9th. — 7th and 8th.
Decasyllabic, free in their feet.	
Spenser, Proëme of his August. Baldwyn's Complaint of James the Fourth, King of Scotland. Donne's Satires.	In Couplets. With Trochees or Iambics in every foot indifferently.
The Same, Mixed, in Stanzas of thirteen, their four last verses are tetrasyllabic. On Four Rhymes. G. Douglas, Prologue to the Eighth Æneid.	The 1, 3, 5, and 7th. — 2, 4, 6, and 8th. — 9, and 13th. — 10, 11, and 12th. —I call them decasyllabic and tetrasyllabic, because they have that effect on the ear: but as they admit of Anapæsts, &c. they have sometimes eleven or five syllables.

species of poetry, and adds, "Quicquid de cacuminibus illustrium Capitum poëtantium profluxit ad labia, in *solis Cantionibus* invenitur." (De Vulg. Eloquent. l. ii. c. 3, b. 3.) He said they used all measures from eleven syllables to three, but particularly recommends the former, mixed with that of seven, which Petrarch has observed and approved.*

* Petrarch has used no other verses in his Canzoni but the Endecasillabi and the Settenarj.—MATHIAS.

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Octosyllabic.*	
The Lord's Prayer, by Pope Adrian, in Henry the Second's time. Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose. House of Fame. Book of the Dutchess. His Dream. Poem of the Owl and Nightingale (as old as the time of Henry the Third). Gower's Confessio Amantis. Lydgate's Story of Thebes. Sir David Lyndsay's Dialogue between Experience and a Courtier. Romaunce of Merlin.	Successive in Couplets.
Another kind.	
Lord Surrey's Restless State of a Lover. Means of a happy Life. Gascoyne's Good Morrow.	Alternate.
Wyatt's Prayer against Disdain; Lamentation, &c.	
Another.	
Wyatt's Renunciation of Love.	Four successive rhymes.

* This measure is borrowed from the Welch, or the Provençal and old French poets, with whom it was common. Robert Manning of Brunn, who towards the beginning of the fourteenth century translated Peter Langtoft's Chronicle out of the old French (or Romaun tongue as it was then called) has prefixed a Prologue to it in Octosyllabic rhymes, wherein he mentions different kinds of verse used in his days, as Entrelace, Baston, Couwe, Strangere, &c. The first of these is, as I suppose, the *Rime croisée* or *entrelassée* of the French; the second are unequal verse in *Staves* or Stanzas, answering one to

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Stanza of Eight, on Two Rhymes.	
Chaucer's Plowman's Tale and Prologue.	Alternate.
Stanza of Eight, on Three Rhymes.	
Chaucer's Ballade in praise of Women.	The 1st and 3d.
Lydgate's Complaint of Tho. Chaucer.	— 2, 4, 5, and 7th. — 6th and 8th.
Stanza of Seven, on Three Rhymes.	
Wyatt's Suit for Grace. Lover's Mistrust, &c.	The 1st and 3d. — 2d, 4th and 5th. — 6th and 7th.
Stanza of Six, on Three Rhymes.	
Lord Surrey's Lover's Comfort. Complaint of Absence, &c. Gascoyne's Arraignement.	4 Alternate. 2 last together.
Stanza of Five, on Two Rhymes.	
Wyatt, to his Lute.	The 1st, 2d and 4th. — 3d and 5th.

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the other The French still say *Baston* de Balade for *Stance* de Balade. (See Menage Dictionnaire Etymol. v. Baston.) Couwe I take to be derived from the Welch Cywydd (pronounced Couwyth), which is a peculiar stanza and composition of rhyme, described by Dr. David ap Rhys, p. 186; it may perhaps be the same with Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas.

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Octosyllabic, Mixed.	
Stanza of Six. The 3d and 6th are of six syllables; on Three Rhymes. (Doggerel.)	
Chaucer's Sir Thopas. Frere and Boy; Sir Eglamore; Sir Triamore; The Green Knight; Sir Lybius Disconius.	The 1st and 2d. — 4th and 5th. — 3d and 6th.
Another. With Heptasyllabics mixed at pleasure. No Stanzas.	
Milton's Allegro and Penseroso; Part of his Comus; Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.	Successive.
Octosyllabics, with Verses of Six, alternate.	
Spenser's July.	Alternate.
Another, with Verses of Six or Five Syllables, alternate.	
Spenser's Roundelay, in August.	Alternate.
Octosyllabic, Free.	
Spenser's February, May, and September. Bevis of Southampton. Sir Lambwell. Eger and Grime. Sir Degree. Earl of Carlisle.	Successive. The feet are Trochees, Spondees, Amphibrachys, and Anapæsts, indifferently with the Iambic.

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Octosyllabic, Free.	
Stanza of Six, Mixed and Free. On Three Rhymes.	
Spenser, Proëme of March.	The 1st and 2d. — 4th and 5th. — 3d and 6th.
Octosyllabic, Blank. Mixed with others of Six and Four Syllables.	
Spenser's Mourning Muse of Thestylis.	No Rhyme.
Verses of Six Syllables.	
Several Songs of Sir Tho. Wyatt and Lord Surrey.	
Others in Stanzas of Eight, on Two Rhymes.	Alternate. 1, 3, 6, and 8th. 2, 4, 5, and 7th.
The same. On Three Rhymes.	The 1, 3, 5, and 7th. — 2d and 4th. — 6th and 8th.
Pentasyllabic and Tetrasyllabic. These are rarely used alone.	
Alexandrines.*	
Lord Surrey's Ecclesiastes. Spenser's Envoy to the Shepherd's Kalendar. Drayton's Polyolbion.	Successive. There is also a Stanza of four Alexandrines with alternate rhyme, as Phœbe's Sonnet in Lodge's Euphues' Gold. Legacy.

* The Life of St. Margaret in very old Saxon (cited hereafter), and written above one hundred and seventy years before Chaucer was

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Alexandrines, mixed with Verses of Fourteen Syllables,* alternately.	
Queen Elizabeth's Ditty on the Queen of Scots. Surrey's Description of Love. Complaint of a Lover. Dying Lover. The Warning. The careless Man, &c. Wyatt's Complaint of Absence. Song† of Iopas. Gascoyne's Gloze.	Successive.

born, is in a sort of free Alexandrine measure: as is the Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester, and Peter Langtoft's Chronicle translated by Robert Manning of Brunn, both of them older than Chaucer. The Alexandrine verse took its name from a poem written in this measure, called La Vie d'Alexandre, by Jean li Nevelois and Pierre de St. Cloit, who lived in the thirteenth century: (Pasquier, l. vii. c. 3.) The *Roman d'Alexandre* was begun by Lambert li Cors and Alexandre de Paris; but some parts of it were executed by the two poets abovementioned. They all four (according to the President Fauchet) wrote between 1150 and 1193, in the reigns of Louis le Jeune and Philippe Auguste, and seem to have been of the Trouveures or Jongleurs, who then were in high esteem: their names appear in the work itself.

La verté de l'histoir, si com li Roy la fit,
Un Clers de Chateaudun, Lambert li Cors, l'escrit,
Qui de Latin *la*‡ *trest*, et en Roman la mit.

See Fauchet de la Langue et Poesie Françoise, l. ii. (A. D. 1581.)

The Latin, whence they translated, was (I imagine) the Alexandréis of Gualterus, (or Gautier de Châtillon, a native of Lisle in Flanders,) a poet who lived about the same time, that is, in the middle of the twelfth century. It is observable, that none of these four Jongleurs

‡ *tira.*

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VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Free Alexandrines, mixed in like manner.‡	
Chaucer's Tale of Beryn and Prologue.	Successive: but with various feet.
Free Verse,§ of Fourteen Syllables.	
Chaucer's Tale of Gamelin. Robin of Portingale; Ballade of Flodden Field; Adam Bell; Robin Hood; Nut-brown Maid; Childe Waters; Durham Field.	Successive. (Various.) There is also a verse of Sixteen, as Guy and Phillis, Thomas a Potts.

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was a Provençal, nor do they write in that dialect, yet they are contemporary with the most ancient Provençal poets, mentioned by Nôtredame.

* "Some Makers (says Puttenham) write in verses of fourteen syllables, giving the cesure at the first eight, which proportion is tedious, for the length of the verse keepeth the ear too long from its delight, which is, to hear the cadence or tuneable accent in the end of the verse."

† There is also a mixed stanza of four, (as in Baldwin's Complaint of Henry the Sixth, in the Mirrour of Magistrates,) three verses of twelve and one of fourteen syllables. Rhymes in Couplets.

‡ And thus is written Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, a work of Henry the Third's time, but without any regularity; the Alexandrine sometimes wanting a syllable or two, and the verse of fourteen coming in at random, as the writer thought fit.

§ It is the very same measure with the Semi-Saxon moral poem (cited hereafter) written almost two hundred years after Chaucer's time.

There was also the regular verse of fourteen used in Queen Elizabeth's time, and in this measure is written Dr. Phaer's Translation of the Æneid; (see Lambarde's Kent and Weever's Funeral Monuments;) Arthur Goldynge's Ovid's Metamorphoses, Chevy Chase, Gill Morrice, Glasgerion, Launcelot du Lake, &c.

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Of all these measures, which we may reduce to six, viz. the verse of fourteen, the Alexandrine, the decasyllabic, the octosyllabic*, the heptasyllabic, and verse of six; none are now used but the third and fourth; except it be interspersedly to vary our composition, and especially in lyric poetry. Our variety, too, in the rhyme is much circumscribed, never going further than the use of a triplet, and that rarely. As to any license† in the feet, it is only permitted in the beginning of a long verse, where we sometimes use a trochee, and the same foot more freely in shorter measures.

The Provençal poets either invented or made use of all these measures, from verses of three syllables to those of eleven and thirteen; but of these last we find no example till about the year 1321; so that it is not certain that they were originally theirs, or borrowed from the French Alexandrine with the addition of a syllable, on account of the double rhyme. (See Crescimbeni, Comentarj, vol. i. l. 2, c. 14, and l. 1, c. 6.)

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* We now use this as well on serious subjects as comic: the latter *we* call Doggerel, as Hudibras.

† We now and then in subjects of humour use a free verse of eleven or twelve syllables, which may consist of four Amphibrachees, or four Anapæsts, or the first may be an Iambic, &c.; so Prior:

"As Chlŏĕ căme īntŏ thĕ rōom t'ŏthĕr dāy"—

"Tĭs enoūgh thăt 'tĭs loāděd wĭth bāublĕs ănd sēals," &c.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE PSEUDO-RHYTHMUS.

THE most ancient instance of rhyming verse, as Sir W. Temple has observed, is that of the Emperor Adrian, about the 137th year of Christ.* It was undoubtedly borrowed from the barbarous nations, among whom, particularly in the east, it is said to have been in use from the remotest antiquity. The Welch still preserve the works of the ancient British bards, Taliessin, Benbeirdh, and Lowarkk, who lived towards the end of the sixth century, and wrote in rhyme. It is possible that our ancestors, the Anglo-Saxons, might borrow it from the Britons, but it is much

* There is a Hymn of St. Augustine, who lived about the year 420, in which are interspersed several verses which rhyme in the middle; as,

Abest limus, | deest fimus, | lues nulla cernitur,
Hyems horrens, | æstas torrens, | illic nunquam sæviunt.—
Virent prata, | vernant sata, | rivi mellis influunt, &c.
Augustin. Meditat. c. 26.

And in a treatise written by Theodulus (who lived in 480, under the Emperor Zeno), De Contemptu Mundi, are these lines:

Pauper amabilis, | et venerabilis, | est benedictus,
Dives inutilis, | insatiabilis, | est maledictus, &c.

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more probable that they brought it from Germany with them.

It is true that we do not find any rhyming verses among them till towards the time of the Norman Conquest; all their poems now remaining being of a different contrivance, and their harmony consisting in alliteration,* or similar consonances in the beginning of three or more words in each distich; yet probably they might have had our *Pseudo-Rhythm*, (as Dr. Hickes and Wormius call it,) beside this, though their performances in it are now lost; which is no great wonder, considering that we have not any specimen of their poetry in any kind† for three hundred and thirty-seven

* This was the artifice of the Skalds, or old Danish poets in their *Drotquæt* (or vulgar song) described by Wormius, and observed sometimes strictly, sometimes with more liberty, by our old Saxons, both before and after the coming of the Danes. As to the measure, Hickes imagines that they had feet and quantity, but, as he owns, we have lost the pronunciation, and neither know the power of the diphthongs, nor of the vowel *e* in the end of words; we cannot tell of how many syllables their verse consisted; it appears to have from four to fourteen indifferently, but most usually from four to eight or nine.

† That is, from the first settlement of the Saxons in Britain to the coming of the Danes. (See Hickes's Gramm. Angl. Sax. c. xix.) This is his computation, I know not for what reason; for, from the arrival of Hengist, A.D. 449, to the settling of the Danes in Northumberland in 867, are 418 years. From that period to the Norman Conquest we have a good deal of their poetry preserved, but none of it in rhyme: the Ransom of Eigil (preserved by Olaus Wormius) written

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years now preserved, except that fragment of Cædmon the Monk, extant in King Alfred's Saxon Translation of Bede's History, l. iv. c. 24, and the Harmony of the Evangelists paraphrased in verse, in the Cotton Library; nay, of these two it is doubtful if the latter be of that age or not.

What serves to confirm me in the opinion, that, beside their other species of verse, they might also use rhyme occasionally, is this: we have still extant in the language of the Franks a Paraphrase of the Gospels in rhyme, written by Otfrid, a monk of Weisenburgh, scholar to* Rhabanus Maurus, abbot of Fulde, before the year 876, and addressed† to Louis, the Germanic King of

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above one hundred and fifty years before the Conquest, is however in rhyme, as, "Vestur kom eg om ver | Enn eg vidris ber | Munstrindar mar | So er mitt offar | Dro eg eik a flot | Vid Isabrot | " &c.

* He was made Archbishop of Mentz in 847. His Latino-Theotische Glossary of the Bible is still preserved in the imperial library at Vienna. (See Lambecius) Comment. de Bib. l. ii. p. 416 and 932.

† A specimen of it, with notes and a Latin version, was published in 1701 by Schilterus of Strasburgh. There are also extant the Actions of Charlemagne by Stricher, and the Life of Anno, Archbishop of Cologne, both of them poems in rhyme, in the Franco-Theotische tongue, mentioned by Dr. Hickes in his Grammar of that language, p. 109, and by Lambecius, l. ii. p. 422, who has published Otfrid's dedication of the work abovementioned, in prose, which is very curious. In it he calls his own tongue "*barbara*, inculta, et *indisciplinabilis*;" he complains of its roughness and of the variety of its sounds, which the letters of the alphabet could

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Austria (or East France) in stanzas, which begin thus:

Lodovig their snéllo	That is:	Lewis the swift
Thes wisduames follo:		Of wisdom full,
Er Ostarichi rihtit al		He Austrasia rules all
So Francono Kuning scal.		So as a Frankish king becomes, &c.
Ubar Francono lant gizalt		
Se gengit ellu sin giuualt.		
Thas rihtit, so i thir zellu,		
Thiu sin giuualt ellu, &c.		

And as the Saxons and Franks* were near neigh-

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not at all express, and adds, "Lingua enim hæc velut agrestis habetur, dum a propriis nec scripturâ, nec arte aliquâ, ullis est temporibus expolita, quippe qui nec historias antecessorum suorum, ut multæ gentes cæteræ, commendant memoriæ, nec eorum gesta vel vitas exornant dignitatis amore. Quod si raro contigit, aliarum gentium linguâ, id est, Latinorum vel Græcorum, potius explanant." The President Fauchet had seen this poem and preface.

* The Franks under Clovis settled in Gaul about thirty-two years after the arrival of the Saxons in Kent. Hickes tells us that the Franco-Theotische and Anglo-Saxon (before the invasion of the Danes) were probably the same language. (Gramm. Fr. Theot. p. 6, see also Carte, vol. i. p. 221.) It seems to appear from the words of Otfrid, in his preface, cited above, that the Franks of his time did still use some kind of metre distinct from rhyme, for he says: "Patitur quoque (Lingua Theotisca) nimiùm, non tamen assiduè, synalœphen, et hoc nisi legentes prævideant, rationis dicta deformius sonant, literas interdum scriptione servantes, interdum vero Ebraicæ linguæ more vitantes, quibus ipsas literas ratione synalœphæ in lineis, ut quidam dicunt, penitus amittere et transilire moris habetur. Non quo series scriptionis hujus metricâ sit subtilitate constricta, sed schema homoiote-

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bours in Germany, and spoke a language only differing in dialect, and alike derived from the old Gothic mother-tongue, it is likely that the same kinds of poetry were common to them both.

(N. B. It is remarkable that Walafrid Strabo, who died in 840, and other writers of that age, call themselves *Barbari*, and their own language *Barbarica Locutio*. See Goldastus's Notes on Ekeckardus, Res Alamannicæ, tom. i. part 1, p. 113.)

However, we have not now among us any rhymes

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leuton assiduè quærit," &c. (Apud Lambecium, l. ii. c. 5, p. 425.)

There are no verses extant in the Romaun, or old French tongue, which are known to be more ancient than the middle of the twelfth century, and accordingly Fauchet begins his catalogue of poets with Maistre Wistace, or Eustace, who wrote the Romaunce of Brutt, the Trojan, in 1155: it is in octosyllabic rhymes.

The earliest of the Provençal writers (at least of those who have left any memorial behind them) lived about the middle of the same century. The Sicilian poets, who first taught Italy to write verse, lived very few years after; and in our own tongue, we have, I believe, nothing extant in rhyme that can be with certainty judged to be more ancient than the reign of Stephen or Henry the Second. The Germans have therefore preserved in their tongue the most aacient monument of rhyming poesy, perhaps in Europe, almost three hundred years older than any of those which I have mentioned. The Welch poetry only (if the remains of Taliessin and Lowarkk be not fictitious) can pretend to a superior antiquity.

As to the Provençal writers, Crescimbeni observes, "Avvi certezza, che incominciassero (i rimatori Provenzali) circa il 1100 sotto il Guglielmo VIII. duca d'Aquitania, e l' is-

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more ancient than that period, which extends from the Conquest in 1066 to the reign of Henry the Second, which begun in 1154; our tongue being then much mixed with the Norman-Gallic, and degenerating into what Hickes calls the Semi-Saxon, as in the Life of St. Margaret.*

Olde ant yonge, I preit ou oure folies for to *lete*,†
(*Old and young, I pray you your follies for to leave*)
Thenchet on God, that yef ou wit oure sunnes to *bete*.‡
(*Think on God, that gave you wit your sins to correct.*)
Here I mai tellen ou wid wordes faire ant swete
(*Here I may tell you with words fair and sweet*)
The vie of one meidan was hoten Maregrete.
(*The life of a maiden was hight Margaret.*)
Hire fader was a patriac, as ic ou tellen may,
(*Her father was a patriarch, as I you tell may,*)
In Auntioge wif *eches*§ i the false lay,
(*In Antioch a wife he chose in the false law*)

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tesso duca fosse il primo verseggiatore, avendo composto in rima il viaggio di Gerusalemme, e qualche cosa amorosa.—Non si truovano però rime più antiche di quelle di Giusfredo Rudello, che molto scrisse in lode della Contessa di Tripoli, che amò, e appresso cui morì l' anno 1162." (Crescimb. Istor. della Volg. Poesia, l. i. p. 6.)—Dante, who was born in 1265, ascribes the origin of the old romances in prose to the French nation, and that of the *volgare poesia* to the Provençal. "Allegat ergo pro se lingua *Oil* (that is, the French) quod propter sui faciliorem et delectabiliorem vulgaritatem, quicquid redactum sive inventum est ad vulgare prosaicum, suum est, videlicet, biblia cum Trojanorum Romanorumque gestibus compilata, et Arturi Regis ambages pulcherrimæ, et quamplurimæ aliæ historiæ atque doctrinæ. Pro se vero argumentatur alia, scilicet *Oc* (he means the Provençal) quòd vulgares eloquentes in ea primitus poëtati sunt, tanquam in perfectiori dulciorique loquelâ, ut puto,

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Deve godes and doumbe he served nitt ant day,
(*Deaf gods and dumb he served night aad day,*)
So deden mony othere, that singet *weilaway*.‖
(*So did many others, that sing wellaway.*) &c.

And in those verses preserved in some MSS. in the Bodleian Library, and in Trinity College, Cambridge.

Ic am elder than ic wes, a wintre ant ec a lore,
(*I am elder than I was, in winters and eke in learning.*)
Ic ealdi more than ic dede : mi wit oghte to bi more,
(*I grow old more than I did : my wit ought to be more,*)
Wel longe ic habbe childe ibien on worde ant on dede,
(*Very long I have a child been in word and in deed,*)
Thegh ic bi on winter eald, to giung ic am on *rede*,¶ &c.
(*Though I be in winters old, too young I am in counsel.*)

This is inscribed Parabolæ Regis Ælfredi. See J. Spelman's Life of Alfred, p. 98.

Petrus de Alverniâ, et alii antiquiores doctores. Tertia, quæ Latinorum est, (that is, the Italian,) se duobus privilegiis attestatur præesse : primo quidem, qui subtilius dulciusque poëtati sunt *vulgariter*, hi familiares et domestici sui sunt, putâ Cinus Pistoïensis et amicus ejus (Dante himself) : secundo, quia magis videntur inniti *grammaticæ*, quæ communis est. (He means the Latin or mother tongue.) Dante, De Vulgari Eloquentiâ, l. i. c. 10.—See also Scaligerana 2da. vol. ii. p. 331.

* See other examples in Wanley's Catalogue, in John's or Henry the Third's reign, p. 79.

† *Lætan*, Saxon, to let, or permit, whence to let alone, to let go.

‡ *Betan*, Saxon, to amend, to make better.

§ *Geoas*, Saxon, he chose.

‖ *Wala-wa*, Saxon, Woe is me !

¶ *Rada*, Saxon, knowledge. *Ræd*, Counsel.

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Other examples of ancient rhyme, within the period assigned, may be seen in Dr. Hickes, ch. xxiv. from whom I have transcribed the former. Yet though this kind of versification* prevailed by

* It was towards the end of this period, about ninety years after the Conquest, that the Provençal poetry began to flourish, and continued in the highest esteem above two hundred years. They wrote in rhyme, and were the inventors of a variety of measures. Dante, Petrarca, &c. in Italy; Helinand, William de Lorry, Jean de Mehun, Thibaud, Count of Champagne, in France; and Chaucer, in our own tongue, first caught their fire from these writers, and imitated their manner, style, and versification. (See Jean de Nôtredame, Lives of the Provençal Poets, Lyons, 1575, 8vo.) The Sicilians, about the end of the twelfth century, under the reign of Robert Guiscard the Norman, King of Naples, first began to imitate the Provençal writers in their own tongue, and as the most judicious Italians themselves inform us, such as Bembo, Varchi, Sansovini, Nicolo Villani, and Crescimbeni. The last of these has given us the names of these first Italian poets: "Le rime de' Siciliani a noi pervenute sono debolissime e scipite ed infelici, a segno che non possono leggersi senza estrema noia e rincrescimento, ancorche sieno de' più rinomati, cioè di Guido e d' Odo delle Colonne, di Jacopo da Lentino, dell' Imperador Federigo, e d' altri loro pari." (Istor. Volg. Poes. vol. i. l. 1, c. 2, p. 91.) He also mentions Ciullo dal Camo; and it appears that the art of versifying almost instantaneously diffused itself through Italy, from those verses inscribed in Gothic letters on a marble at Florence by Ubaldino Ubaldini, as early as the year 1184, which begin,

"De favore isto
Gratias refero Christo,
Factus in festo serenæ
Sanctæ Mariæ Magdalenæ;
Ipsa peculiariter adori

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degrees, and grew into general use, it is certain that we retained, even so late as Edward the Third's reign, and above a hundred years after, our old Saxon or Danish verse without rhyme; for the

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Ad Deum pro me peccatori.
Con lo mio cantare
Dallo vero vero narrare
Nulla ne diparto, &c."

It is not written in distinct verses, as here, upon the marble, but like prose, all confused together. (Crescimb. Coment. vol. i. l. 1, c. 4, p. 100.) Dante observes, "Videtur *Sicilianum Vulgare* sibi famam præ aliis asciscere; eò quòd, quicquid poëtantur Itali, *Sicilianum* vocatur.—Quòd (i. e. tempore illustrium heroum Frederici Cæsaris et benegeniti ejus Manfredi,) quicquid excellentes Latinorum nitebantur, primitùs in tantorum coronatorum aulâ prodibat, et quia regale solium erat Sicilia, factum est, quicquid nostri predecessores *vulgariter* protulerunt, *Sicilianum* vocatur." (Dante, De Vulg. Eloq. l. i. c. 12.)

The President Fauchet takes pains to prove that the people of Normandy, of Provence, of Sicily, of Italy, of Spain, &c. all borrowed their rhyme from the Franks; and, I own, it wears a face of probability: but then it may be equally probable that the Franks borrowed it from the Latin church. He cites also the Life of Sancta Fides, in the Catalan dialect of the Spanish tongue (it is, he says, as old as the year 1100, and in rhyme), which calls the rhyming verses *a lei Francesca*, i. e. a la Françoise; (See Acad. des Inscript. vol. xxvi. p. 638.) which is, with allowance for some changes, (which length of time will inevitably introduce in all languages,) the true *Romaun*-tongue generally spoken throughout all the Roman Gaul, for many years before and after it fell into the hands of the Franks. This appears from the famous treaty, in A.D. 843, between the sons of Lodovicus Pius, where the oaths in the original tongue (i. e. the Romaun, which was then the language of all who lay west of the Meuse, and the

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Vision of Peirce Plowman, a severe satire on the times, written by Robert Langland in 1350, is wholly in such measure, as, for instance:

I loked on my left halfe,
As the lady me taught,
And was ware of a woman
Worthlyith clothed.
Purfiled* with pelure,†
The finest upon erthe,
Crowned with a crowne
The king hath no better;
Fetislich‡ her fingers,
Were fretted with gold wiers,
And thereon red rubies,
As red as any glede,§
And diamonds of dearest price,
And double maner saphirs, &c.
Passus 2dus in princip.

and thus through the whole poem, which is a long one, with very few exceptions, the triple consonance is observed in every distich.

Theotische, or Frankish, spoken by all the people who lived east of that river,) are preserved to us by Nitard, the historian, grandson to Charlemagne: the first of these still nearly resembling the Provençal dialect, was then called *Rustica Romana*. The Council of Tours, assembled in the year 812, has this article: "Quilibet Episcopus habeat Omilias, &c. et easdem quisque apertè traducere studeat *in Rusticam Romanam linguam et Theotiscam*;" as being then the two languages

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* *Pourfilè*, Fr. bordered.
† *Pelure*, furs, from pellis, Lat.
‡ *Fetislich*, handsomely.
§ *Gled*, Sax. a burning coal.

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Robert Crowley, who printed the first edition of Peirce Plowman's Vision in 1550, (dated by mistake 1505,) says, that Robert Langland, the author of it, "wrote altogether in meter, but not after the maner of our rimers that write now-a-days, for his verses end not alike, for the nature of his meter is to have at least thre wordes in every verse, which begin with some one, and the same, letter. The author was a Shropshire man, born in Cleybirie, about eight miles from Malverne-Hills: his worke was written between 1350 and 1409."

In the same measure is the poem called "Death and Life in two fitts;" and another named *Scottish Field*, which describes the action at Flodden in Henry the Eighth's time, who was present in the action, and dwelt at Bagily. (I read them in a MS. Collection belonging to the Rev. Mr. Thomas Percy‖ in 1761."

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most generally understood. The Provençal was only the Latin tongue corrupted and altered a little in its terminations by a mixture of the Celtic or Gaulish idiom, and afterwards of the Visigoth and Frankish. In the more northern provinces of Gaul it received a still stronger tincture of the latter, and of the Norman or Danish tongue, and formed the *Valonne*, or what is now called in France Vieille Gauloise, out of which time produced the modern French. But both this and the Provençal retained alike, till the fourteenth century, the name of *Langue Romands*. (See Fauchet, l. i. c. 3 and 4. Duclos, Mem. vol. xv. p. 565, et vol. xvii. p. 171. De l'Acad. des Inscript. et Huetiana, p. 41 and 189.)

‖ (Mr. afterwards Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore in Ireland, who edited the "Relicks of Antient Poetry, in three volumes,

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It cannot be supposed possible to fix exactly the time when rhyme was first introduced and practised in a country; but if we trace it back to the remotest monuments of the kind now extant, we shall find the æras nearly as follows:

	Anno Xti.
At Rome before the introduction of Christianity	137
In the Latin Church	420
In use among the Welch	590
Among the Arabs earlier than	622
Among the Franks, in the old German tongue	873
In Provence, in the dialect of the country	1100
In Italy, in the Latin tongue, after the coming of the Normans	1032
In England, in our own tongue, before the year	1154
In France, in the French tongue	1155
In Sicily, and in the rest of Italy, in the Italian tongue, before	1187

Any one who considers these several dates, and sees that the fathers and priests of the Roman church wrote Latin rhyme early in the fifth century, and that the Franks did the same in their own tongue in the ninth, will scarcely give credit

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in the year 1765." Dr. Percy was a man of learning and accomplishments, and of an elegant mind, whose curious researches into our ancient literature were directed by judgment, which he displayed in these pleasing and most gratifying volumes, published by him in his early life.—MATHIAS.)

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to P. Huet, who affirms, that the Provençals borrowed the art of rhyme from the Arabs. For though it is true that the Arabs had practised it before Mahomet's time, and perhaps from the remotest antiquity, and that they were in possession of part of Aquitaine from 732 to 738; which is the most probable of the two, that the Provençals should imitate the taste of a nation wholly different from themselves in language, religion, and manners, who were but for a small time conversant among them? or, that they should copy the Franks, who had reigned over them above two hundred years before the arrival of the Arabs, and still continue to do so to this day? Indeed, for my own part, I do believe, that neither the one nor the other of these nations was the immediate object of their imitation, but rather the hymns of the church, and the monkish Latin verses, which were even* then in vogue all over France at the

* Crescimbeni observes that rhyming verses in Latin epitaphs, inscriptions, &c. first appeared in Italy, upon the arrival of the Normans, who served under Guimaro, Prince of Salerno, in 1032. In that city were composed, about the year 1100, the famous medical precepts of the Schola Salernitana, addressed to Robert, Duke of Normandy, son to William the Conqueror. They are in Latin rhyme, thus:

"Cœna brevis, | vel cœna levis, | fit raro molesta,
Magna nocet, | medicina docet, | res est manifesta, &c.

See also Fauchet (l. i. c. 7.) and Maffei (Journal Italien, t. i.) "On ne peut nier que la rime ne tire son origine des vers

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time when the earliest Provençal writers attempted to rhyme in their own tongue.

This is the opinion of Crescimbeni (Istor. della Poesia, l. i. p. 13), and it will appear very natural, if we consider the near affinity of the Latin and Provençal tongues; and that they were accustomed to Latin rhymes in their books of religion, epitaphs, inscriptions, and other compositions of the learned in those days. Besides that in many old Provençal poems the rhyme not only appears at the end, but in the* middle of a verse, which manner

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rimés et Leonins de la basse Latinité, connus uniquement dans des siecles barbares."

* Latin rhymes, as it may be well imagined, were nothing the less esteemed when people began to rhyme in their own tongue; indeed they flourished most when the Provençal poetry was in its dawn. In the year 1154 lived Leonius, a Canon of St. Benedict at Paris, and afterwards a religious of St. Victor, who, for the age he lived in, wrote Latin verse in the regular way not contemptibly, as appears both in his elegies and in his heroics on sacred subjects; but he too gives in to the taste of those times, and writes epistles in rhyme to Pope Adrian the Fourth and Alexander the Third, which begin,

"Papa, meas, Adriane, preces, si postulo *dig*na,
Suscipe tam vultu placido, quam mente be*nign*â," &c.

And,

"Summe Parens hominum, Christi devote Mi*nis*ter,
Pastorum pastor, præceptorumque Ma*gis*ter," &c.

and upon such verses as these (it seems) he built his reputation; so that they have ever since borne the name of Leonine verses; and the *rime riche* (or double rhyme), even in French

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was often imitated by the old Italians, Rinaldo d'Aquino, Dante da Majano, Guido Cavalcanti, and others, and is known by the name of "*Rima alla Provenzale*" (See Crescimbeni, Comentarj, vol. i. l. 2, c. 19, p. 178); and that this was the manner of the Latin rhymers is plain from the Schola Salernitana, the Epitaph of Roger, Duke of Sicily, in 1101;

> Linquens terrenas | migravit dux ad amœnas
> Rogerius sedes, | nam cœli detinet ædes:

and the poem De Contemptu Mundi, written by

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verses, was of old called *ryme Leonine*, or *Leonime*. The ancient Fabliau des trois Dames has these lines:

> "Ma peine mettray, et m'entente,
> A conter un fabliau par ryme
> Sans coulour, et sans *Leonime*," &c.

So that the rhyme-female was not looked upon as a rhyme of two syllables. An old book, printed in 1493, intitled, "L'Art et Science de Rhetorique pour faire Rhymes et Ballades," says, "Ryme Leonisme est, quand deux dictions sont semblables et de pareille consonance en syllabes, comme au chapitre de jalousie, de Jean de Meung:

> "Preude femmes, par St. Denis,
> Autant est, que de Fenis," &c.

But the word *Leonimetés* was more particularly applied (it seems) to such rhymes as run uninterrupted for many lines together; for the Life of St. Christina, written about the year 1300, after rhyming in couplets throughout, finishes with these lines:

> "Seigneurs, qui en vos livres par maistrie metez
> Equivocations et *leonismetés*,
> Si je tel ne puis faire, ne deprisiez mon livre,

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Benard, a monk of Cluny, about 1125, in this measure:

> Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigil*e*mus:
> Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille Sup*re*mus! &c.
> Fauchet, l. i. c. 7.

Observe, that, if the date of this poem be true, the general opinion, that the Leonine verse owes its name to Leonius, seems to be false; for Benard, in a preface prefixed to his own work, calls his own measure "genus metricum, dactylum continuum, exceptis finalibus, trochæo vel spondæo, tum etiam sonoritatem *Leoninicam* servans:" and he mentions Hildebert de Laverdin, Bishop of Mans and afterwards of Tours, and Wichard, a Canon of Lyons, as having written a few things in this measure before him. It is not therefore very likely, as Leonius flourished in 1154, that he should give name to such Latin verses upwards of thirty years before. Indeed some people have thought that it was called after Leo, probably the Second, who lived in 684, a pope who is said to have reformed the hymns and the music of the church. (See Fauchet, l. i. c. 16.)

> Car qui a trouver n'a soubtil cuer et delivre,
> Et *leonismeté* veult par tout a consuivre
> Moult souvent entrelest, ce qu'il devoit en suivre."

(See Fauchet, l. i. c. 8, and Pasquier, l. vii. c. 2. Menage Dictionnaire Etymol. v. Leonins. Jul. Scaliger Poetice. Naude Mascurat, p. 332.)

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What makes it still more probable that the ancient verses in Latin rhyme might give rise to the Provençal and Italian poetry is that mixture of different languages which appears in some old compositions, namely, the canzone of Rambald de Vacheres (before the year 1226) in five several tongues, the Provençal, Tuscan, French, Gascon, and Spanish; the strange rhymes of Ubaldino the Florentine; the canzone of Dante, which begins,

Provenç.	Ahi, faulx ris, qe trai haves
Lat.	Oculos meos! et quid tibi feci?
Ital.	Che fatto m' hai così spietata fraude, &c.*

and the great work, or La Divina Comedia, of the same poet.

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* (V. le Opere di Dante, 8vo. vol. iv. p. 300, della bella ed utilissima edizione in Londra 1809, dell' erudito Sig. ZOTTI, benemerito della Letteratura Toscana per le sue edizioni del Petrarca, del Tasso, &c. con note e spiegazioni, pel comodo e vantaggio de' studiosi ed anche de' dotti.

MATHIAS.)

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SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE USE OF RHYME.*

THE oldest instance which we have of RHYME IN OUR TONGUE (if it be genuine) is that Tenure of the manor of Cholmer and Dancing, preserved in the Exchequer Rolls de anno 17 Edw. 2di, (at which time I suppose it was lodged there,) being the Grant of Edward the Confessor to Randolph Paperking. It begins:

"Iche, Edward Konyng,
Have ġeven of my forest the keeping
Of the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing
To Randolph Paperking, and his kindling.
With heort and hynd, doe and bocke,
Hare and fox, cat and brocke,
Wilde fowell, with his flocke,
Partridge, Fesaunt-hen, and Fesaunt-cocke,
With grene and wild stob and stocke,
To kepen and to yemen by all her might," &c.

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* (If any apology could be conceived to be necessary for the minuteness of these discussions by Mr. Gray, we might adapt the words of the primal poet of Italy to such laborious and happy investigations:

"Senti ben *la virtù di quella corda*
Che ciò che scocca drizza in segno lieto:
E vero, che la forma non s' accorda
Molte fiate all' intention dell' arte,
Poichè a risponder la materia è sorda."
Dante, Parad. c. i. v. 125.—MATHIAS.)

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That King began his reign in 1043, and this grant must have been made before 1051, when Earl Godwyn rebelled; for Swein, the eldest son of Godwyn, and brother to Edward's wife, is named as a witness to it. From that time he was in arms against the King till he went to the Holy Land, whence he never returned. It is to be observed that he is here called *Swein of Essex* (See Camden); yet in reality not he, but his brother Harold, was Earl of that county and East Anglia: which is a circumstance that may give cause to suspect the antiquity of this rhyming donation.

There is another of the same sort preserved by Stow in his Chronicle, and transcribed more perfectly by Blount (in his Ancient Tenures, p. 102) from a manuscript belonging to Robert Glover in Com. Salop:

"To the heyrs male of the Hopton lawfully begotten," &c.

There is also a poetical History of Great Britain extant, about the age of Henry the Third, written in Saxon verse without rhyme: it begins thus:

A preost wes in leoden
(*A priest was in the people*)
Lazamon wes ihoten
(*Lazamon was hight*)
Lithe him beo drihten
(*Gentle to him be the Lord!*) &c.

And another in like measure, as old as Henry the Second or Richard the First, on King Alfred, as follows:

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At Sifforde* seten
(*At Stifford sate*)
Theines manie
(*Thanes many*)
Fele † biscopes
(*Many bishops*)
Fele bok-lered
(*Many book-learned*)
Erles prude
(*Earls proud*)
Cnihtes egelechet‡
(*Knights awful*)
Ther was Erl Alfric
(*There was Earl Alfric*)
Of the lage swuthe wis
(*Of the law very wise*)
Ec Alfrede Engle hirde
(*Eke Alfred England's shepherd*)
Engle dirling
(*England's darling*)
On Engelonde he was king
(*In England he was king*)
Hem he gan laren
(*Them he began to learn*)
Swo he heren mighten
(*So as they hear might*)
Hu hi here lif
(*How they their life*)
Leden scolden
(*Lead should*) &c.

There is a large fragment of this poem printed in T. Spelman's Life of Alfred, fol. Oxon, 1678, p. 96.

In the same manuscript volume, with the first of

* Seaford, near Oxford. † *Fela*, Sax. many.
‡ *Egeslice*, Saxon, *Egesa*, dread, fear.

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these specimens, are preserved "The Contention of the Owl and Nightingale," in rhyming verse of seven syllables, and "The Poem on Death," &c. in octosyllabic rhyme.

Ich was in one sumere dale
(*I was in a summer dale*)
In one snwe* digele † hale
(*In a hollow secret hole*)
I herde ich holde grete tale
(*Heard I hold great talk*)
An hule and one nightingale
(*An owl and a nightingale*)
That plait was stif and stare‡ and strong
(*The plea was stiff, and tight and strong*)
Sum wile soft and lud among
(*Some while soft and loud among*)
And other agen other sval §
(*And either against other raged*)
And let that whole mod ‖ ut al
(*And let what would their anger out al*)
And either seide of otheres cust
(*And either said at the others cost*)
That alere worste that hi wuste¶
(*All that ever worst they thought*)
And hure** and hure of othere song
(*And whore and whore each of the other sung*)
Hi holde plaidung suthe stronge
(*They hold pleading very strong*) &c.

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* Perhaps from *snidan*, to hew and hollow out.

† *Digel*, Saxon, secret.

‡ I imagine it should be *starc:* Saxon, stiff and hard; by a metaphor, inflexible and obstinate.

§ *Swælan*, Saxon, to kindle, to burn.

‖ *Mod*, Saxon, mood, spirit.

¶ *Wis, Gewis*, Saxon, knowing, prudent.

** *Hure*, Saxon, a whore, from *hyran*, to hire.

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ON DEATH, ETC.

Non mai longe lives wene,*
(*None may long lives ween*)
Ac ofte him lieth the wrench†
(*But oft for him lieth the snare*)
Fair wether turneth oft into reine
(*Fair weather turneth oft into rain*)
And wunderliche hit maketh his blench
( )
Tharfore, man, thu the biwench ;‡
(*Therefore, Man, thou thee beware:*)
Al shal falewi § the grene
(*All shall fade away thy green*)
Weilawai nis kin ne quene
(*Wellaway there is nor king nor queen*)
That ne scal drinche of deathes drench
(*That shall not drink of Death's drench*)
Mon er thu falle of thi bench
(*Man ere thou fall off thy bench*)
Thine Sun thu aquench‖
(*Thy Sun thou quench*) &c.

See also Pope Adrian the Fourth's Paraphrase of the Pater-noster, sent to Henry the Second, King of England (in Camden's Remains), and the Poetical Version of the Psalms (of Edward the Second's time) cited by Selden in his Titles of Honour, p. i. c. 3. The same may be seen in Weever's Funeral Monuments, p. 152; see also Scotch rhyme on Edward the First, and the an-

* *Wenan*, Saxon, to suppose.
† *Wrence*, Saxon, a trap or wile.
‡ Perhaps from *Bewerigan*, Saxon, to beware.
§ *Falewe*, Saxon, a yellow colour.
‖ *Acwencan*, Saxon, to quench.

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swer (ibid. p. 458); Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle.

Note.—It appears from a story told by Ekkehardus junior, a monk of St. Gall, in his history of that monastery, that early in the *tenth* century the children who were educated there were taught to make Latin rhymes without regard to quantity and metre, and also verses strictly metrical in the same tongue. Ekkehardus says, that when Solomon Bishop of Constance, a little before his death, came into their school, the boys addressed him in both these manners: "Parvuli Latinè *pro nosse* (perhaps, *prosaicè*), medii rhythmicè, cæteri vero metricè, quasi pro rostris rhetoricè etiam affantur; quorum duorum (quoniam a patribus verba recepimus) unus inquit,

> Quid tibi fecimus *tale*, | ut nobis facias *male*?
> Appellamus *regem*, | quia nostram fecimus *legem*:

at alter versificator inquit,

> Non nobis pia *spes* | fuerat, cum sis novus hospes,
> Ut vetus in pejus | transvertere tute velis *jus*:"

this prelate died in the year 919.

As to those rhyming epitaphs of Ethelbert, King of Kent, Laurentius the second Archbishop of Canterbury, &c. said by Weever (p. 241 and 246) to be inscribed on their monuments, in the church of St. Austin's at Canterbury, they would carry back the date of Latin rhyme as far as the beginning of the seventh century, in England, but I suspect

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they are of a later date, written perhaps in the time of Abbot Scotland, soon after the Conquest; who, I find, rebuilt a great part of the church, and removed many of the ancient kings and abbots from the place in which they were first interred into the choir, where he erected princely monuments over them. (Weever, p. 253.)

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From an Article entitled "CAMBRI" *the following Remarks are selected as relating to the Subject of* RHYME.

ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS AND CONJECTURES ON RHYME.

IN the most ancient of the British poets and others, it appears that the *Cambri*, or Welch, originally called themselves *Prydhain*, and their country Inis Prydhain, the Isle of Britain. The inhabitants of Wales removing their cattle and habitations from place to place, (which is still practised in some mountainous parts, and was so universally in former ages,) after the custom was disused in England, were called Wallenses, from *Walen*, a word synonymous to that of Normades. (See Carte's Hist. vol. i. p. 5, and p. 108.)

The Druidical compositions, which served as a model to Taliessin, Llywark, and others of the most ancient and best of the British poets, whose works are preserved, and have since served for the foundation of that excellent prosodia which they have in the Welch grammar, and which is perhaps the finest that any language affords, were admirably contrived for assisting the memory. They were

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all adapted to music, every word being harmonious, the strongest and most expressive repeated in a beautiful manner, and all of them ranged in an order established by rules well known and universally received in such compositions; each verse so connected with, and dependent on, those which either preceded or followed it, that, if any one line in a stanza be remembered, all the rest must of course be called to mind, and it is almost impracticable to forget or to mistake in any. "The British poetry, as well as the language, hath a peculiarity which no other language perhaps in the world hath; so that the British poets in all ages, and to this day, call their art *Cyfrinach y Beirdd*, or 'The Secret of the Poets.' Knowing this art of the poets, it is impossible that any one word of the language, which is to be found in poetry, should be pronounced in any other manner than is there used; so that, without a transformation of the whole language, not one word could be altered."

These are the words of a very judicious antiquary, Mr. Lewis Morris, perfectly well versed in the ancient British poets. He adds, though at first sight it may be naturally thought that their poetry is clogged with so many rules, that it is impossible to write a poem of common sense in the language, yet the vast number of flexions of consonants in it, and the variations of declensions, &c. make it almost as copious as four or five languages added together;

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and consequently a poet in the Cambrian language, notwithstanding the strictness of his rules, hath as great a scope and use of words as in any other tongue whatsoever, as will appear from a perusal of the British poets. (Ibid. p. 33.)

This "*Secret of the Poets*" is explained to us at large by Dr. David ap Rhys (or Rhœsus) in his "Linguæ Cambro-Britannicæ Institutiones," p. 146, Lond. 1592, 4to. They had nine different measures from verses of three to those of eleven syllables, each distinguished by its proper appellation. Some of them have been from a very remote antiquity common among us in the English tongue, and not improbably might have been borrowed from the Britons, as I am apt to believe that the use of rhyme itself was. I was once, I own, of Crescimbeni's opinion, that it was derived from the Roman Church in its hymns, and thence passed to the people of Provence. But if we consider that, some few slight traces of rhyme among the Romans excepted, there is nothing of their hymns, or sequentiæ, written in that manner earlier than the time of Pope Gregory the Great in the end of the sixth century; and at the same time that it was regularly and very artificially practised among the Britons in a variety of measures, and these too of a peculiar contrivance, and (as men of letters acquainted with the language assured us) full of poetical spirit and enthusiasm: if we consider also how well adapted the division and rhyme of their

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poetry is to assist the memory, and that the British Druids (once the priesthood of the nation) delivered all the precepts of their doctrine in verse, which never was to be committed to writing; we may easily enough be induced to believe that these bards of the sixth century practised an art which they had received by tradition from the times of the Druids, and, though the precepts of their superstition had been laid aside and forgotten at the introduction of Christianity, yet the traces of their harmony did remain.

That the Saxons, who had no rhyme among them, might borrow both that and some of the measures still in use from their neighbours the Britons, seems probable to me, though at what time they did it is very uncertain. For above one hundred and fifty years after the Saxon invasion the two nations had no other commerce than in the rough intercourse of war, and seemed to breathe nothing but inextinguishable hatred and mutual defiance. But Christianity (it is likely) something softened their spirits, and brought the Britons to regard their bitter enemies, who were now no longer pagans, as their brethren and their fellow-creatures.

If any one ask, why (supposing us to have first borrowed our rhyme from the Britons) no memorial of it is left in England earlier than the Conquest, nay, perhaps than Henry the Second's reign, which is about four hundred and fifty years after

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our connection with the Welch; I answer, the fact is not certainly true; for there are some few rhymes recorded as old as the beginning of the tenth century, witness Athelstan's donation to Beverley Minster; and, in the succeeding century, the freedom of Coventry granted to Earl Leofric, and the Tenure of Cholmer and Dancing in Essex, attributed to Edward the Confessor. But if these should be only the fictions of after-ages, can any one tell me why the Franks, who, as we know, wrote rhyme in their own* tongue in the ninth century, should have nothing to produce of rhyme in the French or Provençal language till almost two hundred and fifty years afterwards? Why have they no monument at all, preserved in their ancient tongue, of the Gothic poetry, though for so many years they bordered on the Anglo-Saxons in Germany who practised it, a people of like origin and manners, and who probably spoke the same tongue? Why have these Saxons them-

* As we have no reason to imagine that the Gothic nations of the north made any use of rhyme in their versification, and as the Franks appear to be the first who practised it (three hundred and fifty years after they conquered Gaul), it seems highly probable that they borrowed it from the natives of this country, to whom it must have been familiar at least three hundred years before. For, as we know that the Britons had it so early, who spoke the same tongue with the Gauls, and delivered to them the precepts of their religion and philosophy in verse, these latter could not possibly be ignorant of their poetry, which they imitated in their own country. Nor is it

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selves, for above three hundred years after they landed in this island, no verses of this sort remaining, but a small fragment of Cædmon, preserved in a book of King Alfred's? Why have the Normans nothing at all of this kind extant among them after their arrival in France? Who can account for the caprice of time, and shew why one monument has, and another has not, escaped the wreck of ages? Perhaps rhyme might begin among the common people, and be applied only to the meaner species of poetry, adages, songs, and vulgar histories, passing by tradition from one to another; while the clergy and others, who possessed what literature there was in the nation, either wrote in the Latin tongue, or in the measures peculiar to their country and language, which by a very natural prejudice they would prefer to those of a conquered people, especially as poesy had been cultivated among them, and in the highest esteem for ages past; and their *Scalds* were as

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probable that the government of the Romans had obliterated all traces of their ancient arts and learning in the minds of the Gauls, since it had not made them forget their ancient language. It is plain, that in the fifth century the Arverni still spoke the Celtic tongue, from a letter of Sidonius Apollinaris (l. iii. ep. 3), and that it was still understood in the ninth century, appears from the life of St. Germain, written in the reign of Charles the Bald, by Heric, a monk of Auxerre, wherein he interprets the names of several cities in Gaul. (See Mémoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions, vol. xx. p. 43 and 44.)

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necessary in their armies, and in the courts of their princes, as either Druid or bard among the Britons. After the Normans came over, and had introduced so much of the French (or Roman) tongue among us, rhyme must of course grow prevalent and familiar in England, especially when Henry the Second (himself an Angevin, and educated in France) had married the heiress of Aquitaine, where the Provençal school first began about fifty years before, and was at that time in the highest reputation.*

* (The reader will probably regret that the disquisitions on the subject of metre and rhythmus are here closed; but the Editor has great pleasure in being able to present him with a few Remarks on the poet Lydgate by MR. GRAY, some of which are curious, profound, and philosophic, and in *his* best manner. There can be no greater commendation of them.

For more copious information concerning Lydgate, see Warton's History of English Poetry, 4to. vol. ii. p. 51 to 100.—MATHIAS.)

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SOME REMARKS ON THE POEMS OF JOHN LYDGATE.

JOHN LYDGATE was born at a place of that name in Suffolk, about the year 1370.

> I followed after, fordulled for rudenèss,
> More than three scorè yerès set my date.
> Lustè of youth, passed his freshènesse,
> Colours of rhetorike, to help me translate,
> Were faded away; I was born in Lydgate
> Where Bacchus' licour doth ful scarsely flete,
> My dry soul for to dewè and to wete.
>
> Prologue to Book viii. by Bochas on the Fall of Princes.

This work, he tells us, was begun while Henry the Sixth was in France, where that King never was but when he went to be crowned at Paris in 1432, so that if Lydgate were then upwards of threescore, he must have been born at the time I have assigned; and Tanner says that he was ordained a deacon in 1393, which is usually done in the twenty-third year of a man's age. He was a monk of the Benedictine order at St. Edmund's Bury, and in 1423 was elected prior of Hatfield-Brodhook, but the following year had license to return to his convent again. His condition, one

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would imagine, should have supplied him with the necessaries of life, yet he more than once complains to his great patron the protector, Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, of his wants, and he shews, particularly in the passage above, that he did not dislike a little more wine than the convent allowed him.

After enumerating the principal English poets who lived before him, whose merit he does not pretend to equal, he says,

> But I, who stand low downè in the vale,
> So grete a booke in Englyshe to translate,
> Did it by constrainte, and no presumption,
> Born in a village, which is called Lydgate
> By oldè time a famous castel towne,
> In Danès time it was beatè down,
> Time what St. Edmund's martir, maid and king,
> Was slaine at Oxford, récorde of writing, &c.
>
> Epilogue.

There are a few other things in this work of Lydgate's which have no connection with his merit as a poet, but are curious as they relate to the history and manners of the times in which he lived. Thus in book viii. c. 24, we see that wine was still made in England in Henry the Sixth's reign, and that Hampshire was famous for it; so that the reason assigned for neglecting the culture of vines, I mean, that we could have so much better wines from our French dominions, is not true; and indeed a few years after this we lost all our conquests and territories in that country.

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* London hath shippis by the sea to saile,
Bacchus at Winchester greatly doth availe,
Worcester with fruits aboundeth at the full,
Hertford with beastis, Cotiswold with wooll.
Bath hath hot bathes holesome for medicine,
Yorke mighty timber for great ávauntage,
Cornĕwall miners in to mine,—
And Salisbury has beastès full savâge,
Wheate meale and hony plentie for every age:
Kent and Canterbury hath great commoditie,
Of sondrie fishes there taken in the sea.

We may remark, too, the notion then current in Britain, that King Arthur was not dead, but translated to Fairy-Land, and should come again to restore the Round Table:

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* It may be worth while to compare this passage with a similar one in Robert of Gloucester, who wrote (near two hundred years before) in the days of Henry the Third.

In the country of Canterbury most plenty of fish is,
And most chase of wild beasts about Salisbury, I wis,
And London ships most, and wine at Winchester,
At Hartford sheepe and oxe, and fruit at Worcester,
Soape about Coventry, and iron at Glocester,
Metall, lead, and tinne in the countie of Exeter,
Everwicket of fairest wood, Lincolne‡ of fairest men,
Cambridge and Huntingdon most plentie of deep venne,
Elie of fairest place, of fairest sight Rochester, &c.
(In Camden's Remains, p. 8.)

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† *Eboracum*, York.
‡ Testis Lincolnie, gens infinita decore,
Testis Ely formosa situ, Roucestria visu.
(Liber Costumorum.)

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This errour* abideth yet among Britons,
Which founded is upon the prophesie
Of old Merlin, like their opinion;
He as a king is crowned in faërie,
With scepter and sworde, and with his regalie
Shall resort as lord and soveraine
Out of faërie, and reigne in Britaine, &c.

B. viii. c. 24.

And we may remark also the opinion, then prevailing, that a decisive victory was a certain proof of the justice of the conqueror's cause, which was but natural among a people which for ages had been taught to refer even civil causes to a decision by combat.

It seems that Lydgate was little acquainted with the Latin tongue, whatever he might be with the Italian and French, in which Bishop Tanner says he was well skilled, having travelled in both those countries; for he says himself,

I never was acquaintedde with Virgìle,
Nor with the sugared ditties of Homère,
Nor Dares Phrygius withe his goldenne stile,
Nor with Ovide in poetry most entère,
Nor with the sovereign ballades of Chaucère,
Which, amonge all that ever were redde or sunge,
Excelled all other in our Englishe tungue.
I cannot ben a judge in this mattère,
As I conceive, following my fantaisie;

* Peter of Blois, who lived in 1170, says ironically, in his Epistles, 57.

Quibus si credideris,
Expectare poteris
Arturum cum Britonibus.

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In moral matter notable was Gowère,
And so was Strode* in his philosophie,
In perfite living, which passith poesie,
Richard Hermite, contemplatif of sentence.
Drough in Englishe, *the Pricke of Conscience.*
As the gold-crested brighte summer-sunne
Passith other starres with his bemès cleare,
And as Lucina chases setès downe
The frostie nights when Hesperus doth appere,
Righte soe my master haddè never peere,
I mean Chaucère in stories, that he tolde,
And he also wrote tragedies olde.

But this perhaps† is only an affectation of great humility and modesty, which was common to all these ancient writers; for however little he might be *acquainted* with Homer and Virgil, it is certain that he was very much so with Chaucer's compositions, whom he calls his master, and who (as I imagine) was so in a literal sense. It is certain that Lydgate was full thirty years of age when

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* (Chaucer mentions these two writers with the same species of commendation:

"Oh moralle Gowere, this bokè I directe
To thee, and to the philosophicke Strode."
Troilus and Cresseide, book v. v. 1855.
MATHIAS.)

† So in Machabrées Daunce of Death, paraphrased from the French, he says:

Have me excused, my name is John Lydgate,
Rude of languàge; I was not born in France,
Her curious metres in Englishe to translate:
Of other tongue I have noe suffisaunce.

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Chaucer* died. But whatever his skill were in the learned languages, it is sure that he has not taken his "Fall of Princes" from the original Latin† prose of Boccaccio, but from a French translation of it by one Laurence, as he tells us himself in the beginning of his work. It was indeed rather a paraphrase than a translation, for he took the liberty of making several additions, and of reciting more at large many histories, which Boccaccio had slightly passed over:

"And he‡ sayeth eke, that his entencyon
Is to amend, correcten, and declare,
Not to condemne of no presumpcyon,
But to supportè plainly and to spare
Thing touched shortly of the storie bare,
Under a stile briefe and compendious,
Them to prolong when they be virtuous.
For a storye which is not plainly tolde,
But constreyned under wordes few,
For lacke of truth, wher they ben new or olde,
Men by reporte cannot the matter shewe:
These oakès greatè be not down yhewe

* See Lydgate's Life of the Virgin Mary, cap. xxxiv. and in "the Pylgrimage of the Soul," printed by Caxton, 1483, c. xxxiv. which is the same, and seems to shew this latter translation to be Lydgate's also

† Boccaccius de Casibus Illustrium Virorum is (like the rest of his Latin works and those of his master Petrarch) now little read or esteemed by any body; it is written in a kind of poetical prose; the parties concerned are introduced as passing in review before him, as in a vision, and recounting their own catastrophe, and it is interspersed with the author's moral reflections upon each of their histories.

‡ i. e. Laurence.

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> First a stroke, but by a *long processe*,
> Nor long stories a word may not expresse."

These "*long processes*" indeed suited wonderfully with the attention and simple curiosity of the age in which Lydgate lived. Many *a stroke* have he and the best of his contemporaries spent upon a *sturdy old story*, till they had blunted their own edge and that of their readers; at least a modern reader will find it so: but it is a folly to judge of the understanding and of the patience of those times by our own. They loved, I will not say tediousness, but length and a train of circumstances in a narration. The vulgar do so still: it gives an air of reality to facts, it fixes the attention, raises and keeps in suspense their expectation, and supplies the defects of their little and lifeless imagination; and it keeps pace with the slow motion of their own thoughts. Tell them a story as you would tell it to a man of wit, it will appear to them as an object seen in the night by a flash of lightning; but when you have placed it in various lights and in various positions, they will come at last to see and feel it as well as others. But we need not confine ourselves to the vulgar, and to understandings beneath our own. *Circumstance* ever was, and ever will be, the life and the essence both of oratory and of poetry. It has in some sort the same effect upon every mind that it has upon that of the populace; and I fear the quickness and delicate impatience of these polished

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times, in which we live, are but the forerunners of the decline of all those beautiful arts which depend upon the imagination.

Whether these apprehensions are well or ill grounded, it is sufficient for me that Homer, the father of *circumstance*, has occasion for the same apology which I am making for Lydgate and for his predecessors. Not that I pretend to make any more comparison between his beauties and theirs, than I do between the different languages in which they wrote. Ours was indeed barbarous enough at that time, the orthography unsettled, the syntax very deficient and confused, the metre* and the

* I am inclined to think (whatever Mr. Dryden says in the preface to his Tales) that their metre, at least in serious measures and in heroic stanzas, was uniform; not indeed to the eye, but to the ear, *when rightly pronounced.* We undoubtedly destroy a great part of the music of their versification by laying the accent of words, where nobody *then* laid it; for example, in the lines cited above, if we pronounce entēncion, presūmpcion, compēndious, vērtuous, prōcesse, &c. in the manner in which we do in our own age, it is neither verse nor rhyme; but Lydgate and his contemporaries undoubtedly said, entenciōn, compendioūs, procēsse, &c. as the French (from whom those words were borrowed) do at this day, *intentiōn, compendieūx, procès.*

We may every day see instances of this: the better sort of people affect to introduce many words from that language, some of which retain their original accent for many years, such as *fracās, eclāt, ennūi*, &c.: others, by coming more into vulgar use, lose it and assume the English accent, as rīdicule, rāillery, éclāircissement, advērtisement, hāutgout, &c. Another peculiarity in the old pronunciation was that of liquefying

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number of syllables left to the ear alone; and yet, with all its rudeness, our tongue had then acquired an energy and a plenty by the adoption of a variety of words borrowed from the French, the Provençal, and the Italian, about the middle of the fourteenth century, which at this day our best writers seem to miss and to regret; for many of them have gradually dropped into disuse, and are only now to be found in the remotest counties of England.

Another thing, which perhaps contributed in a

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two syllables into one, especially where there was a liquid consonant in either of them, as,

"Which among all that *ever* were redde or sunge"—

Or,

"Of right *consid'red* of truth and equitè."

Here undoubtedly "*ever*," in the first line, was pronounced as one syllable, and "*consid'red*," in the second line, as two syllables. We cannot wonder at this, because we do it still; "*memory*, *heavenly*, *every*," &c. naturally of three syllables, are, when spoken, of two only: "*given*, *driven*," &c. which should be of two, are reduced only to one syllable. It is true, that we are uniform in this, and pronounce such words always alike in prose and verse, and we have thrown out the vowel (to the great detriment of our language) in the end of all participles-past, as "awaken'd, bless'd, damag'd, troubl'd," &c. by which they either lose a syllable quite, or (what is worse) that syllable is pronounced, and yet consists of nothing but consonants. The ancients, I imagine, did the same, but not uniformly, either opening or contracting such words to suit the necessities of *their* measure. They also at pleasure united two syllables, where one ended and the other begun with a vowel; as,

"Ĭn pērfĭt līvĭng, whĭch păssĭth poĕsĭe"—

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degree to the making our ancient poets so voluminous, was the great facility of rhyming, which is now grown so difficult; words of two or three syllables, being then newly taken from foreign languages, did still retain their original accent, and that accent (as they were mostly derived from the French) fell, according to the genius of that tongue, upon the last syllable;* which, if it had still continued among us, had been a great advantage to our poetry. Among the Scotch this still

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Or,

"Nor with Ŏvīde, ĭn *pōetrў* mōst ĕntēre—"

Poesie and *poetry* were dissyllables: and this they did even where the syllables were in two different words, as,

"Shall follŏw *a* sprīng-floŏde ōf grăcious plĕntīe."—

The syllables I have marked were melted into one, as well in "follow *a*," as in "gracious." They carried it still further, and cut off a syllable where the accent did not fall upon it, even before a consonant, as,

"Caūse ŏf mў sōrrowe, roōte ŏf mў hēavĭnēsse;"

here "sorrwo" lost its last syllable entirely. These liberties may be justified by our use of the particle "*the*" in verse, which we sometimes sink, and sometimes pronounce distinctly before a vowel; and not many years ago it was frequently cut off even before a consonant.

* Except in words which end with an *e* mute, which being always pronounced in verse by the French, and making a distinct syllable, the accent is laid upon the penultima: in such words our ancestors either pronounced the finishing *e*, or dropped it entirely, as the French themselves do in common conversation. This, I conceive, was one of our poetical licenses.

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continues in many words; for they* say, envȳ, practīse, pensīve, positīve, &c.: but we, in process of time, have accustomed ourselves to throw back all our accents upon the antepenultima, in words of three or more syllables, and of our dissyllables comparatively but a few are left, as despāir, disdāin, repēnt, pretēnd, &c. where the stress is not laid on the penultima. By this mean we are almost reduced to find our rhymes among the monosyllables, in which our tongue too much abounds, a defect which will for ever hinder it from adapting itself well to music, and must be consequently no small impediment to the sweetness and harmony of versification. I have now before me Pope's Ethic Epistles, the first folio edition, which I open at random, and find in two opposite pages (beginning with

"Who but must laugh, the master when he sees," &c.

in the Epistle on Taste to Lord Burlington) in the compass of forty lines only seven words at the end of a verse which are not monosyllables: there is indeed one which is properly a dissyllable, hēavēn, but cruel constraint has obliged our poets to make it but one syllable (as indeed it is in common pronunciation), otherwise it would not have been any single rhyme at all. Thus our too numerous mono-

* In Waller's time only we said commērce, triūmph, &c. with the accent on the last syllable.

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syllables are increased, and consonants crowded together till they can hardly be pronounced at all; a misfortune which has already happened to the second person singular perfect in most of our verbs, such as thou stood'st, gav'st, hurt'st, laugh'dst, uprear'dst, built'st, &c. which can scarcely be borne in prose. Now as to trissyllables, as their accent is very rarely on the last, they cannot properly be any rhymes at all: yet nevertheless I highly commend those who have judiciously and sparingly introduced them as such. DRYDEN, *in whose admirable ear the music of our old versification still sounded*, has frequently done it in his Tales and elsewhere. Pope does it now and then, but seems to avoid it as licentious. If any future Englishman can attain that height of glory to which *these two poets* have risen, let him be less scrupulous, upon reflecting, that to poetry languages owe their first formation, elegance, and purity; that our own, which was naturally rough and barren, borrowed from thence its copiousness and its ornaments; and that the authority of such a poet may perhaps redress many of the abuses which time and ill custom have introduced, the poverty of rhyme, the crowd of monosyllables, the collision of harsh consonants, and the want of picturesque expression, which, I will be bold to say, our language labours under *now* more than it did a hundred years ago.

To return to Lydgate. I do not pretend to set

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him on a level with his master, Chaucer, but he certainly comes the nearest to him of any contemporary writer that I am acquainted with. His choice of expression, and the smoothness of his verse, far surpass both Gower and Occleve. He wanted not art in raising the more tender emotions of the mind, of which I might give several examples. The first is, of that sympathy which we feel for humble piety and contrition: Constantine is introduced making his confession and returning thanks to heaven in sight of the Roman people, after he had been cured of a grievous malady by the water of baptism:

His crown he tooke, and kneeling thus he said,
With wepinge eyen and voice lamentàble,
And for sobbȳnge so as he might abbrayde;
" O blessed Jesu, O Lord most merciàble,
Lettè my teares to thee be acceptàble,
Receive my prayer, my rèquest not refuse,
As man most sinful, I may not me excuse.
" I occupied the state of the emperòur,
Of thy martỳrs I shedde the holye blood,
Sparèd no saintes in my crule erròur,
Them to pursue most furious and woode;
Now blessed Jesu, gracious and most good,
Peysed* and considred mine importàble'† offènce,
I am not worthy to come in thy presènce,
" Nor for to enter into this holy place,
Upon this ground unable for to dwell,
To open my eyen, or lift up my face;
Butte of thy mercy (so thou mee not repell)
As man most sinfull I come unto the welle,

* *Pese*, weighed. † Insupportable.

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Thy welle of grace and merciful pitỳe,
For to be washed of mine iniquity."
This example in open hath he shewed,
His state imperial of mekeness laid aside,
His purple garment with teares all bedewed,
Sworde, nor sceptèrre, ne horse whereon to ride,
There was none seen, nor banners splayed wide,
Of martial triumphs was no token founde,
But, crying mercy, the emperour lay plat on the ground.
The people's gladness was meddled with wepinge,
And theire wepynge was meddled with gladnèss,
To see an emperour and so noble a king,
Of his free choyce to shew soe great mekenèss;
Thus intermeddled was joy and heavyness,
Heavyness far passed oldè vengĕaünce,
With newe rejoising of ghostly repentaunce.

Book viii. fol. 184.

Of the same kind is the prayer of Theodosius before he engaged in battle with Arbogastes (in the same book, fol. 188). A second instance of the pathetic, but in a different way, I shall transcribe from the first book, fol. 39, to shew how far he could enter into the distresses of love and of maternal fondness. Canace, condemned to death by Æolus her father, sends to her guilty brother, Macareus, the last testimony of her unhappy passion:

Out of her swoonè when she did abbraide,
Knowing no mean but death in her distrèsse,
To her brother full piteouslie she said,
"Cause of my sorrowe, roote of my heavinesse,
That whilom were the sourse of my gladnèsse
When both our joyes by wille were so disposed,
Under one key our hearts to be inclosed.
* * * * *

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This is mine end, I may it not astarte;
O brother mine, there is no more to saye;
Lowly beseeching with all mine whole hearte
For to remember specially, I praye,
If it befall my littel sonne to dye,
That thou mayst after some mynd on us have,
Suffer us both be buried in one grave.

I hold him streitly twene my armès twein,
Thou and natùre laidè on me this charge;
He, guiltlesse, mustè with me suffer paine:
And sith thou art at freedome and at large
Let kindness oure love not so discharge,
But have a minde, wherever that thou be,
Once on a day upon my child and me.

On thee and me dependeth the trespàce,
Touching our guilt and our great offence,
But, welaway! most àngelik of face
Our childè, young in his pure innocence,
Shall agayn right suffer death's violence,
Tender of limbes, God wote, full guiltèless,
The goodly faire, that lieth here speechlèss.

A mouth he has, but wordis hath he none;
Cannot complaine, alas! for none outràge,
Nor grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visàge.
What heart of stele could do to him damàge,
Or suffer him dye, beholding the manere
And looke benigne of his tweine eyen clere?

B. i. fol. 39.

I stop here, not because there are not great beauties in the remainder of this epistle, but because Lydgate, in the three last stanzas of this extract, has touched the very heart-strings of compassion with so masterly a hand, as to merit a place among the greatest poets. The learned reader will see the resemblance they bear to one

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of the most admirable remnants of all antiquity, I mean the fragment of Simonides (unhappily it is but a fragment) preserved to us by Dionysius Halicarnassensis; and yet, I believe, that no one will imagine that Lydgate had ever seen or heard of it. As to Ovid, from whom Boccaccio might borrow many of his ideas in this story, it will be easily seen, upon comparison, how far our poet has surpassed him. He finishes his narration in this manner:

Writing her letter, awhapped all in drede,
In her right hand her penne ygan to quake,
And a sharp sword to make her hearte blede,
In her left hand her father hath her take,
And most her sorrowe was for her childes sake,
Upon whose face in her barme sleepynge
Full many a tere she wept in cōmplaynyng.
After all this, so as she stoode and quoke,
Her child beholding mid of her peines smart,
Without abode the sharpe sword she tooke,
And rove herselfe even to the hearte;
Her child fell down, which mighte not astert,
Having no help to succour him, nor save,
But in her blood the selfe began to bathe.

B. i. fol. 39.

A third kind of pathos arises from magnanimity in distress, which, managed by a skilful hand, will touch us even where we detest the character which suffers. Of this, too, I shall produce an example in Olympias, the mother of Alexander, betrayed into the hands of the perfidious Cassander. It begins:

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His faith was laidè that time for hostàge—

And for five stanzas following.

And his reflections, after this, upon the fortitude of so cruel and imperious a woman, shew something of penetration and insight into the human heart:

But froward rancour and wode melancholie
Gave her a sprite of feignèd patience,
A false pretence of high magnificence;
A scauncè she had been in virtue stronge,
For truthe to have endurèdde every wrong.
Contrarious force made her dispiteous
Stronge in her errour to endure her payne,
Of obstinate heart she was, fell and yròus,
In death's constreintè list not to complaine:
Counterfeit suffrance made her for to feigne,
Nothing of virtue plainly to termìne,
Nor of no manners that be feminine.

B. iv. fol. 114.

Of the same kind are his description of Mithridates surrounded by the troops of Pompey in Armenia (B. vi. fol. 153), the Speech of Regulus to the Senate (B. v.), and that of Lucrece to her husband and father determining on death (B. ii. fol. 48), and the same story repeated, for he has told it twice in a different manner (B. iii. fol. 74).

It is observable that in images of horror, and in a certain terrible greatness, our author comes far behind Chaucer. Whether they were not suited to the genius or to the temper of Lydgate, I do not determine; but it is certain that, though they naturally seemed to present themselves, he has

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almost generally chosen to avoid them: yet is there frequently a stiller kind of majesty both in his thought and expression, which makes one of his principal beauties. The following instance of it (I think) approaches even to sublimity:

> God hath a thousand handès to chastỳse,
> A thousand dartès of punìcĭon,
> A thousand bowès made in uucouthe wyse,
> A thousand arblastes bent in his doungeon,*
> Ordeind each one for castigacĭon;
> But where he fyndes mekeness and repentaùnce,
> Mercy is mystresse of his ordinaunce.
>
> B. i. fol. 6.

There is also a particular elegance in his grave and sententious reflections, which makes a distinguishing part of his character: of this I shall give some examples out of a multitude. B. i. f. 6, &c. on pride; on literature, in the prologue to the fourth book; and on contented poverty (B. i. f. 34); and on the vices of persons meanly born, when raised to power (B. iv. f. 118); but examples of this kind are too many and too prolix for me to transcribe. I shall refer, however, also to those verses which recommend gentleness and mercy to women (f. 115); on the mischiefs of flattery (f. 44); on ingratitude (f. 139); on patience (f. 211); on avarice (f. 93); on the duties of a king (f. 190);

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* *Doungeon* is a castle or palace: so in B. viii. c. 24, he calls heaven "the riche sterry bright doungeon."

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and the allegorical combat between fortune and glad poverty (f. 69).

Lydgate seems to have been by nature of a more serious and melancholy turn of mind than Chaucer; yet one here and there meets with a stroke of satire and irony which does not want humour, and it usually falls (as was the custom of those times) either upon the women or on the clergy. As the religious were the principal scholars of these ages, they probably gave the tone in writing or in wit to the rest of the nation. The celibacy imposed on them by the church had soured their temper, and naturally disposed them (as is observed of old bachelors in our days) to make the weaknesses of the other sex their theme; and though every one had a profound respect for his own particular order, yet the feuds and bickerings between one order and another were perpetual and irreconcileable. These possibly were the causes which directed the satire of our old writers principally to those two objects. On the first may be produced the passage (B. i. f. 26),

But Bochas here, &c.

for three stanzas.

In the dispute between Brunichilde, Queen of France, and Boccaccio, he is more direct and explicit:

Soothely, quoth he, this is the condicion,
Of you women, almostè every where, &c.

(B. ix. f. 198), and so for three stanzas: and

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surely his reflections on Orpheus, when he had lost Eurydice, are neither deficient in spirit nor in expression (B. i. f. 32):

> If some husbands had stonden in the case
> To have lost their wives for a looke sodeine, &c.

and for five stanzas.

This kind of satire will, I know, appear to modern men of taste a little stale and unfashionable; but our reflections should go deeper, and lead us to consider the fading and transitory nature of wit in general. I have above attempted to shew the source whence the two prevailing subjects of our ancestors' severity were derived: let us also observe their different success and duration from those times to our own.

The first, I mean the frailties of women, are now become the favourite theme of conversation among country-gentlemen, fellows of colleges, and the lower clergy. Upon these (if we attend to it) commonly turns the archness and pleasantry of farmers, peasants, and the meanest of the people; for to them it is that modes of wit, as well as of dress and manner, gradually descend; and there (as they came to them by a very slow and insensible progress) from a peculiar sullenness and aversion in their nature to everything which seems new; so, when they are once established, do they continue and obstinately adhere for ages; for, as it has been said of justice, it is in the country that

> *Fashion* lingers, ere she leaves the land.

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Go but into some county at a distance from the capital; observe their table, their furniture, their habits; and be sure that there was a time (which a person of curiosity in the original and antiquity of national customs may frequently discover) when those meats with which they serve you, and those moveables which they use, were delicacies and conveniences of life, only seen in the houses of people of high distinction; and when those forms of dress, at which you now laugh, were newly imported or invented by some "ruffling gallant," or by some lofty dame of honour in the court of Elizabeth, perhaps, or, at latest, of Charles the Second. In the same manner, in their expressions of civility and compliment, and in their turn of reflection, their stories and their jokes all savour of a former age, and once belonged to the most polished and gayest people of our nation. Sometimes they were originally ridiculous and absurd, sometimes far more proper and more sensible than what has been since introduced in their room; and here it is only the misapplication of them, and somewhat of awkwardness which they may have contracted in the country, that can with justice make them objects of ridicule.

That general satire upon the female sex, of which I am speaking, is now banished from good company; for which there may be several reasons given. Celibacy is no more enjoined to our clergy, and as knowledge and writing diffused themselves

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among the body of the people, the clergy grew no longer to be the leaders of their taste and humour; and lastly, we have (as in most things) adopted in some measure that extreme politeness and respect which the French *pretend* to shew to their women. The case is nearly the same in that nation as in this, in one point; the clergy have less influence there than in any other catholic country, and, as erudition has spread among the laity, they are no more the models of wit and good sense to their countrymen. Their old *Fabliaux* and *Romans* were just as severe upon the women, and in the same way, as ours; and just so that humour has imperceptibly worn out with them. Yet we need but look into the tales of Fontaine in that tongue, borrowed from those old stories which I have mentioned, and from Boccaccio, Machiavel, Ariosto, and others, where all the *naïveté* and sly simplicity of the ancient writers are preserved and heightened with the correctness, elegance, and graces of the moderns; and (though far the greater part of their humour runs upon this very subject) we shall soon be convinced that it is a topic not to be exhausted, and full as susceptible of wit and of true ridicule as it was four hundred years ago. Instances of this in our own language may be seen in most of Dryden's Tales, in Pope's January and May, the Wife of Bath's Prologue, and in other compositions.

But raillery on the priesthood has continued

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through every age, and remains almost as fashionable as ever. It was in its full force about the time of the Reformation, and a little before, upon the revival of learning and the invention of printing: afterwards it turned upon our established church, and the variety of sects produced the same effect that the variety of the religious orders had done formerly; not to mention the struggles for power between the Church and the Commonwealth in Charles the First's and in Charles the Second's reign, and at the Revolution, and in the last years of Queen Anne, and in the beginning of George the First, which have produced a lasting bitterness and rancour, which keeps this kind of satire alive and in countenance even to this day. Addison, who formed and influenced the national taste in a thousand instances, could not with all his efforts do it in this case; yet perhaps we may, in no long time, see the end of this fashion, for, if I am not greatly mistaken, the spirit is already subsiding.

The examples of this second kind of wit are much more frequent in Chaucer than in Lydgate: there are however some, as in B. ix. fol. 202, of the fall of Princes:

> The poorè staff, and potent of doctrìne,
> When it was chaunged, and listè not abide
> In wilful povertie; but gan anon decline
> On statelie palfreys and highe horse to ride;
> Sharpe hairès then were also laide asyde,
> Turned to copes of purple and sanguìne,
> Gownès of scarlet furrèd with ermìne.

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Slenderè fare of wine and water clere,
With abstinence of bread ymade of wheat,
Chaunged the days to many fat dinère
With confit drink and Ippocrasè swete;
All sobernessè did his boundès lete:
Scarsness of foode leftè his olde estate,
With new excess gan wexè delicate.

And in B. ix. f. 217.

Priestès, prelàtes, and well-fed fat parsòns
Richly avaunced, and clerkès of degree
Reken up religions with all their brode crowns,
And patriarches, that have great sovereigntie,
Bishops, abbòts, confirmed in their see,
Secular canons, with many a great prebènd,
Behòld of fortune the mutability,
How sodeinly she made them to descend.

And in the Daunce of Machabree,* where Death is introduced as leading a measure, and compelling all sorts and degrees of mankind to join the dance, men of the church are represented as more loth and unwilling to die, than any other profession whatever.

The Pope, indeed, out of respect to his dignity, and the Chartreux and the Hermit, (who were entirely abstracted from worldly affairs, and exposed therefore to no one's malignity,) shew less

* It is a translation, or rather a paraphrase, from the French of Doctor Machabrée, and the subject of it was expressed on the wall of St. Innocent's at Paris in painting, where Lydgate had seen it. It is printed by Tothill at the end of Boccace in 1554, fol.

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repugnance to death, and the latter even welcomes him with great cheerfulness.

Lydgate, however, makes his apology to the ladies very handsomely for the hard things he has said of them:

The richè rubye, nor the sapphire Ynde,
Be not appairèd of their freshe beautèe,
Thoughe amonge stones men counterfeitès finde:
And semblaby, though some women be
Not well govèrned after their degre,
It not defaceth, nor doth violence
To them, that never did in their life offence.
The whitè lilie, nor the wholesom rose,
Nor violettès spredde on bankis thick
Their swetènesse, which outward they unclose,
Is not appaired with no wedès wicke, &c.

B. i. fol. 37,

He defends the honour of his country with a laudable spirit against Boccaccio, who, though speaking of the victory when John, King of France, was made prisoner, calls the English "inertissimos et nullius valoris homines:"

Though the said Boccace flowred in poetrie,
His partialle writinge gave no mortal wounde,
Caughtè a quarrel in his melancholie,
Which to his shame did afterwardes redounde, &c.
Held them but smale of reputation,
In his report; men may his writings see:
His fantasie, nor his opinion
Stode in that case of no authoritie:
Their kinge was took; their knightès all did flee:
Where was Bochas to help them at such nede?
Save with his pen, he made no man to blede.

B. ix. fol. 216.

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The epilogue addressed to the Duke of Gloucester, and the three envoyes which follow it, have much poetical expression in them, which was Lydgate's* peculiar merit. However his name be now almost lost in oblivion, yet did his reputation continue flourishing above a hundred years after

---

* Lydgate composed a great number of ballads, one of which I shall here transcribe, as, I imagine, it never was printed.

Let no man boaste of cunnyng, ne virtù,
Of tresour, richesse, nor of sapience,
Of worldly sùpport, alle cummith of Jesù,
Counsel, comfòrt, discretion, and prudènce,
Promotïon, foresighte, and providence;
Like as the lord of grace lyst to dispose,
Som man hath wisdom, som hath eloquence.
All stand on chaunge, like a midsòmer rose.
Holsome in smellyng be the sotè flowers,
Full delectàble outwarde to the syght;
The thorn is sharpe, endued with freshe colòurs;
All is not gold, that outwarde sheweth bryght.
A stockfysch bone in darkeness giveth light,
Twene faire and fowle, as God list to dispose,
A difference atwyx the day and nyght.
All stand on chaunge, like a midsòmer rose.
Flowerrès open upon every greene
Whannè the larkè, mesangere of day,
Saleweth the' upryst of the sunnis shene
Most amorosely in April and in May;
And Aurora, agayne the morrow gray,
Causith the daysy his crowne to unclose.
Worldly gladnèsse is medlyd with affray:
All stand on chaunge, like a midsòmer rose.
Atwene the cukkow and the nightyngale
There is amayde a straungè difference.

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his death, and particularly we may see the esteem in which this work of "The Fall of Princes" was

---

On freschè branchys singyth the wood-wayle;*
Jays in musicke have small experïence;
Chattering pyes, whan they cum in presènce,
Most malapert theire verdyte to propose.
All thyng hath favour brevely in sentènce
Of soft or sharp, like a midsòmer rose.
The royal lion let call a parlament,
All beastis soone aboute him èniron;
The wolf of malice being ther presènt
Upon the lambe complayns again resòn
Saidè, he made his water ùnholsumme,
Hys tendyr stomak to' hinder and undispose;
Ravenors ravyne, the' innocent is bore downe.
All stand on chaunge, like a midsòmer rose.
All worldly thyngè braidyth upon time
The sunnè chaungith, so does the pale moone;
The aureat noumbre in kalenders for prime:
Fortune is double, doth favour for no boone;
And who that hath with that qwenet to done,
Contrariosely she will his chaunge dispose;
Who sitteth hyghest, most like to fall sone.
All stands on chaunge, like a midsòmer rose.
The golden carr of Phebus in the aire
Causith mists blake that they dare not appere,
At whose upryst mountains be made so faire
As they were new gylt with his bemys clere,
The nyght doth follow, appallith all his chere,
When westerne waves his stremys over-close;
Recken all beawty, all fresheness, that is here:
All stand on chaunge, like a midsòmer rose.

---

* Wood-pigeon. Some say it is the witwall or golden thrush.

† Harlot.

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in, for eight poets in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and at the head of them Thomas Sackville, afterwards

---

Constreynt of cold makith the fowlis *dare**
With wynter frost, that they dare not appere;
All cladde in russett soil of greene is bare,
Tellus and Juno dullyd of their chere
By revolution turnyng of the yere;
As grayè March his stoundys† doth disclose
Now rayne, now storme, now Phebus bright and clere.
All stand on chaunge, like a midsòmer rose.

Where is now David, the most worthy king,
Of Juda and Israel famous and notàble?
And where is Solomon, soveraine of cunnìng,
Richest of buylding, of tresour incomparàble?
Face of Absalom most faire most amiable?
Recken up echone, of truth make no close;
Recken up Jonathas of friendship ìmmutable,
All stand on chaunge, like a midsòmer rose.

Where Julius, proudest in his empìre,
With his triumphis most imperial?
And where is Porus, that was lord and sire
Of Indè in hys hygh estate royàl?
And where is Alisaund, that conquer'd all?
Fayld laisour his testament to dispose,
Nabucodnosor, or Sardanapal?
All stand on chaunge, like a midsòmer rose.

And where is Tullius wyth hys sugyrd tungue,
Or Chrìsostomus with his golden mouthe?
The aureat ditties that were redde or sunge
Of Hòmerus in Grece both north and south?
The tragedïes divers and unkouth
Of moral Seneck the misteries to unclose?

---

* *Lie hid.* From the A.-Saxon *dearn dearnan*, to hide.

† Times, weathers. Saxon.

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Lord Buckhurst, joined their forces to write a supplement to it, called "The Mirror of Magis-

---

By many' examplys this *matt** is full kowth:
All stand on chaunge, as a midsòmer rose.
Where ben of Frauncè all the dousĕperest†
Which over allè had the governance?
(Wowis of the pecok with her prowdè chères!)
The worthy‡ nine with allè their beaunce
The Trojan knightes, greatest of àllyaunce?
The flece of gold conquered in Colchòse?
Rome and Carthâge most soverein of puissaùnce?
All-stand on chaunge, like a midsòmer rose.
Putt in a summe all martial policye,
Compleat in Afrik, and bowndis of Cartàge,
The Theban legion, example' of chivalry,
At Jordain's river was expert their coràge,
There thousand knightis born of hygh parâge,
There martyrd, redde in metre and in prose;
The golden crownes made in the heavenly stage,
Fresher than lily', or the midsòmer rose.
The rèmembraunce of every famose knyght,
Grownd considerd, is buylt on ryghtwysnesse.
Rase out eche quarrell that' is not buylt on right.
Withouten trouthe what vaylith high noblèsse?
Lawrer of martyrs foundyd on holynesse,
White was made rede their triumphs to disclose;
The whitè lilie was theire chast cleannèsse,
Theire bloody sufferaunce no midsòmer rose:
It was the rosè of the bloodye field,
The rose of Jericho, that grew in Bethlèmm,

---

* i. e. This motto is well known.

† Douze Pairs; the twelve peers of Charlemagne.

‡ The nine Worthies: they are Joshua, David, Judas Machabeus, Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Boulogne.

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trates." (See W. Baldwyn's Preface, fol. 109 of the edition in 1587, in 4to.)

The fine posies, purtreyed on the sheelde
Splayd in the banner at Jerusalem.
The sunne was clypsd and darke in every reame,*
When Jesu Crist five wellis list unclose
Toward Paradyse, and callid the rede streme,
Of whose five woundes print in your heart a rose.

From a MS. in the Public Library in the University of Cambridge.

---

* Realm.

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ARCHITECTURA GOTHICA

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ARCHITECTURA GOTHICA.*

THE characteristics of the old Norman or (as Sir Christopher Wren calls it) the Saxon Architecture, are great solidity, heaviness, and rude simplicity, better adapted to castles, walls of cities, and other places of defence, than to the purposes of habitation, magnificence, or religious worship. It seems indeed to be copied from the Roman style in that degenerate state to which it was reduced under the later emperors; for it seems but natural that the Franks† in Gaul, the Saxons in England, and other barbarous nations in the several countries which had made a part of the Roman empire (when they were once settled there, and found leisure to apply themselves to the arts of peace) should imitate those many monuments which were everywhere before their eyes, and

* It is believed that these curious remarks are the only specific ones which Mr. Gray committed to writing on this subject. Whatever else he might have communicated to his friends was probably in conversation, or casually mentioned in some letter.—MATHIAS.

† Including the Normans, who soon learned the language and customs of the Franks.

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especially (as they themselves were now become Christians) such as had been long consecrated to the uses of religion, and were filled with the miraculous relics and representations of those saints who were the principal objects of their worship. It may be asked, why then did they not rather imitate the beautiful remains of a better age, of which many were then in being, as some of them exist to this day? I answer, because taste had nothing to do in their choice; because the fabrics erected in the time and for the purposes of Christianity had a nearer connection with their own faith; and lastly, because the artizans employed in them were probably their subjects and natives of the country, who received these arts by tradition from their fathers, and were unaccustomed to any other style of building.

The particulars which distinguish this kind of architecture, which seems to have lasted in England from the time of the Conquest (if not earlier) to the beginning of Henry the Third's reign, that is, from A. D. 1066 to about 1216, are chiefly these.

First distinction. The *semi-circular, or round-headed,** *arch*, generally, if not always, used in

* I cannot absolutely affirm, that they never made use of the *pointed arch*, because the great western tower at Ely now rises upon four *such* arches; some of the ranges, too, which adorn the outside of this and the galilee adjoining, are of like form, and the grand arches in front under the middle tower of Peterborough are *pointed:* but yet I do suspect that all these

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the three orders which commonly compose the nave, namely, the lower great one that opens to the side ailes; the second, which runs in front of the two corridores over those ailes: and the uppermost, which forms a sort of arcade before the higher range of windows. The doors, the vault of the ailes, and even the windows, are in this form too, and the arch is usually wide beyond the just proportion of its height.

The same arching is frequently used to cover the long vacancy of a dead wall, and forms an arcade adhering to it with tall clumsy* pillars and extraordinary narrow intercolumns; and for a like purpose they frequently employed a wider arch-work rising on short columns and interlaced, so that the curve of one arch intersecting that of its neighbour, their pillars or legs stand at only half the distance from each other that they otherwise would do. This, though only an ornament, might perhaps suggest the idea of building on *pointed arches*, afterwards in use, as the intersection of two circular ones produces the same effect to the eye.

Second distinction. The massy *piers*, or pillars,

---

were alterations and additions made in succeeding ages, which, I am persuaded, was a common practice with regard to windows, in order to let in more light, and also to take off from the plain and heavy appearance of those thick walls.

* They have no swell, nor gradual diminution, which seems to be the cause of this clumsy appearance; besides this, they stand too close together.

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either of an octagonal, round, or elliptical form, on which the arches rise. They are sometimes decagons, or duodecagons, or even a mixture of all these, without any correspondence or regularity at all, as in the choir at Peterborough: their height is generally far too short for their diameter, which gives them the appearance of great strength joined with heaviness. This latter fault seems to have struck even the eyes of that age itself, and, to conceal it, they added a flat pilaster on four sides of the pier, with a slender half-column projecting from it; or (to lighten it still more) covered the pier almost entirely with clustered pillars of small diameter, adhering to its surface, which in reality bear little or nothing of the weight, and serve merely for ornament. This latter had so good an effect, that it was adopted by all architects of succeeding times, and continued till the revival of the Greek and Roman style. There are very ancient examples of these cluster-piers to be seen, sometimes intermixed alternately with the plainer kind, as at Durham; sometimes interspersed among them, as it were by chance, as at Peterborough; and sometimes alone and unmixed, as in the views of old St. Paul's, and at Ely. From the capital of the piers usually rises a half-column of but small diameter, which, passing between the arches of the two upper orders in the nave or choir, &c. reaches quite up to the roof, and is a principal grace of these buildings.

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On the outside, as they have no buttresses, which were the invention of later ages, the walls are commonly adorned either with half-columns or with flat stripes of stone-work, resembling a plain pilaster, at regular distances.

Third distinction. The *capitals* of the piers and smaller columns have great variety in their forms; the square, the octagon, the cushioned, or swelling beneath, with four flat faces cut in a semicircle, the convex part downward, and sometimes adorned* with a mantling, or piece of drapery trussed like a festoon. Some of the large ones there are which, swelling like the last underneath, break above† into eight or sixteen angular projections, something like the rostra of an antique ship. Others are round, and decked with an awkward imitation‡ of acanthus leaves, curling at the point into a sort of volutes. These, and many other uncouth forms and inventions, may be seen in the arcade of the side ailes at Peterborough, where they have studied to vary all the capitals, as far as their art reached, and seem to have thought there was a beauty in this confusion: they are all in general too squat and too gross for the pillars which they are meant to adorn, not to mention the

* At Durham.

† In the choir at Peterborough.

‡ In the Prebend's narrow way, and the south transept at Ely.

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rudeness they have in common with every other member of these buildings, that required any sculpture or delicacy of workmanship.

Fourth distinction. The *ceilings*, at least in the wider and loftier parts, as of the nave, choir, and transepts, &c. were usually, I imagine, only of timber, perhaps because they wanted the skill to vault with stone in these great intervals, though they practised it in the smaller. They are either entirely flat, as at Peterborough, or gabel-fashioned with rafters, as in the transepts at Ely, or coved with frame-work made of small scantlings of wood, and lying open to the leads, as in the nave of the same church.

Fifth distinction. The *ornaments*, which are chiefly mouldings in front of the arches, and fasciæ or broad lists of carving, which run along the walls over them or beneath the windows, are without any neatness, and full as clumsy as the capitals above-mentioned; the most frequent of them is the *zig-zag*, or chevron-work. There are also *billeted*-moulding, the *nail-head*, as in the great tower at Hereford, and in the pendents of arches in the nave of old St. Paul's, resembling the heads of large nails drove in at regular distances; the *nebule*,* which I call by that name from its likeness to a coat nebulé in heraldry; and the *lozenge*

* Under the highest range of windows on the outside of Peterborough Cathedral, and elsewhere.

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and *triangle* lattice-work. These, with the ranges of arch-work rising one over another, with which they decorated the fronts of buildings, and the sides of their towers on the outside, are the principal inventions which they employed for ornament. As to statues,* niches,† canopies, finials, and tracery, they were the improvements of another age.

Such are the most obvious distinctions of this early style of building. An accurate inspection of those remains, which have their dates well ascertained, might possibly discover many other particulars, and also shew us the gradual advances of the art within the period which I have assigned; for it is not to be imagined that all the forms which I have described made their appearance at one and the same time, or that the buildings, for example, in the first years of Henry the Second, were exactly like those erected in the end of his reign. Any eye may perceive the difference between the body and ailes of the choir at Peterborough, with

* There may be some figures extant in England, in stone or wood, older than the period which I have here assigned, but they made no part of the architect's design, and even on sepulchral monuments are very rare; besides that their originality may well be disputed; for example, that of King Ethelbald on Crowland Bridge, of King Osric at Worcester, of Robert Courthose at Gloucester, &c.

† These *niches*, when they had the figure of any saint in them, were called *perks*, whence comes our old phrase of being *perked* up, or exposed to public view.

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the east side of the transept, and the semicircular tribune which finishes the same choir, the two ends and west side of the transept, and the whole nave of the church: yet all these were built within the compass of five and thirty years by two successive abbots.

Upon the whole, these huge structures claim not only the veneration due to their great antiquity, but (though far surpassed in beauty by the buildings of the three succeeding centuries) have really a rude kind of majesty, resulting from the loftiness of their naves, the gloom of their ailes, and the hugeness of their massive members, which seem calculated for a long duration.

THE END.

C. Whittingham, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane.

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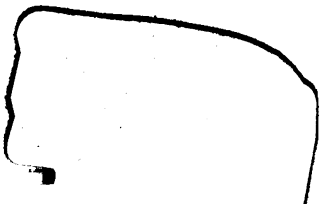

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